

ON

WHEN WILL PRICES GO DOWN?

Special Article

The Quiver

March
1920

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THE COCOA OF HIGH PLACE
BUT WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST COCOA



DURO

Fadeless  *Fabrics*

Garment replaced if colour fades.

Durability is as much a mark of the DURO Fabrics as is their absolute fadelessness, and the fabric may well outwear the fashion.

There are DURO Fabrics for all purposes, as will be seen from the pattern folder, which will be sent, together with the name of local draper, on application to the DURO Advertising Offices, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

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DURO CAMBRIC ...40 ins...3/11
For Smart Frocks, Shirts, and Children's Wear.

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DURO SHIRTINGS FOR MEN
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By Naunton's National Music System

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance Music, Songs, Classics, anything **OVER 50,000 PEOPLE ARE PLAYING BY IT, AND ARE PLAYING PERFECTLY. IF THEY CAN DO IT SO CAN YOU.** If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect system, which is a real educator.

The word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes, which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System, Memorial Hall,
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Quiver

Being a reader of **THE QUIVER** and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," published at 6d containing eight tunes, with instructions how I can play them at the first sitting; also your special Booklet and particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

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if you want to make a good show as a handyman. With a tin of FLUXITE always at hand, there's no need for you to "wait your turn" when you want anything made of metal repaired. Quickly, easily, and at next-to-nothing cost you can mend damaged gas and water pipes, kitchen and household utensils, tools of all kinds, gardening implements, toys—all can be made as good as new with FLUXITE. Mechanics will have FLUXITE because it

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The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET
contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a
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Price 10/-. Sample Set post paid United Kingdom.

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WHAT DOES
YOUR BRAIN
EARN ?
for you.



£1000
A YEAR
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A YEAR
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A YEAR

HAVE you ever properly realised the fact that in your brain you possess the finest money-making machine in the world?

There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable.

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Over 500,000 men and women have already been trained to greater efficiency by the famous Pelman System, which develops just those qualities of Concentration, Memory, Initiative, Ideation, Self-Confidence and Administrative Power which are in the greatest demand to-day.

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use Anzora. Your hair will then remain smooth and tidy throughout the game, no matter how strenuous your activities may be, and in spite of the wind. A little Anzora rubbed well into the scalp in the morning and the hair carefully brushed is all that is necessary to obtain the finishing touch to the toilet of the well-groomed man. *Beware of Substitutes.*

Anzora Cream (for those with slightly greasy scalps) and Anzora Viola (for those with dry scalps) are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc. Price 1,6 and 2,6 (double quantity) per bottle.

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Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

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Out Amongst Sneezes and Coughs

One Evans' Pastille each as they go out to school, one more when they return, and your boys and girls are safeguarded against the countless germs which attack by way of the mouth and throat. In the class-room, in the playground, everywhere they are liable to infection: take the precaution Evans' Pastilles afford.

EVANS' Pastilles

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

See the "Raised Bar" on each pastille—a patented mark which no other pastille possesses. Evans' Pastilles are the best, and they are worth protecting from substitution.

1/3 per tin, from Chemists, or post free from the makers.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.,
58 Hanover Street, Liverpool, and
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Gives instant relief from CATARRH, ASTHMA, etc., etc.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The standard remedy for over 40 years.

At all Chemists

4s. 3d. a tin

— New and Nice —
Choice Table Dainties—made with ease WITH



Plumtree's HOME MADE Lemon Cheese

Send 3d. for Sample Container.

A choice Table Delicacy. Children love it. The PASTRY-COOK'S FRIEND and DELIGHT.

A Splendid Spread for Bread or Toast.

AS GOOD AS PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS AND FISH.

If cannot procure, write—
G. W. PLUMTREE, LTD., Southport, for nearest Agent.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It.

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience we have produced an Appliance for Men, Women, and Children that actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing the Appliance, and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and having once seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Trusses Were No Earthly Use.

High Street, Seal, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

I should like to say that I find great comfort in wearing your Appliance. I never thought I should have been able to take up my occupation as blacksmith again. Trusses were no earthly use to me, and caused me great pain, but now I can go to my work with ease and feel quite safe. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Appliance to those I come in contact with suffering from hernia.

THOS. COLLISON.

A Cheap and Infallible Remedy.

C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir.—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention, and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in favour of it in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part, I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully, ELLEN JARRETT.

I am Entirely Cured.

12 Union Street, Clydesbank.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the real worth of your Rupture Appliance. It surpasses a great deal, in my opinion, even what you yourself claim for it, and that is saying a good deal. I reckon it a rare combination of simplicity, neatness, and usefulness in its line, so much so that, although I quite believe I am entirely cured, I have no desire to dispense with it, as it causes no inconvenience whatever. I can indulge in any kind of exercise common to men without the slightest fear, which I could not do before I got it. I am pleased to be able to give this report, and consider it my duty to do so.

Yours faithfully, P. BELL.

TEN REASONS WHY

You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion or soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
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8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

Perfectly Cured at 74.

To Mr. Brooks, Jubilee Homes, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
Dear Sir,—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with the Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name when the British flag flies, and all other nations on the face of the globe. Dear Sir, I cannot thank you enough for relieving my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.

I remain, yours obediently, HENRY SALTER.

Remember

We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day. I live in London, call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable nurses for ladies and gentlemen.

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Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, illustrated book and full information about The Brooks Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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MAKES PERFECT CAKES

**Easily! Quickly!
Cheaply!**

Contains all the necessary sweetening, flavouring and raising properties.

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Harringtons
Squares 1/- per dozen

Simply Ideal for Baby's Use and Wear.
Made from beautifully soft hygienic absorbent gauze.
So easy to wash, and they dry in a few minutes.
RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL AND NURSING PROFESSIONALS.

Ladies' Squares, 20/- per dozen. Half Squares, 11/- per dozen.
Folded Towels, 11/- per dozen. Belts, 2/- each. Also the
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If any difficulty in obtaining, write to
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A Lady writes:—"Most comfortable,
not heavy, never seem to wear out."

Phillips'
'Military'

SOLES AND HEELS
make one pair of boots
last the time of three.

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS,

Men's Stout (General Wear) 5/-
Light (City Wear) 4/-
Ladies' (General Wear) 3/-
Per Set (Soles and Heels).



DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey
and faded hairs to
their natural colour
with

**LOCKYER'S
Sulphur HAIR
RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening
greyness to the forest
colour in a few days, thus
securing a preserved ap-
pearance, has enabled
thousands to retain their
position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, Parfin Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Lakes, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, discharging blisters, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clean, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Pсориазis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimplies	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Warts

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PARFIN & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Lakes, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/- and 3/-.
It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.



DRIVE IT OUT!

DON'T BE TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

The only way to get rid of Rheumatism is to drive it out. You can't do that by dosing your stomach with drugs or rubbing the skin off your body with liniments. Electricity is the only thing that soaks right in and forces the poisonous acid out of your system. It does this gently and quickly.

Apply the "Ajax" Body Battery for an hour while you rest. It will fill your nerves and vitals with new life, and after a few months' application you will be free from pains and aches.

The "Ajax" is the most successful device for infusing electricity into the body. It generates steady unbroken currents of electric life, and sends it coursing through the nerves and blood without the slightest shock (shocking currents should never be applied to the human body). All you have to do is to adjust the battery and turn on the current.

The "Ajax" Battery has cured some of the worst cases of rheumatism after drugs and other methods have failed. When electricity goes into the body rheumatism must go out.

FREE TO YOU. We want every rheumatic, every ailing man or woman, to call or send for our 80-page illustrated book, which tells how electricity cures, how to get well and how to keep well. We will post this book to any address free if you cannot call for a free test, together with full information concerning the treatment. So write at once.

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FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING
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Of Stationers, Chemists and Stores. 6d. & 1s
Used in the Royal Household.

IRISH LINEN DAMASK TABLECLOTHS.

Beautiful floral designs, fine quality, slightly imperf., size 2 by 2 yds., 21/-; 2 by 2½ yds., 26/-; 2 by 3 yds., 32/3; postage 6d. Write for this month's free Bargain List.

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FRIPP'S Toilet Soap

is yours for the asking.
You will be charmed with it.
Please mention your usual trader's
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& BROS., LTD.
Broad Plain
BRISTOL.

THE PATENT Treasure Cot



THE PERFECT NEST FOR BABY
LIGHT — COSY — HYGIENIC — PORTABLE
— WASHABLE — FOLDS UP SMALL —
EASILY CARRIED FROM ROOM TO ROOM

A sure shield from
draughts and glaring light.
No. 0 Plain Wood 30/-
No. 1 Stained Wood 32/-
No. 2 White Enamel 35/-
Postage paid.
Imperies extra.



A New Special Design, with
Curved Legs, Brass Centre Rod,
Mercerised Fringe, etc.

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Carriage paid.
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Write for 40-page
Illustrated Catalogue
of Cots, Playgrounds,
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All Cots sent
Free on seven
days' approval.

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YOU CAN LIVE { 13 days without Food,
3 days without Water,
Only 3 minutes without Air.

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Whooping Cough

Reduce the Air Ration Below Health Point.

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy

is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was awarded

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for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence. Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, scientific men, and doctors have been received. The following is an example:—

Charles Hyatt-Woolf, Esq., F.R.P.S., F.R.S.L., in his work, "Truths About the Things We Live On and Daily Use," says: "I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have likewise applied it in practice. . . . In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marked."



Reduced size
from original pack-
age. Retain all
instructions and
substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sole Proprietors: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

English Prices, 1 3 & 3½.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is sold by Chemists, Stores, and Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world. If your Chemist is out of stock he will get it for you.

1/-
per tin

"Kleenoff"
Cooker Cleaning Jelly

FOR REMOVING GREASE FROM GAS OVENS, ETC.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock send 2s. for 2 tins post free.—

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1/-
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IN 30 DAYS.

5/- COMPLETE COURSE | NO APPLIANCES. NO DRUGS. NO DIETING.

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Curing thousands. Send for Free Sample. On sale at Boots, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, and all good Chemists and Stores.
1 3, 3 1/2, & 8 1/2, family size bottles, or direct, post free. 1 6, 3 6, & 8 6, from

THE "ODDS ON" SPECIFICS CO., LTD.
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The Hall-Mark of Merit.

The Guarantee of over 2000 BRITISH CHEMISTS trading as the
UNITED CHEMISTS ASSOCIATION LIMITED

THE QUIVER



Here's a new recruit—the Drummer

SONNY enlists the Drummer in his playtime army—Mother takes the cue. And why? Because she knows quite well how often and how easily the Kiddies "uniforms" can be given a changed appearance.

With the Drummer in the ranks old "kits" are made to look like new ones—and all for a few coppers too! No mess, no fuss, but just a simple operation and the result is almost magical.

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One Dye for ALL Fabrics—so easy to use

Silk, Wool, Cotton or Mixture can be dyed perfectly with the same simple, reliable Drummer. Can be obtained in any colour—and you can mix hundreds of pleasing Art Shades yourself at will. Be sure to see the little Drummer and pay no more than the price printed on the packet. Try Drummers in the following :

Casement Curtains	Drapes	Boas
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Drummer Dyes are sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. An entirely British product.

Write now for Free Booklet: "The Art of Home Dyeing"

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And at 25 Front St., Toronto, and
15 Valentine St., New Bedford,
Mass., U.S.A.



GOOD NEWS FOR NEURASTHENICS

THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF CURATIVE ELECTRICITY.

Not a day passes but some new victory is credited to curative electricity. Not a day but some injured or shell-shocked soldier derives solace from its soothing influence and blessed relief from pain. From great military, naval, and private hospitals the volume of testimony in its favour is growing daily.

AMAZING CURES.

Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher's advocacy of electrical treatment as the one natural and permanent method of restoring lost Nerve Force was greeted at first with contempt by all but a few of the more advanced of medical thinkers. His amazing cures, however, demanded more and more consideration, gradually won respect, and to-day there is scarcely a hospital or curative institution of any kind where electrical treatment is not employed either alone or as an auxiliary to other



No agony is greater than the silent suffering agony of the neurasthenic. The nerves literally moan or scream with pain. Keep your nerves well nourished and fit. Neglect them and you suffer an earthly inferno of illness and pain.

treatments. Over and over again, its successful application has cured after all other treatments have failed, and thousands of the world's greatest physicians and surgeons prescribe and recommend it. Why? Because the human body is just a great electrical machine, and the lack of Nerve Force can only be compensated for by the introduction of electricity within the body from without.

WHOLE NERVE SYSTEM RE-VITALISED.

Every function, every system, every organ, every muscle, and every nerve cell is operated by Nerve Force. The Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment restores lost Nerve Force by means of light electrological appliances that can be worn with comfort, and which do not interfere with one's daily pursuits. They give no shock to the system, but pour into the depleted or impoverished nerve system a continuous stream of new electrical energy. They revive the healthy function of nerves, stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, and intestines. They increase digestion, assimilation, and circulation, and are invaluable in INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, FLATULENCE, LIVER TROUBLES, KIDNEY DISORDERS, CIRCULATORY WEAKNESS, HEART WEAKNESS, NERVE WEAKNESS, AND ALL FUNCTIONAL DERANGEMENTS.

To day you can read all about the great triumph of curative electricity in a most interesting little book, written in fascinating style by a leading authority, the famous elektrologist, Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, also the discoverer of the famous Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment. The author enunciates the startling theory that all functional disorders arise from a deficiency or leakage of Nerve Force, or what to-day is more widely known as

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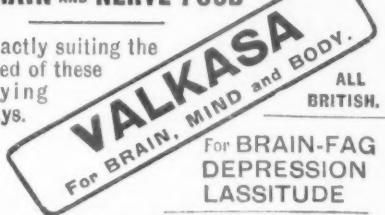
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Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write in confidence for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 34, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical." The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

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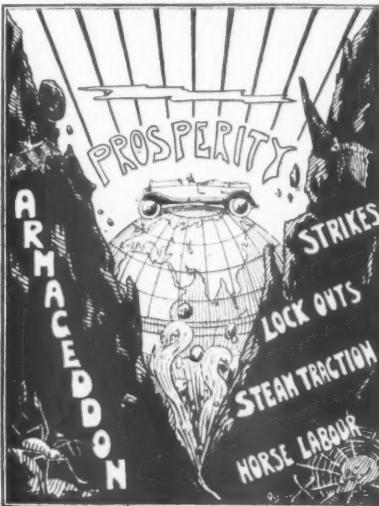
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The Editor's Announcement Page

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Here are three special features for my next issue:—

1. **£2,000,000 GOING BEGGING.** By A. C. Marshall.
The Story of the Prince of Wales's Fund, together with suggestions for the disposal of its huge surplus.
2. **CHILDREN AND THE BUDGET.** By Stanhope Sprigg.
In April the new Budget will be introduced. Will it make things easier for the man with a family?
3. **WHAT YOU CAN DO TO BRING THE COST OF LIVING DOWN.** By Alexander J. Hemphill.
A really practical contribution to a vital problem.

There will also be a fine selection of stories for Easter reading.

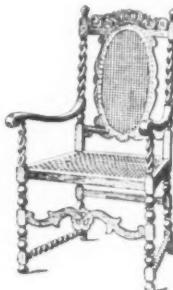
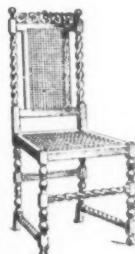
The Editor

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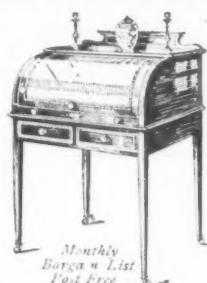
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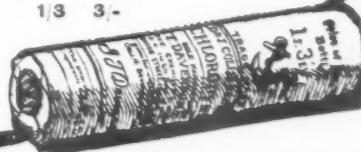
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The Magic Art of Beauty Culture

SOME HOME RECIPES.

By MIMOSA.

A complexion that appears clear, fresh and natural is as necessary to the smart woman as a modish gown. More attention should be given to keeping the skin "fit" than to the details of dress. The face, constantly exposed to wind, dust, fatigue and strain, requires regular and watchful care. One great cause of complexion troubles is the frequent use of greasy, inactive preparations which clog the pores and prevent the natural throwing off of waste matter. My repeated advice is to avoid made-up cosmetics and to use only pure ingredients. The various aids to beauty which I recommend are simple, and if not already at hand, can be procured from any reliable chemist. If he has not what you require, he can easily obtain it for you. Only let me advise you to insist on having the original ingredients and not to accept some made-up preparation instead.

About Shampoos.—To quote an eminent London beauty specialist: "The slimy egg cannot dissolve the scalp impurities, but only adds to the trouble by completely choking the pores with animal matter." The substance sticks, decomposes, thereby causing the hair to assume a dead, dull colour." I heartily endorse every word. Avoid eggs (and soap too) on your hair. Try the delightful preparation made by stirring a teaspoonful of starch in a cup of hot water. It will bring out new beauty possibilities in your hair, will clear and prevent dandruff, and leave that fine fluffy effect so much sought after. It also removes excess oil or greasiness.

Complexion Secrets of an Actress.—In a recently issued volume bearing the above title, the author says: "Continual use of grease, paints, rouge and the like, has ruined my complexion. My skin was colourless, wrinkled, coarse and punctured with large pores. In America I heard of the virtues of mercolised wax: my first experience with this marvellous substance convinced me it was more valuable than all the cosmetics combined. Now, whenever my complexion begins to go wrong, I get a small quantity of mercolised wax at the chemists, spread on a thin layer of it before retiring, washing it off in the morning. The wax, after a few such applications, seems literally to absorb the worn out cuticle, when a brighter, healthier, younger looking skin appears.

Face Fuzz.—Many women know how to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but to banish it forever is quite another matter. As regards depilatories, I must say that there are very few good ones. They nearly all irritate the skin and even then only give temporary relief. Powdered phenol acts in a wonderful manner, and the recommended treatment is designed not only to immediately remove the ugly hairs, but to also permanently destroy the roots.

Scanty Eyebrows and Lashes.—What a wealth of expression can be given to an otherwise plain face by fine arching eyebrows and long curling lashes. Much care should be exercised, however, in choosing a pomade for promoting the growth

of either, as it is practically impossible to keep the lids tightly closed when treating the lashes. Mennaline has the advantage of being perfectly harmless, and at the same time a healthy stimulant to the hair follicles. Its use tends to darken the new growth which presumably is what most women desire.

Is Powder Necessary?—I say emphatically, No! There is a simple lotion which can be easily and cheaply made at home, and it is at the same time both effective and beneficial to the complexion. Cleminte is a splendid substitute for face powder, which is at the bottom of many complexion troubles. Get about an ounce from the chemists and dissolve in four tablespoomfuls of water. The result is a fine clear liquid, which instantly gives the face, neck, or arms that peach-like bloom of perfect health. There is nothing to equal it for greasy skins, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions. Try it for the next dance.

Falling Hair.—How often one hears the lament, "I have tried everything on the market, and my hair comes out in handfuls." Not so surprising either when you come to think it over. Hair tonics to be effective must be fresh, and there is no earthly reason why every woman should not make her own lotion at home. The finest vegetable tonic I know of is made by mixing a packet of boronium with ½-pint of bay rum and adding sufficient water to fill a half-pint bottle. This lotion rubbed briskly into the scalp sets the hair roots tingling with new life, and will, if persevered with, give you back your "crowning glory."

For Pale Faces.—Some folks are naturally pale and I see no harm whatever in adding a little colour to the cheeks if so desired. Rouge, however, is always obvious, and to people of refinement somewhat vulgar. There is a substance, however, known as powdered collodium, which gives a perfectly natural colour, and at the same time defies detection. Apply a little with the finger tips. You will be pleased with the result, I feel sure.



The Quiver

The Weather

How the weather changes: snow and frost, rain and sunshine, fog and wind: how rapidly they succeed one another! Is there anything to beat the British climate?

No, seriously, no. The British climate, with its rapid variations of heat and cold, wet and fine, has produced one of the hardiest, most adaptable races on the face of the earth. Our nation has encircled the globe, and owes most of its success to its much-abused climate. We complain of the rain: ask the Manchester cotton manufacturer, for instance, what he owes to the moist climate. Even the complexions of our women folk owe their freshness to our "deplorable" climate!

Are not our greatest blessings sometimes the things we grumble at most? Shall we not, then, leave off complaining—and give thanks?

BARRY ATKINS



"We were just in time. Another five minutes would have seen her smashing up on the rocks."—p. 406

Illustration by
E. S. Hodgson

Pawns of the Sea

A Story of Salvage—and Love

By
H. P. Holt

CAPTAIN WILCOX and I were in deck chairs in the coolest part of the ship, which was not very cool. The steamer was a cargo boat, and I was the only passenger, so we were both in our pyjamas, trying to be comfortable. It was a day on which to take things calmly.

The skipper was of the good, solid type, skilled alike as a navigator and master of men, never in any danger of being taken for brilliant, but sure—inexorably sure—of getting there. And never, never perturbed. He was very human, though, kindly to a degree, and had a sense of humour.

He was calmly puffing away at his long black cigar, when his eyes fell on a steamer heading north and due to pass us a mile or so away on our starboard beam. Then he grunted, sent a sailor to the bridge for his binoculars, and studied the other vessel for a few minutes.

"Women are queer things! Sometimes I think men can't hold a candle to 'em when it comes to a sense of duty," he said thoughtfully, passing the binoculars over to me. I took them and ran my eyes over the distant vessel without particular interest. She was a cargo boat, like our own, and about the same size. A deck hand came aft, and the usual courtesy of dipping flags was exchanged.

"They certainly do put us to shame at times," I observed, wondering vaguely, for our conversation had been on the subject of floating mines. "But I don't quite see the connection."

"No, you wouldn't," replied the skipper, blowing out a cloud of smoke, with his eyes still on the other steamer. "That ship put me in mind of something."

I sat tight, fancying there was some sort of a yarn on the offing, and presently my silence was rewarded.

"She's the *Carlusia*, out of Marseilles, and I've known her master for a good many years," he began. "Jim Quent, his name is. A pretty decent sort of chap. He's got five sons, the eldest of 'em not more than six years old, and every one of 'em is a winner.

Yes, sir, Jim Quent's kids are something to write home about. I'm a father myself, and we don't usually think as much of other people's kids as we do of our own; but I'm willing to admit that, next to my three, Jim Quent's five form the finest collection between here and Honolulu.

"Cap'n Quent is a year older than me. I used to be mate in a ship when he was master of her. That's how I first ran up against him. We traded between London and Las Palmas, and he had a girl in London. Took me up to her house at Twickenham one day and introduced me. Sprang it on me as a surprise, and then looked as though he half expected me to fall on my knees and worship her. Some fellows get it that way, you know. The sun rises and sets, for them, on the front parlour where they hold hands and play 'Love me and the world is mine' on the gramophone.

"I will say, in this case, though, he was justified. Her name was Bessie Northrop. She had eyes like stars and a voice like a silver flute. I swear it gave you an electric thrill from your fingers down to your toes the first time you shook hands with her. There was something magnetic about her that I never knew any other girl to possess.

"When we went back to the ship Jim pounded my shoulder and asked me what I thought of her. And, of course, I told him. Also I told him that if I were in his shoes I would keep my weather eye on young Kendall, one of the Port of London Customs officials that we had met at the Northrops'. Sometimes, you know, when you're first introduced to a set, you can see a lot that isn't apparent to the others. And I saw two things. One was that young Kendall was a pretty serious rival in the field; the other was that Bessie wasn't what you might call mentally unbalanced with love for Jim Quent. You know what sailors are; and though Bessie didn't know it, Jim was also having quite a little flirtation at the same time with a Liverpool girl. Moreover, young Kendall was right there under

THE QUIVER

her nose all the time, which gave him an advantage.

"Well, I didn't bother my head over it much, because I was dead set on learning all I could about my profession; but I was a bit puzzled by Jim's confidence until we were tied up at the London Docks again, and old man Northrop told me how he came to lose his leg. He'd been a ship's captain, and Jim was third mate under him. One day Northrop fell overboard in the Bay of Bengal, where the water's full of sharks. The captain couldn't swim, and Jim dived after him, grabbing him by the hair just as a man-eater nipped the skipper's leg off at the knee. Jim splashed about and frightened away the sharks till they were both rescued. The skipper couldn't go to sea again, but he lived, and he owed his life to Jim; and presently it began to dawn on me that accounted for Bessie's attitude toward Jim."

Captain Wilcox paused in his narrative and, with more vehemence than was necessary, bit the end off a fresh cigar.

"Duty. That's the way she felt about it. Just plain duty," he went on; "and, so far as I knew, she was eating her heart out for young Kendall, who was every inch a man and better looking than I'd care to be for my own comfort. Steady, too, he was. I liked him from the first, and though I wouldn't have said so to Jim, I always thought that if Bessie and Kendall would pair off there wouldn't be a handsomer couple in all England.

"That autumn Jim put the question to Bessie, and when he told me what she said, I felt convinced my own opinion was right.

"'My pay isn't good enough yet, she says,' Jim explained, 'and, of course, the girl is right. Her father won't ever be fit to work again, and she's pounding a typewriter all day to keep the roof over their heads. It wouldn't be fair to expect her to keep on acting as a typist after I'd married her, would it now?'

"To all of which I agreed, because it was dead right; but, just the same, I couldn't help feeling Bessie was snatching at a straw, in spite of her sense of duty. If you're a girl and somebody saves your father's life at the risk of his own, and then that somebody asks you to marry him, you'd have the heart of a stone if you gave him the cold shoulder. And Bessie Northrop hadn't got that sort of a heart. She

was full up to the brim with human kindness and all the other virtues like gratitude and—and duty—and such things.

"But though she snatched at the straw there was real horse sense behind her answer. Besides that, she gave him an idea. 'See if you can't pick up a salvage job, Jim,' she said. 'Then we'd have money enough.'

Captain Wilcox folded a rebellious leaf on his cigar before continuing.

"Perhaps you don't know about salvage," he said. "It's what sea captains go through life dreaming about and praying for, if they know how to pray. You can't *arrange* it. It just happens. Some ship's in mortal trouble, and her old man has to agree to being towed at any price. It's the one thing he wants more than anything on earth, and while he's being towed he hopes the skipper towing him will choke. You see, a salvage job means a little fortune for the fellow who is lucky enough to find it.

"Well, perhaps Bessie Northrop knew what she was doing when she made the suggestion, and perhaps she didn't. Anyway, Jim could never have married her on the salary he was drawing then, and a plum in the form of salvage was about the only real chance that seemed to lie ahead of him, unless he struck a better berth; but if there's a better berth going in the sea trade we're all after it.

"I don't want you to think the girl was mercenary in any way. She wasn't that kind. But she had to think of her crippled father, you understand. Well, Jim got mighty enthusiastic about salvage, and that's all there was about it. You can go on looking for anything of that kind till your eyes drop out, and it won't come along. Meanwhile she and Jim weren't exactly engaged, and young Kendall was making the running. Jim never saw it. He was stark blind in that way. Every time we entered the Thames I expected to hear young Kendall had secured the girl for keeps. Kendall was up to the eyes in love with her, and he didn't make any bones about saying so to me.

"Near the end of that winter we were running towards Las Palmas when Jim slipped on the cabin companion and twisted his back a bit. I rubbed it for him, and it seemed to be getting on all right until he went ashore at Las Palmas, where we were moored for twenty-four hours. He came back to the ship in a cab, and said

PAWNS OF THE SEA



"There wouldn't be a handsomer couple in all England!"

*Drawn by
E. S. Hodgeon*

I'd have to take her on to England myself, as his back was terribly painful and he mightn't live if it wasn't looked after immediately, according to the doctor.

"He didn't seem to be in such awful pain, and I couldn't understand it, because I knew our owners were a hard-bitten crowd, and Jim would stand a good chance

THE QUIVER

of losing his berth if he didn't come to sea. But presently he told me that was just what he was after. A ship on the way to Hong Kong had put in at Las Palmas and reported that her skipper had died of malaria. She needed another skipper immediately, and the pay was better than that which Jim was drawing. He had got in touch with the vessel's agents, who promptly took him on, and all he wanted was a reasonable excuse for getting out of his old ship gracefully. It worked very simply, and two days after we'd left him behind in the doctor's hands he set sail for China. Of course, I was all right, as I had my master's certificate and had had command on short trips before.

"Well, I started on the run for London, wondering how it would work out. With Jim's increased salary he would be in a better position to tackle the matrimonial problem; but China is a long way from Twickenham, and there was young Kendall right on the spot in the meantime. The girl had a free hand. I thought Fate was clearing the decks for action. But I soon had troubles of my own to think of. The tail end of the winter gales caught us soon after we left Las Palmas. It was a holy sworser that struck us. The steamer was sound in wind and limb, fortunately, but we shipped pretty nearly half the water there was in the ocean. I was on the bridge at about five o'clock in the morning, when I caught sight of a big steamer acting queerly; and as we drew nearer I found she was signalling and bellowing like mad for help."

Captain Wilcox stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"It's a funny thing how little you know what's waiting round the corner for you," he continued. "Here we'd run bang into a salvage job as big as anyone would care to tackle, and Jim Quent was heading for all he was worth towards China. It was ticklish work getting close to the disabled

ship, for she'd broken her main shaft, dragged her anchors, and drifted right up against a nest of rocks. As a matter of fact, the nearer we approached the more I thought she was actually aground and we'd only be able to save the lives of those on board. But we were just in time. Another five minutes would have seen her smashing up on the rocks. I got a new manila hawser across and hauled her slowly out of the mess. She was a tremendous load in such a storm, but my engines were in first-class trim and we managed it."

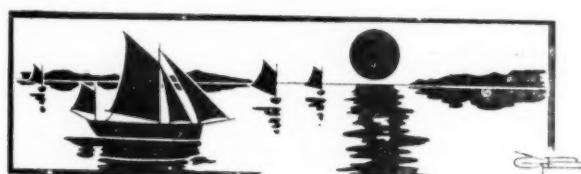
"That was rough on Jim Quent," I commented. "What happened, though?"

"When we reached London I told Bessie Northrop what Jim had missed, and that as lightning didn't strike twice in the same vicinity very often, Jim wasn't likely to run up against a salvage job before he was ninety.

"Bessie looked at me in a funny way for a minute, and then she burst into tears. Naturally I thought I must have had hold of the wrong end of the stick all the time, but after a while she quieted down, and, to my amazement, I found she was positively relieved. She'd given Jim his chance, even though she didn't love him, and she was thankful for the way it had panned out. As a matter of fact, Jim afterwards married the Liverpool girl, and I don't know who he's more enthusiastic about now, his wife or his five kids."

"So Bessie married young Kendall, after all?" I said.

"I didn't say so," replied the skipper. "He was too slow to catch up with his own funeral. You see, I was in love with Bessie myself, but I hadn't told her so, because my pay was worse than Jim's. But after that salvage affair I felt I had a right to put my spoke in, and—and, well, the next boat I went to sea in we called the *Bessie Wilcox*, and Bess and I were sort of joint owners of her, because we'd been married by that time."



High Prices: Their Cause and Cure

By T. E. Gregory, B.Sc.
(Econ.), F.S.S.

(London School of Economics)

WHEN a well-known professor of political economy wrote to the Oxford Profiteering Tribunal a short while ago, accusing the Chancellor of the Exchequer of making enormous profits by issuing paper money to the public at 20s., which cost the country under one penny to print, and therefore netting 23,000 per cent. on the transaction, it was suggested that this protest was rather a poor academic joke. Prof. Cannan promptly retorted by asking whether anyone would seriously suggest that money was a subject to be joked about. When the Editor of THE QUIVER asked me to write an article on the subject of "When are prices going down?" I thought it my duty to point out that it was really just as important to find out why prices had ever risen, and as in my opinion the main cause of the present high prices is the money policy of the various governments of the world, Prof. Cannan's protest will serve very well as a text upon which to hang my sermon. Briefly, what I want to do is to make clear why prices have gone up and how we can bring them down again. Everyone will agree that this is an important and very "live" subject, and the importance of the subject must be my excuse for any difficulties which its explanation may cause readers who are not used to currency problems.

How Prices have Risen

Let us first of all find out where we stand. The method by which changes in the level of prices are usually measured by economists and statisticians is by the device of "index numbers," which are merely a kind of numerical sign-post. If we take two prices of the same thing or collection of things at two successive periods of time, we can say that to buy this amount now, as compared with the previous date, costs us so much more £ s. d. But it is much simpler to say "If we call the amount of money we required in the past to buy these things 100, the amount we require to-day is 150," when we are dealing with a large

number of different things, because we have a simpler unity to deal with. If we take a group of commodities before the war and to-day, what will be the difference in the index number? The difference will, of course, partly depend on the period from which we start, on prices in the "base year," as we call it. Now let us see what is the result of taking the years 1901-5 as a basis, as the *Economist* does for its index number, and comparing prices in those years with October, 1919. The result is as follows:—

Cereals and meat which cost 100 in 1901-5 cost in October, 1919	282.4
Other food products which cost 100 in 1901-5 cost in October, 1919	279.3
Textiles which cost 100 in 1901-5 cost in October, 1919	424.6
Minerals which cost 100 in 1901-5 cost in October, 1919	266.0
A group of miscellaneous goods which cost 100 in 1901-5 cost in October, 1919	271.6
Average of all the above which cost 100 in 1901-5 cost in October, 1919	308.9

Three Times as Much

These are wholesale prices. They have risen on the average to nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ times what they were in 1901-5; whilst textiles are now 4½ times what they were in 1901-5. Low prices were rising between 1901-5 and 1914, though most people have forgotten the fact because of the sensational rise since then. But if we take 1913 as the base year, wholesale prices in the United Kingdom have risen from 100 to 257; and *retail* food prices have risen since 1914 from 100 to 217, according to an extremely useful Government publication [Cmd. 434 of 1919] which costs what is in these days the ridiculous amount of one penny. To get a consistent basis I have taken prices on Jan. 1, 1914, and compared them with prices in October, 1919. This comparison is the subject matter of the first chart. It probably will not be necessary to give more figures to illustrate what is too well known, unfortunately, to all of us. But there is one point which we are sometimes in the habit of overlooking when "the high cost of living" is being discussed.

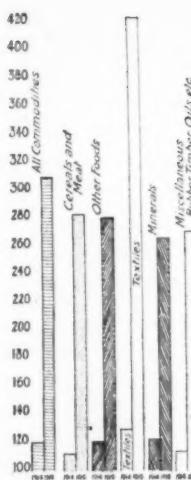
THE QUIVER

The candle is being burnt at both ends. Whilst prices are rising, quality is falling off. For instance, railway fares are now 50 per cent. higher than they were; that is, the index rise is from 100 to 150. Yet what we are paying for is not a fairly comfortable journey, but a wretchedly uncomfortable one. And so with other commodities too. Against this must be set the fact that, owing to the bread subsidy and controlled prices, some articles have been costing us less in money than they would have done otherwise.

£1 = 7s. 8½d.

Before we go on to explain some of the major causes of this rise we must spend a moment or two in realising its full implications. If we put it into terms of a single pound, it means that in 1919 every pound bought less than it did in 1913 or July, 1914. But how much less? That requires only a very simple calculation. The net result is that to-day a pound buys what 7s. 8½d. would have suffice to buy in January, 1914, taking wholesale prices for all the commodities in the table. In 1914 prices actually fell from 119 in January to 116 in July, so that if we compared July with last October we should get an even worse result than this. Every pound is worth less in terms of goods than it was; in other words, the purchasing power of the pound has fallen and the purchasing power of goods has risen. Goods which would only have brought in £119 to their owners, could in October last have been sold for £310. People buying the goods would have got for £310 what they could have got for £119 in July, 1914.

We see, then, that a rise of prices means that goods are more valuable than they were before, since they bring in more money to their owner; and money is less valuable to its owner than it was before because it buys him less goods. This doesn't mean that people don't value their money as much as they did before, in the sense that they aren't very glad to get as much as they can. What it does mean is that, having got it, it will yield them less per pound, in the way of goods, than a pound would have



No. 1.—Prices on
Jan. 1, 1914, com-
pared with prices
in October, 1919

done in 1914, and still less than it would have done in 1900.

Now why is this so? As soon as we enter into the path of explanation we meet with a number of guides who shout "Profiteering," "The wicked working man," and, most strident of all perhaps, "The war." It so happens that we prefer to find out things for ourselves. How then shall we set about it?

What about the Profiteer?

If someone had, before the war, told us that prices were high because of profiteering, we would probably have said that to get profits was the object of every business man. The desire to make profits, and as large profits as possible, has always been one of the incentives, and a very important incentive, to take up the risks of business.

To put down all the rise of prices to the "profiteer" is to overlook perfectly obvious facts about the nature of pre-war business. Of course, it may be true that business men are more willing to squeeze the consumer than they were before, i.e. there may have been a change of "business morality." At a time of rising prices, especially when the rise has been going on for some time, people's idea of what constitutes a "fair price" may be getting vague, but it is absurd to suggest that ignorance of what a fair price is is the main reason for the ability to overcharge. If the argument is varied a little, and we are told that "owing to shortage and difficulties of production it is easier to charge more," then we ought to ask why there is a shortage, because everyone knows that a shortage leads to more being charged and did lead to more being charged, even in the days before we set up tribunals to hand back small change to angry shoppers.

War not the Sole Explanation—

Now, there is a definite idea behind the vague statement that "high prices are due to the war." War means destruction of things already in existence: as important as this is the fact that modern war is a voracious monster, devouring the fittest men

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of their generation as soldiers and compelling an enormous diversion of labour-power to the satisfaction of their needs. That there was a great shortage of goods during the war owing to this diversion is of course quite true; that the chaos which the war is leaving in its wake impedes production still is also true. But we have had a cessation of hostilities in the major areas for over a year: a large part of the British and Allied armies are demobilised, and though recorded unemployment is very low, prices are *higher now than they were in the month of the armistice*. Clearly "the war" cannot be the sole explanation.

-nor Labour

Now as to the argument that "Labour" is responsible. Hours have been cut down, there has been a deal of unrest, and there is a general suspicion that "output has fallen off." Shorter hours, it is nowadays or ought to be nowadays unnecessary to state, are not necessarily a cause of reduced output at all, and are in many cases a means of increasing output, and it is preposterous to argue that output has fallen off so much since 1914 that prices are $3\frac{1}{2}$ times what they were. We must therefore seek the explanation elsewhere.

Let us return to the almost forgotten fact that we were bothering about "the high cost of living" even before there was a war to help us forget to think. What was this pre-war rise in the cost of living due to? Labour unrest in those days was largely and rightly attributed to "high food prices," and as in those bygone days a 5s. a week rise was regarded as a revolutionary proposal, we cannot put this pre-war trouble down to "wages." The world's production had exceeded all previous records in the boom period which culminated in 1913, so that it was not falling output which occasioned the rise. We must seek some other explanation. We find it in the *increased currency of the world*.

Before the reader gets angry, let me hasten to give an illustration which may make things clear. If two little boys stand outside a shop window, each with a penny in his pocket to buy things with, what would happen if a benevolent passer-by would give both of them a second penny,

supposing they are debating which of them shall buy an unpriced top in the window? Both can now offer twopence for the top instead of a penny, and the shopkeeper gets twice as much for the top as he would have done before, but only one boy can get the top, and only one boy would have got the top if both had had one penny instead of two.

Money versus Goods

Now we all, in the modern world, buy tops and everything else with money. It all of us together get more money and start buying things with that money, we won't get more things unless the quantity of things goes on increasing as rapidly as the money does. The more rapidly the quantity of money increases as compared with the quantity of goods, the more rapidly prices will rise.

Before the war the basis of the monetary systems of the world were gold and silver. In all the Western world the only metal that seriously counted was gold. On the basis of the gold was a vast superstructure



No. 2.—This diagram illustrates the forgotten fact that prices were rising before the war

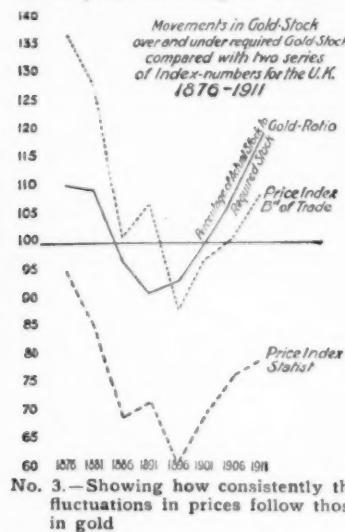
of paper money and bank deposits, all convertible into gold and limited in their volume just by this fact of convertibility. Gold was not only used as money, but also for plate, jewellery, dentists' fillings, and so on. Therefore not all the gold produced was used as money, nor was all the money gold coin. But so long as the total amount of money (including gold) was increasing faster than the volume of goods, prices would nevertheless rise, because all the

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goods would be sold for more money, that is, goods would be worth more "money," money would be worth less goods, and prices would rise.

If there is anything in this theory, then we ought to be able to show that the following conclusions are capable of proof. Firstly, the rise of prices must be shown to be a more or less universal fact, and the direction of the price movement for different countries should be the same.

Secondly, if we know that the world's production of things other than gold is increasing at a certain rate, in periods when the world's production of gold is increasing



No. 3.—Showing how consistently the fluctuations in prices follow those in gold

less rapidly (unless substitutes make up the balance) prices should be falling; when the gold supply is increasing at more than this rate prices ought to be rising.

The first of these conclusions can be verified from Chart No. 2, which shows from British, French, German and American index numbers that the direction of the price movement is the same for all these countries for the period covered. This period happens also to be the period during which the world's stock of gold was rapidly increasing, owing to the great and increasing output from the South African mines. If anyone objects and says that this chart proves nothing because prices are not exactly the same in all these countries, we must point out that "local influences," such as tariffs, affect different countries differ-

ently. If it is objected that "naturally all prices move together, because goods go from low-price countries to high-price countries, and therefore equalise prices," we must point out that that is evading the real issue. The argument only proves that prices will tend to be equalised *as between different countries*; it does not explain why prices should be rising *as between two different periods of time*.

How Gold Stock affects Prices

Now for the second point. World production before the war was increasing at a rate somewhere between 2 per cent. and 4 per cent. per annum. To keep prices level we require a stock of gold increasing at at least this rate also. If we can show that the actual stock of gold has been increasing at more than this required rate, we should, if the theory is true, expect prices to rise; if at less than this required rate, prices should be falling. If we express the actual stock as a percentage of the required stock (or the stock we ought to have to keep prices steady), then in periods in which the actual stock is more than what is required the percentage is over 100, and prices should be rising; in the reverse case the percentage is less than 100, and prices should be falling.

If the reader will now look at the third diagram he will see that, taking the whole period from 1876-1911, there is a remarkable coincidence between the movement of the gold ratio percentage and the two index numbers. (These latter differ because they have different base periods, but their trend is point for point the same.) The only failure in the coincidence is in 1891, and this is the exception which proves the rule rather than disproves it. Prices went on falling till 1896, although the gold supply was increasing some time before that year; but it takes some time before the new gold can come into circulation. Considering the many circumstances which affect prices besides the quantity of money, this coincidence through so long a period is the more striking.

The Effect of the War

Now what has been happening during the war? War produces a shortage and, as is inevitable, prices rise in consequence. What did the governments of the belligerent nations do in face of this perfectly inevitable consequence of war? Instead of telling

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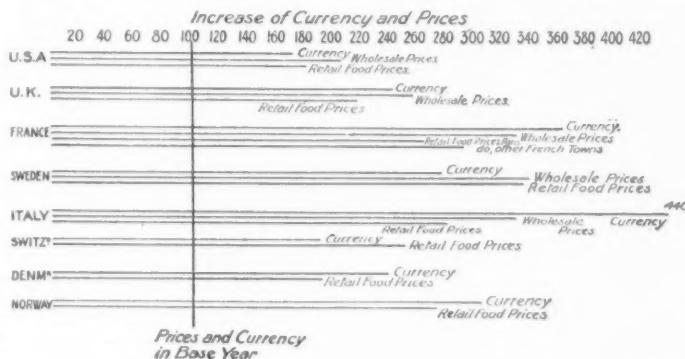
people that it was impossible to provide as much during the war as before it, they sought to allay popular dislike of higher prices and harder times by giving war bonuses on a generous scale themselves, and encouraging others to do the same. At the same time, the money cost of the war has been largely met out of loans, enormous sums being raised in this way—sums which equalled in magnitude, if they did not exceed, the whole pre-war income of the country. Where did all this money come from? The simple answer is that the banks and the governments between them have very largely created it: by working the printing press for the production of State and bank notes, and, for larger sums, "crediting"

the Government, i.e. the great spending departments, with millions in the books of the banks. The gold which people were asked on patriotic grounds to pay into the banks has been largely exported to America, North and South, in payment for food and other materials, and for munitions, as well as to Spain and other European neutrals. The new gold from the mines (which have been turning out almost as much during the war as they did before it) was largely used in the same way. (As in Europe jewellers and others who use gold for industrial purposes were largely prevented by decree from doing so, a falling off in production is indirectly compensated for.) This influx of gold has raised prices in the countries to which it was sent, some of them, like Sweden, protesting against getting any more because it complicated a price situation already made sufficiently difficult by exports to the belligerents and the embargoes and rationing of imports designed by the Allies to spread the butter thin over the neutral bread. The gap which these gold exports made were filled by paper money; so much of this has been issued that, though gold itself has fallen in value very much, i.e. buys less than it did

before the war, the paper money of the allied and enemy countries buys still less of American and neutral gold money. Hence the ubiquitous "exchange problem."

The Effect of Unlimited Paper Money

The Government white paper already mentioned gives some data for the relations between prices and monetary increases, which I have summarised in Chart No. 4. The relationship between the two seems to yield contradictory evidence at first, but I think most of the contradiction between the results are capable of valid explanation. In all cases food prices have risen least, a fact explicable largely by rationing and con-



No. 4.—Showing the increase, during the war, of currency, compared with the increase of prices, in the various countries

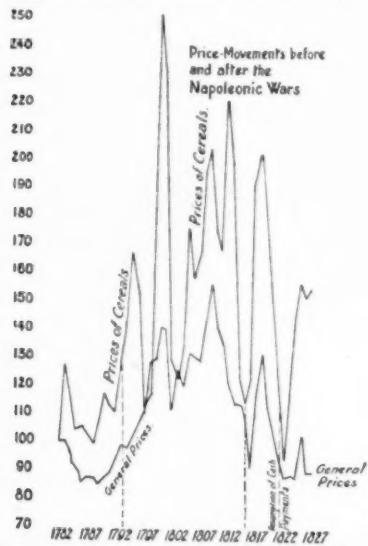
trolled prices. Except in the case of France and Italy, wholesale prices have risen more rapidly than currency, which is natural, considering that *in addition* to increased currency, the supply of goods is less in 1919, to which the figures relate, than it was in 1913, which is the base period for the wholesale prices. Therefore *these* prices should have risen more. The base for the food prices is 1914, which is a further reason for the discrepancy between food and the other prices, for prices in 1914 were above 1913 prices. As regards France and Italy, it must be remembered that these are "geographical" expressions, and France and Italy have a larger area in 1919 than they had in 1913 and 1914, so that the currency is spread over a wider extent of ground; also that France and Italy have been the two powers most dependent on foreign supplies and credits during the war, so that their supplies are in part withdrawn from the

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direct influence of home monetary conditions. Finally, we do not know to what extent money has been hoarded in the two countries. Hoarding, of course, reduces the rise of prices by limiting the money actually used as purchasing power. Considering all the disturbing influences, there is a correspondence close enough to enable us to infer that monetary influences have played a great part in accentuating the inevitable difficulties of the war period.

Floundering in the Mess

If this surmise is correct, why, it may be asked, were statesmen so indifferent to its implications? The answer is that, in part, statesmen under-estimated the length of the war, and thought "war bonuses" paid by means of the printing press would not continue as long, and to the extent, that they actually have; partly that they wanted to avoid public criticism and discontent by tax-



No. 5.—This shows how prices rose during the Napoleonic Wars and when they fell again

ing too heavily or seeming unsympathetic to popular hardship; partly that they were disposed to take what seemed necessary risks; partly that they didn't know, and some perhaps didn't care, what the final result of it all would be. In any case, the world is now floundering in the mess, and must get out of it as best it can. This brings me to the

last portion of this article. When will prices come down? The general answer to this is that prices will come down as soon as the currency gets reduced, and as soon as production is increased, and no amount of grumbling will bring them down before these events take place. When will they take place?

The Teaching of History

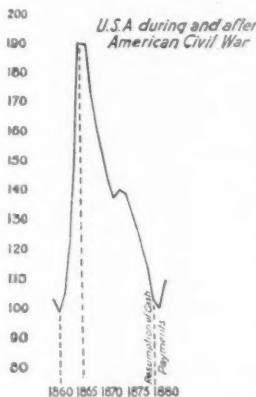
Before we attempt to forecast the future, let us look at the teachings of history. The only wars at all comparable with the war of 1914-18 were the Napoleonic wars of 1793-1815 and the American Civil War of 1861-65. In both of these wars an important feature of the situation was the inconvertibility into gold of paper money. The note was again convertible into gold in 1821 and 1878 respectively; that is, six and thirteen years after the conclusion of hostilities. A glance at the charts will show that prices reached pre-war level at about that period of time. In the case of the United Kingdom during and after the Napoleonic wars, the Bank of England was cautious during 1810-1815, and incautious in its issues thereafter, which caused an expansion of prices in subsequent years. Prices started falling in the U.S.A. in 1867, but were not down to pre-war level until 1878. I have left the Crimean and Boer War periods till last. These wars occurred at a time when the gold supplies of the world were increasing, and therefore accentuated a rise of prices which would have occurred in any case. Of course, the fall was not in all cases the result only of a sounder currency situation: production in the U.S.A., for instance, increased greatly after the Civil War. It will be seen from the chart dealing with the United Kingdom that cereal prices during and after the Napoleonic wars were higher than the average of all prices, and although the fluctuations in the two curves tend to be the same, food prices continued to be high. This is almost entirely due (apart from increase of population) to the tariff policy pursued with regard to cereals. Production generally was increasing, owing to the steady reorganisation of industry and agriculture on a machine and capitalistic basis.

What can be Done?

Turning now to the present situation, what can be done?

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Firstly, the currency system must be taken in hand. It is ridiculous to try to secure the convertibility of the Treasury note by accumulating a store of gold equal in amount to such a percentage of the note issue as will mean that a paper pound will be equal in value to a gold pound of $12\frac{3}{4}$ grains for all purposes. The thing to do is firstly to limit the issue and then to reduce it. At present, measured in terms of the American gold dollar, a paper pound is worth about \$3.80, i.e. though the nominal value of a paper pound is \$4.86, which is equal to $12\frac{3}{4}$ grains of gold, the paper pound (and coined gold which cannot be melted or exported, and which has therefore been dragged down to the level of the paper) fetches only $\frac{3}{4}\%$ of $12\frac{3}{4}$ grains of gold, or a little over 97 grains of gold. To buy gold at this rate is clearly a ruinous policy. What should be done is to prevent any more fresh paper money going out, and to start reducing the amount that is out already. This can be done quite simply by cancelling all notes coming back to the Treasury each week, and issuing no fresh ones in return. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has, as a matter of fact, promised that in the next calendar year (i.e. as from Jan. 1, 1920) his department will not exceed the maximum amount of the present year, in so far as present notes are not covered by gold or Bank of England notes. If the Bank of England notes held by the Treasury increase, the Bank reserve will fall (unless the Bank gets more gold, which at present prices it is not likely to do), and it must therefore raise the Bank rate to discourage further loans. This is to a large number of people an alarming prospect. What! they say, do you propose to check enterprise? If enterprise can only be conducted on the basis of flooding the country with paper money, causing prices to rise and knocking the bottom out of the exchange with gold countries, the answer is certainly "Yes." If people want more money they can get it by offering those who have it more, i.e. lowering the prices of their goods, which is just what is wanted.



No. 6.—The effects of the 1860-65 war in U.S.A.

The Real Way to Help

Secondly, production should be increased. If people really want to help the business man, the best way of doing so is to see, not that he can get unlimited amounts of "money," to his own and the country's ultimate detriment, but that he can pursue

his avocation without being alternately preached at as a profiteer and a villain, and prayed to as the saviour of civilisation. The fact is that we have no economic policy worth the name. We keep up a bread subsidy to keep food prices low, and at the same time propose a guaranteed high price to farmers to induce them to grow corn. We grumble at builders not building houses for landlords who are prohibited from charging an economic rent. We curse the cinema proprietor, when it is we as consumers who crowd the picture palaces. We hate dearness, and yet want to keep out cheap goods, under the silly impression that at a time when the world is short of everything, "there isn't enough work to go round."

A Short and Sharp Word

For the conduct of each of us as individuals there is a short and sharp word to be said. It is "work and save." And not merely work, but the *right* work. The same labour and capital (for which saving is necessary) can't be used for supplying goods for the orgy of Christmas shopping and providing the more solid comforts of more houses, more ships, more trains, more solid boots and greater supplies of food. We cannot go on burning the candle at both ends much longer. The immediate need is for *all* of us to put our shoulders to the wheel, and not just excuse ourselves by accusing others.

[The writer would like to acknowledge his indebtedness to Prof. Cannan's "The Paper Pound," Prof. Lehfeldt's "Gold Prices and the Witwatersrand," and Prof. Wesley Mitchell's "Index Numbers of Wholesale Prices in the United States and Foreign Countries."]



"A refined, sensitive face it was
which bent over the sick man"

Drawn by
Baillie Salmon

Bluebells in a Beechwood

A Love Story

By

Anne Weaver

"**T**IS so often a bit of a tragedy, I'm thinking." Nurse O'Brien paused in her story to press upon her companion the circumscribed selection of cakes which were all that the little provincial tea-shop could boast. The girl sitting opposite her shook her head.

"I'm not very hungry, thank you. You were saying——?"

"That the love of a plain woman for a good-looking man will nearly always be having a tragic side," Nurse O'Brien said.

She herself was a plain woman; big and plain and middle-aged, with a strong Irish brogue, a face like a rosy dried-up apple and a heart every whit as sweet.

"And she's really so plain?"

The younger nurse, who was unmistakably pretty, with a small, flower-like, blue-eyed prettiness that night duty had dimmed

a little, put the question with what might have seemed a rather curious eagerness if Nurse O'Brien had not been too absorbed in her story to notice it. There were so many interesting cases in the hospital, that it was a little surprising, perhaps, to find in a nurse attached to one ward anything but perfunctory interest in the feminine belongings of a "case" in another ward, whom she would probably never even see.

Not that the case in question was actually in Nurse O'Brien's ward, either. He had been brought to the hospital—the nearest one to the aerodrome where he had met with his accident—suffering both from burns and broken bones. His machine had crashed badly and he had been extricated from the blazing wreckage. Then, shortly after his arrival in hospital, pneumonia had fastened upon him in his weakened

BLUEBELLS IN A BEECHWOOD

state, and he was now lying in a critical condition.

They had put him in a small room by himself, where his delirious ravings disturbed no one but his nurse and the one woman who had been granted the privilege accorded in such cases to the sufferer's nearest and dearest, of spending most of the day by his bedside.

Miss Trevor—that was her name—was to have married Major Meredith in the autumn.

She was not, as Nurse O'Brien emphatically repeated, a pretty woman, nor had she even extreme youth to lend her its fleeting glamour. A refined, sensitive face it was which bent over the sick man with infinite tenderness and compassion in the sad eyes; but there was no beauty in it—perhaps it had possessed a little years ago.

Nurse O'Brien had gathered that these two had grown up together as children. She fancied that it was during the boyhood days, which had merged into the splendid manhood whose wreck lay there in the narrow hospital bed, that Major Richard Meredith had proposed to the once fresh young girl who sat beside it now in her sober maturity.

"He's a terrible wreck, poor fellow," Nurse O'Brien said; "but he's good to look at even now. And yet it's a queer fancy I have that he must always have been more sentimental in his love for her than she's been for him. Little things don't seem to have made the same impression on her; she'll not be remembering them as he does even when the fever's on him."

"What sort of things?" the younger nurse asked.

"Oh, just sentimental things, lovers' memories—you'll know, my dear, I expect." She smiled good-humouredly. Her kindly glance dwelt on the pretty face opposite her, with its soft mouth and wide blue eyes. "Sure, most women have a few such," she said, "even though, at your age, they'll not be having very far to look back for them."

"But I thought no woman ever really forgot them, no matter how long back," the other said in her small tired voice.

Nurse O'Brien took her up briskly.

"I'm telling you, this woman *has*," she said. "Only yesterday, now, he was raving about bluebells in a beechwood; he wanted

to remember a poem" (she pronounced it "pome") "which she'd said to him as they picked the flowers together. It was disturbing him that he couldn't get the lines into his head; and never a bit could she help him, the poor soul! Seemed as if she was so busy trying to call back her memories of the time it happened, that I had to come to her help with guesswork—I'm fond of pomes—and sure, I was lucky to hit it right away."

The younger nurse nodded. Her face had taken on an odd, arrested expression while the other talked; her blue eyes were very bright.

"'Fields of hyacinth,' I suppose"—she proffered the quotation hesitatingly—"that seemed the heavens uprising through the earth.' Was it that?"

"It was. In a Surrey wood they'd picked 'em, a place he called Monkswood, and it would have broken the heart on you to hear him. He was living the past over in his ravings; he kept on calling for her to admire them. 'Aren't they wonderful, Peggy?' he'd be crying out the whole time. (She doesn't look the sort of woman to be called by a little bit name like Peggy.) 'A blue lake among the trees,' that's what he called 'em; and he says: 'We shall always remember it, dear, shan't we?' Yet she hadn't remembered, poor lamb; and I could see she felt it pretty badly—not being able to help him. It upset her terribly."

"You're really more sorry for her than for him, aren't you?" Nurse Jeffries said. "Yet she has got him, after all; she hasn't lost him. That's the main thing."

"All the more reason that she'd be feeling bad at failing him, even in a small thing," Nurse O'Brien said.

"Y-yes," said the younger nurse, but she said it in a perfunctory, unconvinced voice. The older woman found herself wondering whether perhaps she had been engaged and had lost her own man. She knew very little about the girl, who had only recently come to the hospital; and Nurse O'Brien was not a woman to force confidences.

"You see, she couldn't blame herself much," the girl went on. "The whole episode was probably a creation of his fever; how could she be expected to remember it?"

"Oh! I'd not be after thinking 'twas just the fancy of a fevered brain," Nurse

THE QUIVER

O'Brien said doubtfully. "Sure, there was more to it than that."

Then the conversation drifted away to other things, and the two finished their tea and separated, each on her own business. Nurse Jeffries walked slowly back to the hospital and sat down to rest on a bench outside the grim, ugly building.

One might have thought that she would have been glad to escape from its pain-darkened shadow during her hours of relaxation. She didn't look the type of girl that finds morbid solace in sad thoughts. Nurse O'Brien had fancied, when she first became acquainted with her, that she was, on the contrary, one for whom the life of outdoor movement and colour had a great attraction. In those early days the vicinity of the big aerodrome had seemed invariably to draw her. The most daring stunts of the airmen overhead had riveted her keenest attention. There were one or two well-known pilots among them; she knew them all by name: Major Meredith had been one.

During the last week or so, however, she had not seemed to care much where her walks took her. Perhaps the novelty of the aerodrome was palling, and the sombre influence of the hospital was exercising a half-reluctant fascination.

Her pretty face looked sad enough, in all conscience, as she sat there gazing absently in front of her, pondering, one might imagine, on the many tragedies so close at hand—on that one in particular which she and Nurse O'Brien had been discussing: the presumable tragedy of a plain woman's love for a good-looking man.

A private motor-car drew up at the gates, and a grey-haired man got out and passed her by on his way into the hospital. Nurse Jeffries looked at the watch on her wrist, and shifted her position so that she could see the great doors. Presently he came out again, a woman with him, a tall woman, beautifully dressed, with a rich sable stole flung round her shoulders. They passed so close to the little nurse that she could hear what they said; and as they passed Nurse Jeffries drew her small shabby shoes farther back under her skirt and hid her threadbare gloves under her cloak.

"No, he's not conscious yet." The woman was speaking; and her voice held an acute ring of pain under its steady tones. "It's dreadful to listen to him, Jim."

"Has he"—the man's deeper tones were more difficult to catch—"said any more?"

"Yes; a little. I'm beginning to understand, Jim dear. I don't blame . . . how could I? Besides, some natures can't help . . ."

The voices died away. Nurse Jeffries had stiffened a little. Now she relaxed; her hands lay limply on her knees. Neither had noticed her as they passed by; they got into the car and drove away, the woman leaning back against the cushions with a little tired sigh.

"Even if he gets over pneumonia," she said, "they seem to think he'll never be fit for anything again; that he'll always be partially paralysed. The shock caused it." She twisted her fingers restlessly. "I wonder," she said below her breath, "I wonder who this other woman is, poor soul; whether it meant anything really serious to her . . ."

"Oh, my dear!"—with a gesture of impatient tenderness the man laid his hand over hers—"why bother about her? I've always told you there were bound to be other women—for him. It seems a low-down thing to rub in, now, of a man who's down and out, as he is, poor fellow; but it's true. You can call him weak, if you like; you can call him susceptible; you can call him a criminal fool—yes, I will say it, Marion—a criminal fool not to value what he'd got—what I'd give my soul for . . ."

His voice was hoarse and uneven. The woman put her other hand over his and pressed it hard. "Don't, dear, don't," she whispered. "It can't do any good to say these things. I've known it, too; but they really don't count, these others, when he comes to his senses again. He's weak, poor Richard; you're right there. He's always clung to me, and I can't desert him now, when he needs me so badly; when for the rest of his life he may always need me. Ah! If I thought—if I really believed that our engagement had been a huge mistake from his point of view as well as mine—if I thought that it was serious—this other episode—ah, Jim! would I not welcome freedom with both hands? But it was I who made the huge mistake, Jim; I mistook pity for love; and I've got to go through with it."

The man beside her groaned.



"Will you put these beside Major
Meredith's bed?" she asked"—p. 420

Drawn by
Ethelberta Salmon

THE QUIVER

"I can't see it like that; for the life of me I can't," he said. But there was a definite tone of hopelessness in his protest. He knew her so well—bless her sweet unselfishness and her high sense of honour, and, perhaps, if the truth must be told, her almost morbid sense of duty. "After all, you had made up your mind, only a month ago, to tell him——"

"Yes; a month ago, Jim. He was strong and well, then. It would have hurt him, but he could have borne it. For your sake, apart from mine, it would have been wrong to abide by a mistake that was not yet irretrievable. But now——"

Her hand tightened on his; and the sad little break in her steady voice made the man ache to put his arms around her and hold her closely against the sorrow she was so bravely going to meet.



"He's pulling through."

Nurse O'Brien's rosy face was radiant with satisfaction as she made the announcement. She and Nurse Jeffries were walking along the path by the canal, their cloaks billowing in the wind that swept it from end to end and whirled gustily at the street corners in the little town where the flower-sellers held out early primroses to the passers-by.

"He's out of danger this morning; isn't that good?" She laughed at the quick brightening of her companion's face. "I believe you're as glad of it as I am," she said, "and I'd be saying 'twas sweet of you, only, by the same token, I know you can't help it! Where's the woman of us all who'll not be interested in a romance?"

"No," the girl said a little sadly, "we can't help it, can we?"

"And yet," the older woman pursued a graver train of thought, "when you come to think of it, it's a pretty poor look out for them both. Sure, and I'd not be calling it an ideal setting for a romance. The doctors hold out mighty little hope of his ever being anything but a helpless cripple; and think what that'll be after meaning to them both: to the strong daring man that he's been—spoilt, maybe—accustomed to a full life; to her—she'll be finding it no bed of roses to be everlasting smoothing *his!*"

"She won't mind," the girl said in an oddly flat voice. She made her assertion

confidently, but there was no cheerful optimism about it.

"Well, of course, there's some women don't," Nurse O'Brien agreed dispassionately; "born to sacrifice themselves, and like it. Maybe she'll be that kind."

The other said nothing for a moment. Then—

"So he's conscious again. Does he know her now?"

"He does that," Nurse O'Brien answered. "But I'm thinking he always did, even in his raving. Even that time I told you of, when he was jabbering about bluebells and pomes, poor fellow, he knew *her*; he called her—Peggy. It's short for Margaret, I suppose. She has an 'M' embroidered on her handkerchiefs."

"Yes, it's short for Margaret," Nurse Jeffries said quietly. "I think I saw her leaving the hospital one day last week. She was wearing lovely sables, and there was a man with her—a man with grey hair."

"That'll be her cousin," Nurse O'Brien said. "And her man of business, too. They tell me she's a rich woman—come into a pile of money just a while back."

"Which will make things easier for them both," the girl said.

"Well, I'm not saying money's essential; but in this case it's a blessing." She broke off, touching the girl's arm. "Will you be looking at the silver light on the water now? Did you ever see anything prettier? Twouldn't have mattered," she went on presently, "if he'd bid fair to get quite well, and be free to work. A man who could be after saying the things to a woman which I've heard him say to her in his wanderings—sure he'd work his fingers to the bone for her."

"Ah, yes . . . if he were free . . ." Nurse Jeffries repeated. They had stopped to lean on the wall which bounded the canal and look over the expanse of grey water shining in the warm sun, and it seemed as though some of the light and radiance of it was reflected in the younger woman's face. But it passed away; it was an ephemeral radiance; and Nurse O'Brien noticed, as they walked on, that the girl looked paler and more tired than she had looked at any time since she came to the hospital.

"Now I'm wondering if you are strong

BLUEBELLS IN A BEECHWOOD

enough for the work you're doing," she said with kindly abruptness.

Nurse Jeffries flushed and smiled faintly.

"One's always a lot stronger than one thinks," she said; "and it's not the most tiring things that are the hardest."

The other still looked dissatisfied.

"Sure I don't believe you eat enough," she said presently. "Supposing now that we go to some place where they'll be giving us a solid meal, with eggs, maybe, instead of these silly little stale cakes that have your digestion destroyed on you."

"I'm afraid I can't spare the time," Nurse Jeffries said hastily. "I should have liked to, but I've got to be back outside the hospital in an hour's time; there's somebody I want to see. . . . A cup of tea on the way back will be all that I can manage."

Yet if Nurse O'Brien had followed her back she would have noticed that the girl did not stop anywhere for even that modest cup of tea.

She was late for the appointment which she had set herself. The walk and talk with Nurse O'Brien, to which she always looked forward so eagerly, had taken her longer than usual. She hurried back to the hospital, and as she came to the gates the accustomed car was already waiting there, and the liveried chauffeur stood to open the door for the two who were walking quickly towards it—the woman who was to marry Major Richard Meredith, and the man with the grey hair and keen, lined face.

The woman was speaking a little breathlessly. There was a curious air of excitement about her.

"He thinks so, Jim; he really does! He says there's hope. I've just spoken to him—he's the new man, you know, and everyone declares he's wonderful in these cases. It's mental suggestion. . . . Oh, Jim, it would make *all* the difference!"

Nurse Jeffries slackened her steps, as they passed her, to catch the stray disjointed sentences, and after they had gone by she still strained her ears to listen, but she could hear no more.

So there was hope . . . and "it would make all the difference." What difference? she wondered heavily. Well, it didn't matter; all that mattered was that hope had been held out—hope that gay, restless

Richard Meredith might not after all be condemned to the life of a cripple.

So the weeks dragged by; and those disjointed sentences translated themselves into a true prophecy. The new house-surgeon's treatment of Richard Meredith's case began slowly but surely to work the seeming miracle of which it had held out a promise.

His fiancée still came daily to sit with him, and Nurse O'Brien's rosy countenance beamed a benediction upon them both. Then, one day, an amazing development was thrust upon her notice.

She came in with his tea, to find them both very silent; and at first she thought the patient was asleep; but as she came round the bed, carrying the tea-tray, she saw that he was wide awake; and on the table beside him lay a letter which he had just written very shakily and laboriously. Miss Trevor was addressing the envelope, on her knee. She looked up and smiled at the nurse, and for the first time Nurse O'Brien wondered whether she had been wrong in calling her plain.

"I had to help him a good deal," she said, "but he has managed wonderfully well."

"Why, now, that's splendid!" Nurse exclaimed. "That's a fine step in advance! He'll be keeping you busy now with his correspondence."

The two exchanged a swift look, and then the man lying back among the pillows said with an odd earnestness in his voice:

"Yes, I'm going to bother her a little while longer, Nurse, but only a little while, I hope." His eyes rested again on his companion; there was a smile in them—a content which was not usually there. "Shall we tell her, Marion?" he asked.

For answer, she rose and put her arm over his shoulder; his thin weak fingers were clasped in her strong ones.

"Why, yes, we'll tell her," she said. "She'll understand. We're not the first two people who've found out in time that they've made a mistake. It's taken a long time to find out—on my side at least! Isn't it funny"—the happy laughter trembled in her voice—"that such an ordinary woman as I should be so slow to realise that a man might love someone else better?"

"You shan't say that!" Richard Meredith cried emphatically; "I wasn't worthy of

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you ; I'm not worth any woman's caring for . . . ”

“ But you've found the one woman whose caring makes all the difference to you,” she said ; and her lips brushed his forehead in a caress that was very tender. “ We've both been quixotic fools for ever so long, Dick dear ! The bluebells have blossomed and died and blossomed again since we started our absurd game of cross-purposes.”

They had quite forgotten Nurse O'Brien ; and that good woman was on the verge of dropping her tea-tray. Her rosy face was expressionless with bewilderment.

“ But,” she burst out at last, “ you're taking my breath away, the pair of you ! And he that I heard, with my own ears, raving about those same bluebells . . . Are you telling me it meant nothing, all that calling for ‘ Peggy ’ . . . all the lovers' talk of Monkswood in the springtime . . . ?”

And it was then that Marion Trevor made the calm announcement which Nurse O'Brien repeated afterwards word for word to her little friend, the sympathetic young nurse with the blue eyes.

“ She looked straight at me and laughed,” said Nurse O'Brien, almost with bated breath, “ and he, the poor man, with not a word to say for himself, just flushing up to the roots of his hair, and laughing too. ‘ But, you see, Nurse,’ she says, ‘ my name isn't Peggy ; and I've never seen Monkswood or picked bluebells there in my life,’ she says ! ”

Nurse O'Brien paused dramatically.

“ Did you ever hear the like ? ” she asked. “ She'd had to ask him—no woman could do less ! And she'd just surprised the truth out of him—the way they'd each of them been smothering their hearts for the sake of the other, and not a need of it at all ! ”

Nurse Jeffries made no comment for quite

a long moment ; and when she spoke at last, she spoke very slowly, with a little catch in her breath.

“ Oh, I do hope she'll be very, very happy,” she said.

“ And sure, what about *him* ? ” Nurse O'Brien cried. “ Why will you be leaving him out of it ? ”

“ Him ? Oh, yes . . . ”

The blue radiance of her tear-wet eyes, as she turned them full on the older woman, was a revelation to the other. Tired, was it ? Worn out ? Sad ?

“ Glory be ! ” ejaculated Nurse O'Brien softly.

“ If you'll wait just a moment for me, please,” the girl said ; and, turning, she sped back to a little flower-shop which they had just passed.

When she came out again she was carrying a big sheaf of bluebells, holding their drooping glory of blue and green against her flushed cheeks.

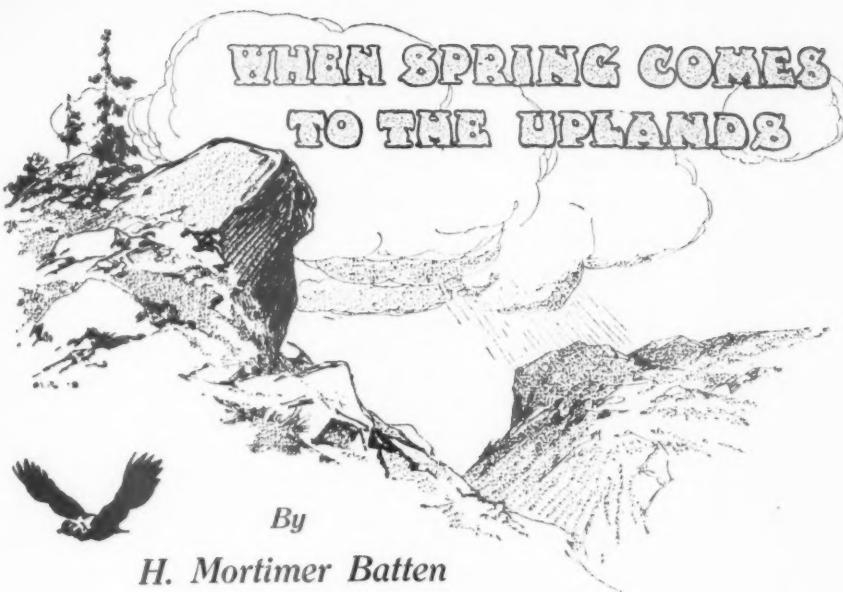
“ Will you put these beside Major Meredith's bed ? ” she asked. “ And—will you tell him, please, that the ground under the Monkswood beeches is ablaze with them ; I know—because I went down there for the day, last week. And tell him”—her voice broke on a little laugh that was half a sob—“ that the heavens do arise through the earth sometimes ! ”

With that she thrust the bluebells into Nurse O'Brien's hands, while the older woman stood staring.

“ Glory be ! ” she muttered again. “ And the blind fool that I've been . . . will you be listening to that, now ? ”

But it was the empty air which she was addressing. There was no one to see the sudden sympathetic moisture which dimmed her kindly eyes and splashed upon the flowers. Nurse Jeffries had fled.





WHEN SPRING COMES TO THE UPLANDS

By

H. Mortimer Batten

The coming of Spring is one of the red-letter days of Nature. Mr. Batten eloquently describes its effects on the wild life of the uplands

MANY and remarkable are the sounds that fill the air when the great awakening of spring comes to the upland pastures. For weeks past the expanse of boulders and bulrushes between the fertile lower valley and the chaos of crags that crown the hills has been depressing in its silent lifelessness. Nothing has seemed to stir along the whole vast mountain side, though the tracks in the snow have told how the hungry blue hares have crept at dusk down from the frozen heights to nibble the grass below the snow-line, in watchful terror of the lean, lank fox. Silence, fear and hunger have reigned everywhere. The very brooks trickling down the fissures have been frozen into stillness. Only the moaning of the wind among the tussocks, or the hungry, haunting cries of the hunters of the upper air, have now and then broken the eerie quietude.

In a Day

Then in a day spring comes. It comes with a flourish of trumpets—with a beating of wings and the voices of ghost millions

even before the dwellers of the sheltered lowlands are aware that winter is gone. This is one of the curious facts of wild nature—that spring comes to the bleak, wind-swept heights before it comes to the valleys!

Nature's Awakening

In a day everything is changed. The warm sun, streaming on the sodden earth, sends a thousand little rivulets trickling down the slope. The lapwings tumble in zig-zag flight over their old familiar nesting grounds, their cheery "kee-wit" ringing far and wide to arouse the lonely moorland



"Tumble in zig-zag flight over their old nesting grounds"

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dweller to the sense that the long winter is ended.

The rivers are the highways of our migrating birds; but these first arrivals which come to the uplands with the very early spring are not true migrants in that they have not come from overseas. Late last autumn they forsook the inland moors for the coast, along which, where the swamps do not freeze and where insect life is always abundant, they have spent the winter. Spring calls them back from these desolate scenes to the blue hills of their courtship days. They follow the course of the rivers from the sea, flying generally in great packs, pausing here to feed on the mud flats below some great city, then voyaging on above the twinkling lights till, with the dawn, the silver and purple land of promise hoves in view.

The Endless Passing Stream

The lapwings are the first to come; then follow the curlews, the redshanks, and an occasional honeymoon brace of oyster-catchers, glorious in their silver and ebony attire — all proclaiming their arrival far and



"A dog may be led far afield by the bewildering sound"



wide as they speed along that silver highway of the wild — a highway that led them hither long before bridges and graded roads were invented. I have lain awake at night-time and listened to the endless stream passing, passing, filling the air with their romantic, wavering notes—coming and going, passing, passing, like ghost wanderers of the night.

But winter is ended now. It may snow again—probably it will; and assuredly the wind will blow with a bitterness that sends even the hardy mountain sheep cowering under the walls for shelter. Yet, spring has come! If you doubt it, go out on to the moor just before dawn and remain there the whole day if you choose, and between the icy blasts and the stinging showers you will say to yourself: "Yes, the spring is here at last!"

In the sheltered valley levels the blackbirds are just beginning to squabble on the wall tops, the redbreasts are pursuing each other from tree to tree, but otherwise there are precious few signs of spring. The chaffinches are still in flocks, they still come to the window at breakfast-time to be fed. Only in the rookery in the elm grove is there as yet any of that stirring and awakening that suggests the dawn of the Love Moon.

Spring on the Hills

But go out into that bleak lone land where the wind zips between the boulders and the very rushes are beaten to the

ground, where the pine grows low and tortuous to battle with the gale, and where the mountain ash clasps the earth with abnormally developed roots in order to retain its footing—go out into the hills, and you will find that spring is already everywhere!

For days and nights past the stream of migrants has been pouring in, and the moorland edge, so utterly desolate through winter, is now astir with multitudinous sounds. Never for more than a minute from dawn to dawn

Drawn by
Harry Rountree

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does the bedlam abate. At night time the uproar may suddenly subside till seeming quietude reigns, then some faint, thin note will stir the whole mad chorus into being again, swelling from valley to peak, dying, fading, swelling, but never quite relapsing into silence.

Spring Call Notes

Many birds adopt call notes and habits in the early spring which are peculiar to that season. The redshank hangs on vibrating pinions over the mirror of the moorland pool, hovering, gliding, hovering, and uttering hour after hour a persistent, plaintive note which, heard almost without break throughout the day, becomes wellnigh maddening. Both the note and the quivering, tentative flight are peculiar to the redshanks' Love Moon. The snipe wheels at prodigious speed among the gossamer clouds, "chipp-churring" as he flies, and every now and then swooping to earth at giddy, breathless speed. And as he swoops one can see his flight feathers vibrating in the wind, and a few seconds later, when the bird is doubling and twisting back into the clouds, a strange, drumming sound floats to earth.

Aerial Music

The drumming of the snipe is regarded by some naturalists as one of the mysteries of nature. It is done chiefly by the male bird wheeling in mid-heaven, while his mate sits her eggs in the rushes below. It is a sound of such immense volume that it is hard to believe it can be created by so small a bird, and ornithologists were for a long time divided in opinion as to whether the drumming was created vocally or by the vibration of the bird's wings. I think there is little doubt, however, that the wings and tail are the musical instruments on this occasion, and that the stunt is indulged in in order to draw trespassers from the vicinity of the nest. When first heard the sound seems to come from a tuft at one's very feet, then farther up the slope to left or right, and so on and on, always a little distance ahead, till the breathless, bewildered pursuer chances to look up into the heavens, where a black speck is alternately plunging to earth and hurtling skywards at giddy speed. A young fox or a dog may be led far afield by the bewildering sound, while many a moorland boy has run himself breathless ere discovering that he was being

fooled by the aeronautical ventriloquist high overhead.

Masters of the Air

The curlews—those dashing cannon-balls of the upper air—likewise assume wonderful manœuvres and call notes that are peculiar to the love-making season. At any time one



"Give warning immediately Reynard steals out of the wood"—p. 424

is likely to be impressed by these birds' marvellous powers of flight, but to watch them in the early spring, when all the heath is a-pulse with Love Moon music, to see them mounting giddily skywards with weird, shrill, cackling notes, to hang in mid-heaven on trembling wings like gigantic humming-birds, to watch them as they come plunging and wheeling back to earth, crying like some lost soul, is indeed to marvel at their complete mastery of the air. One knows, moreover, that all this stunt flying

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is to impress some little lady curlew watching from the ling tips far below.

Day and night, now, the curlews' wild notes ring across the upland, and half the mad sounds they utter are peculiar to this season. In winter the curlews on the sea-shore use but three or four call notes while going about their daily affairs, but the love-making curlews on the moors possess a vocal range that sets at naught the powers of the nightingale. While the hen bird sits her eggs her lord flies and alights from boulder to boulder, from wall top to wall top, apparently keeping her informed of every happening throughout the wide panorama below. If danger draws anywhere near he goes half mad with alarm.

Truly this bird is the sentry of the uplands, for nothing escapes him. At night time he gives the warning immediately Reynard steals out of the wood. It brings a flight of lapwings to the place in battle array, and Reynard finds himself in such a turmoil of abuse that he is quite willing to sneak back the way he came.

The curlews are extraordinary birds in that their sense of guardianship extends towards all other creatures that share their habitat. In the wild it is customary for each bird or beast to look after itself and its family, leaving others to do the same. If the redshanks profit by the alertness of the lapwings, all well and good, though it was not really the intention of the lapwings that anyone but themselves should thus be aided. The goodwill of the curlews, however, embraces all. They *purposely* warn others of the approach of danger—go out of their way, indeed, to guard creatures in whose welfare

they have no personal interest whatever. On perceiving a fox stalking a hare a curlew has been known, on finding its repeated warnings unheeded, to swoop down and actually touch the hare with its wings, uttering so frenzied a warning as it did so that the heedless creature could no longer remain indifferent. It is said, too, that in the same way curlews will warn seals basking on the sea-shore of the distant approach of the rifleman.

An Experience to be Remembered

To lie in the heather just before dawn very early in the spring when the grouse are mating is an experience to be remembered. On a boulder near a cock grouse—his red eye markings conspicuous from afar—is bowing and pivoting on his perch in such a way as to show off all sides of his gorgeous Love Moon dress to the group of hen birds creeping like mice in the ling below. Suddenly he rises a-wing, almost vertically, for fifty feet or more, then drops to earth again with a ringing "Come back! Come back! Come back!" This is the challenge, and as the red rim of the sun peeps over the crags, mist-wreathed and wonderful, the cry is taken up by all up and down the moor. An ardent warrior comes hurtling to the spot, and they meet on a patch of silver sand to engage in deadly combat, using their feathered, owl-like feet with such intentness of purpose that the issue does not long hang in the balance. The victor then returns to a point of vantage to show off with



"Falls like a meteor to earth,
threatening to shatter his
lady-love to dust"

WHEN SPRING COMES TO THE UPLANDS

growing glory before the hens, uttering now a deep bass rumbling note of immense volume, like a mighty boulder wabbling upon its base. The cry is answered in the growing light by the hen birds creeping everywhere, and the note the hen grouse utters at this season—and at no other time—is as remarkable as the "bull-frog" call of the landrail. It is a deep bass, vibrating purr which seems to come from everywhere yet nowhere in particular, and when mingled with the challenges of the male birds, the piping of the curlews, the drumming of snipe, and the persistent, shrill notes of the redshanks, it is indeed a case of confusion worse confounded.

Thus spring comes to the uplands like the bursting of a hand grenade. One day winter reigns supreme. Silence and cold, those inseparable children of the Hunger Moon, hold sway everywhere; the next day life comes, life that fills earth and air with the throbbing, pulsing spirit of spring.

Where Spring Comes Slowly

In the sheltered woodlands spring comes comparatively slowly. The first signs of its coming among the wild folk are long since past ere the sweet scents and the budding life around inform the passing observer that the season of joy is here. Our sense of smell plays a great part in life's impressions, and it is the sweet, new scents of spring that convey its first magic to our senses.

The Magic of Scents

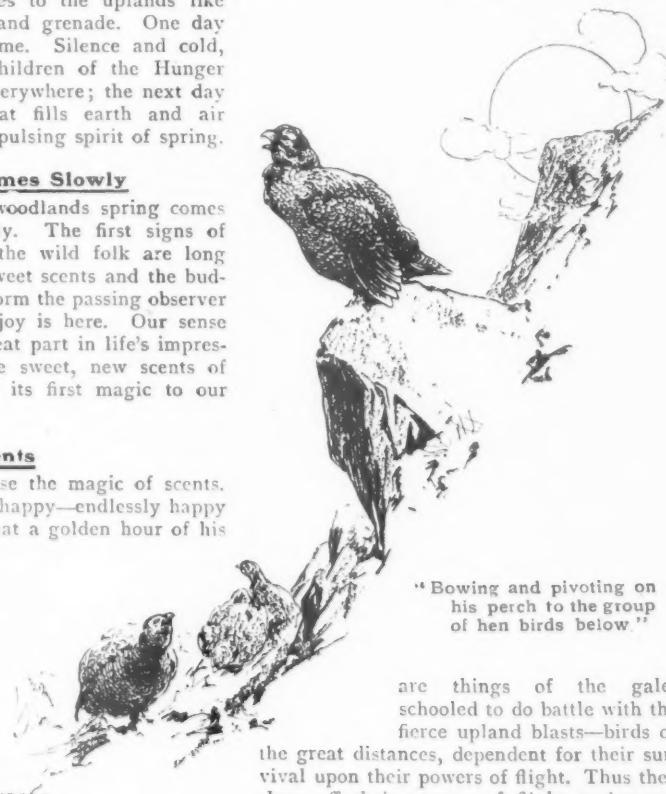
The Indians realise the magic of scents. When an Indian is happy—endlessly happy—when he knows that a golden hour of his life is now at hand, he plucks a flower or a herb of distinctive smell and inhales deeply its fragrance until the scent of it becomes a part of the joyous scene around him. Thus he retains the impression of that hour, and in darker times he can recall some of its joy by crushing between his hands that flower of sweet recollections. To the writer the scent of wild garlic is the scent of spring—not a very refined scent, it must be admitted, and one which most people

would go far to avoid. In the writer's childhood, however, farther back than he can recall, he spent what was probably the most wonderful spring of his life running wild in a little lowland valley where the wild garlic was crushed at every stride.

Truly the Indians realise the value of many things for which, in our pathetically crowded lives, there is little room.

"Showing Off"

In the lowland forests many of the scenes of spring are hidden from our eyes by the friendly shadows, which hide so many of Nature's secrets. The birds of the uplands



"Bowing and pivoting on his perch to the group of hen birds below"

are things of the gale, schooled to do battle with the fierce upland blasts—birds of the great distances, dependent for their survival upon their powers of flight. Thus they show off their powers of flight to impress the females of their choice. The peregrine ricochets into the sky with great mile-eating bounds, planing upwards at colossal speed, till high above the gossamer clouds he closes his wings and falls like a meteor to earth, threatening to shatter his lady-love to dust as she sits, silently watching, on the top-

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most pinnacle of the dizzy crag. The curlew and the golden plover leave the wind behind—they volplane and loop and bank at breathless speed, and their ladies are impressed by the wonder of it. But the birds of the woods do none of these things. They are creatures of the moving sunlight flakes and of the flowery dells where space does not permit of stunt flying. They make their impressions in other ways, some by showing off the beauty of their plumage, others by ousting and persecuting every other male member of their species, until at least they have impressed on their ladies that they are as good if not a great deal better than any other prospective husband she is likely to run up against.

Winter for many of the wild folk is merely a matter of holding out against their foes—they ask for nothing more than to remain alive. But with the plenteousness of spring many of their winter foes are passed by as casual acquaintances. I have

known an otter which during winter made life for the water voles all up and down the river bank an unholy terror—reduced their numbers to a negligible quantity, killing them in the water and on land till there was scarcely a survivor left. But spring brought the truce, and a mother vole reared her young in safety and security next door to the otter's stronghold. Similarly I have known a rock dove to lay her gleaming white eggs and to rear her young within sight of the peregrine's eyrie. A mile away from that crag the peregrine would have struck down the dove for the sheer sport of striking, but in the peregrine's crag—at the murderer's very threshold—she was safe.

Would that man would regard this vital season—when life or extermination for so many of our rare and lovely creatures hangs in the balance—with the same sense of sanctity as the wild creatures themselves so often extend towards each other in response to the kindly spirit of spring.



The Wind and I

By
Phyllis Collard

LAST night, when I woke in my little top room
Where the moon throws a silvery beam on the floor,
I inquired of the Wind, who went by in the gloom,
Why she hums in the chimney, and rattles the window, and
knocks on the door!

"I want to know why you are busy all day,
Oh, and why at the keyhole you whistle and peep:
Yes, and where do you go when you hurry away? . . ."
"Oo-o-oo! I don't know-oo-o-oo! I'm the Wind . . . Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!"

So saying, the Wind shook the house through and through—
But she left me no wiser than ever before!
I know she's the Wind—but I want to know, too,
Why she hums in the chimney, and rattles the window, and
knocks on the door!

The Woman who wasn't Herself

By
Christabel
Lowndes Yates

WHEN John Brandon, leading spirit in the great Art School of Missenden, was shown into the drawing-room, Mrs. Armitage was writing a cheque. She turned round abruptly to greet him.

"Mr. Brandon," she said, as she tore it out of the book and laid it on the bill, "that's enough to break any mother's heart. Seven pounds nineteen shillings to a jeweller for wedding presents, and my own girl not even engaged or likely to be."

"Some of the most charming women in England are not married," he told her.

"Well, Hilda's got to be if I can manage it," said her mother with determination. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. Brandon. I've done my best, my very best, to get her married, but so far it's been a failure, and between ourselves there'll not be a penny coming to her afterwards, and what, I ask you"—she flung out her hands with a hopeless gesture—"what can Hilda do to keep herself? She can't live out of art."

"She spends more time at the golf club than in the studio," said Brandon, "and you've got to work hard at a thing you make your living out of these days."

"Possibly," said Mrs. Armitage coldly; "but dear Hilda meets all the best people at the club. I insist upon her going there."

"And now why, if I may ask it," said Brandon, "are you telling me all this?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Mrs. Armitage untruthfully, "unless it is that I'm so worried I've got to tell somebody. But I fancy," she added, "that people do sometimes tell you their troubles, don't they?"

"Sometimes," he admitted, "and I retaliated with shoals of advice, which generally turns out quite differently from what I expect. And now I must come to my point. I am giving a dance on Thursday at my studio. I am afraid it's very short notice, but it's rather a scratch affair altogether. My cousin, Jimmie Thornton, thinks he has got a berth on a ship, and is sailing for Australia on Saturday, and I want to give him a good send-off. I won-

dered if you would be so kind as to help by bringing a party of ladies. It will be a very simple bachelor affair, only about forty men, but I thought that—"

"A dance! How delightful," she said. "Hilda will be charmed. The dear girl is wild about dancing."

They discussed details, and Mrs. Armitage beamed on him. Brandon's entertainments were always perfect of their kind, and it was quite a distinguished honour to be asked to help him. The little woman's anxious face smiled happily beneath her pearl powder as she listened, and, in fact, her pleasure was so terribly obvious that Brandon felt anxious. He was justly proud of his parties. Had he, to further a small scheme of his own, destroyed the success of his little dance, he wondered?

As he was going out he met Hilda at the gate. She was a tall, big-boned woman, no longer young, and heavily powdered, and she was dressed in the bright colours and noticeable clothes of extreme youth.

"Only just back from the studio?" he said.

"Rather not!" she told him. "You won't catch me frowning away there when it's such a topping day on the links. I'm no such fool."

"Take care what you say," he said, laughing. "I've put in a pretty hard morning there myself, and I've five or six hours more before me yet." He raised his hat and went on.

"Glad I'm not you," she called after him. "It would bore me stiff." She swung in through the tiny gate with an ungainly stride, banged it shut so that the little gimp-crack fence rocked, and whistled cheerfully as she went up the path. At least it was meant to be cheerful, but Hilda Armitage was too big and too old for such ways. They made her ridiculous or simply pitiful, according to the mental angle from which you viewed her.

As Brandon went down the road he thought over what Mrs. Armitage had told him, and then of Hilda, awkward and

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"'For thirty-five years I've let mother mould me,' she said"—p. 430

Drawn by
H. Coller

terrible with the ugliness of age that apes youth. "You can't wonder," he said to himself. "Hang it all, nobody could."

Hilda Armitage swung up to the front door and let herself in with a latchkey, carefully closing the door behind her. Then the woman changed completely. She was alone. The girlish swagger dropped, she looked round the poky little place with an air of discontent, and went upstairs wearily to her room. It had been "done" that morning, by the one little maid, in her usual sketchy fashion. Hilda glanced round it, tossed off her youthful tam-o'-shanter and

jersey, and turning to, began to straighten the room, tidying the bedcover, twitching the curtains so that they hung straight, and leaning out of the window to pull off a strand of ivy that had grown across the glass. When she had finished she found her mother was standing behind her.

"Hilda," she said in a cold voice; "how many times am I to tell you I will not have you doing this kind of thing? They can see you half down the street, and I tell you frankly I won't have it."

Hilda stood up. "Right-o, Mater," she said. "I'll stick it in the rest of the house if you've got the wind up, but I'll dashed well do as I like in my own room."

"I won't have you making a spectacle of yourself for all the street to see," said her mother, "but it's no use working yourself up now. Lunch will be ready in a moment, and before you go down I want you to try this new kind of face powder I got at the chemist's this morning."

Hilda went to the mirror obediently and patted her elaborate coiffure into place. She had fine brown eyes; but the rest of her face was very plain. She dabbed the powder on in coarse patches. "I call it rotten stuff," she said, "but it smells quite decent.

I will say that about it, Mater."

Her mother watched her as she did it, and her small anxious face bore a look of worry and sorrow. When she went downstairs Hilda gave a little sigh and looked at her reflection closely in the glass.

"I am an ugly brute," she thought, "and there is no one in the world who would more value decent looks than I would." Her big brown eyes were full of genuine sorrow, then she thought of the anxious little woman downstairs. "And it's rough luck on mother too," she told herself. "It's bad enough for me, but it's a tragedy for her."

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Then she pulled herself together, gave a little shake, and smiled, her hard determined smile—the smile that was not in the least happy, but was undeniably brave.



Brandon's dance was a very delightful affair indeed—one of those charming occasions when everybody feels from the moment of their arrival that they are going to enjoy themselves very much indeed. When he asked Hilda for a dance she gave him one, and then added unexpectedly, "But do you mind if we don't dance it? Could we sit it out somewhere? I want to talk to you."

"By Jove, yes!" he said. "What about the garden? There's a ripping little place by the lily bed, and there ought to be a bit of a moon up shortly. No one will disturb us there."

All through the evening she looked forward to that, and when the time came she was waiting under the full glare of the lights with a wrap over her arm. When he came for her he noticed that not even the soft rose-coloured lights could soften her hard raw-boned looks into beauty, or hide the rouge and powder on her face. Her frock, of infantile cut, was trimmed with a hard bright blue. She was by far the plainest woman in the room, and she knew it. Her beautiful eyes were sorrowful, but her mouth smiled continually, the hard strained smile of an unhappy woman.

They found two chairs under some trees by the lily bed. The scent of the lilies came floating across to her strongly, delicately. Near them a string of Chinese lanterns, like red-gold flowers of the night, swung gently. From the open windows of the lighted studio came the lilt of a famous tune—a tune that had set the pulses of half Europe beating to romance. But there was no romance in the gaunt woman at his side, only an intense, wrought-up excitement.

"Mr. Brandon," she said, "I found out what mother said to you the other day and I want to tell you something. I'm awfully proud, you know, and I'm—well—I'm fed up."

"Yes," he said quietly, "I think I can understand that."

"Well—" She tried to go on and stopped awkwardly. The big hands lying loosely in her lap worked, her brown eyes shone. Then she said: "It's my birthday to-morrow, Mr. Brandon. I'm thirty-five."

"I congratulate you," he said, trying to

keep the surprise out of his voice. He had always taken her for much older than that, but there was no doubt that this was the truth.

"You can," she said, "because thirty-five's a turning-point for any woman. It's come to me. I'm going to be different."

"Different?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Brandon," she said without answering, "supposing a woman's led an artificial life always, is it wrong to change?"

"To be yourself—of course not," he said.

"There are two selves in me," she said. "I suppose there are in everyone. There's one me that goes to the golf club and talks rotten slang, that rides to hounds on a hired gee—I hate riding!"

"Oh, look here," he said. "You can't hate riding. Nobody could who rode as well as you."

"I do," she said, but there was an unmistakable ring of pleasure in her voice at his words. "So would you if you hadn't a nag of your own. You don't know your beast, and he doesn't know you. There's no fun in it. Then there's this reason. Mother sends me out for the obvious thing. It is obvious. Everybody knows we can't really afford it, and they know why mother pinches to help me to do it."

He could not answer that. All their little world knew the obvious and terrible desire of Mrs. Armitage to marry Hilda off. "And the other self?" he asked.

"The other self," she said quietly, "is different. Promise you won't laugh if I tell you?"

"On my honour I won't," he promised.

"Well," she said diffidently as though hardly knowing where to begin, "I've always crushed it down because it hurts mother so, but inside I'm quite different. I don't like games and sporting things really. I did them at first to please mother, then I got into a rut and I went on doing them because—oh, well—I think sometimes I'm a little bit afraid of mother. But I'm not like that really. I like doing house-keeping and things like that. I want to cook and look after people who can't look after themselves. There's a sick woman near us with a couple of small children, and my fingers just itch to wash them. But she wouldn't let me touch them, of course. I'm supposed only to be good for playing games. Then there's church. I . . . I believe in

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that sort of thing, and I'd like to go to church, only mother thinks it's so stuffy and old-maidish."

"And it's your birthday to-morrow?" said Brandon musingly.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "I'm glad you see what I mean. For thirty-five years I've let mother mould me and make me, and, honestly, she's made a mess of it."

"I don't like that expression," he said. "There is no woman on earth who isn't charming if only she's herself."

"To-morrow I'm going to be myself," she said, "but it will be awful about mother. She'll honestly think I'm going to break her heart. I've always been weak with mother and given way to her, and now I shall have to be strong."

The music was beginning again, and they got up and strolled towards it. "Good luck to you," he said, "and thank you very much."

Under the brilliant light her charm vanished. She was pitifully conscious of her age and the ugly, youthful frock that made her ridiculous. She had no partner, but a heavy man came up to claim her for the dance after. He was partially bald and a thoroughly bad dancer, but she knew him well, for he was Harry Bulter, the secretary of the golf club.

"I believe some of the young lunatics have been sitting out in the garden," he said heavily. "I bet they'll catch their deaths, and serve 'em jolly well right."

She thought of that sweet-scented interlude, and the room felt hot and unbearable. "I want to go home," she thought, looking across the room at her mother. But Mrs. Armitage did not want to. She was very happy. Hilda was dancing with Mr. Bulter for the fourth time, and she told herself that she was very glad that she had had those few words with John Brandon. She considered he had behaved very handsomely. She remembered with satisfaction that Hilda's next dance was to be with Brandon's cousin, in whose honour the dance was being given. It was ridiculous of Hilda to say she was too old to go to dances. She had had plenty of partners on the whole.

It was about a week or ten days later that Brandon met Hilda. He was going to pass her unrecognised, but she planted herself in front of him and held out her hand.

"Well," he said, "you do look jolly, but I didn't know you!"

"I feel splendid!" she said. "It's great fun being myself."

As their gaze met she saw his approbation. Her neat dark blue suit and fresh white blouse, her plain fresh-coloured face free from make-up of all description, the splendid waves of her chestnut hair, these he noticed for the first time. But it was more than that. The hard look was wiped from her face, the look of one who strives after vanished youth, and it left her quite a pleasant-looking woman. One might almost have called her girlish, for she looked many years younger.

"Where are you off to?" he asked.

She laughed happily. "I'm learning to cook," she said. "There's an old woman in the village who's crippled with rheumatism and she's been a real first-class cook—got a hundred a year at one time. She can't do it herself now, but she can talk. She's teaching me no end. She sits by the fire and watches me make mistakes, and really you'd be surprised what a lot I'm learning."

"I shall drop in to dinner with you and your mother one night," he said. "Don't be surprised if you get a horde of us when the news goes round."

A shadow crossed her face for a moment. "You wouldn't get my cooking," she said. "Mother won't touch it. I have to give it away in the village. I'm not allowed to bring it home even. It—it's part of the struggle."

"Then there is a struggle?" he said quietly. "I'm sorry."

She flashed a look of warm gratitude to him, and her big brown eyes were very bright. "It's all right," she said, squaring her shoulders a little, "I know I'm not doing wrong. You said, 'Be yourself!' and without another word she went away.

"There's something more about this change in Miss Armitage than meets the eye," said Brandon to himself. "I wonder if I shall ever know what it is."

He thought that night in the club smoking-room, when he heard the men gossiping, that he had found out, but a week later he heard that it was common talk in the place that Hilda Armitage had refused Mr. Bulter. There was no doubt about it. It was not just gossip. It was a genuine refusal, and Mr. Bulter was taking it so badly that he had resigned his post of secretary to the golf club and was leaving the place.

"Well," Brandon said, "I am surprised. I was dead certain she cared about the

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fellow. Left the place, has he? Well, I suppose that's the end of that."

Hilda in her new phase of being herself had left the Art School, and Brandon saw little of her, but he heard of her constantly. Little by little it seemed she was taking the village in hand. Humble, practical things they were that she did, but done so well that she was making her mark. And with the interest of her life and the happiness of finding herself she lost the hard look and the discontented expression and became quite attractive.

Then, just at the end of the summer term, the epidemic broke out. The village was a mass of infection. House after house had somebody down with it, and the great school broke up suddenly and the students were sent home.

Brandon met the doctor near the Armitages' house just as he was getting into his car. "Hallo!" he said to the young man. "I thought all you students had been sent home. They've shut the Art School, haven't they?"

"Oh, yes," Brandon said, "but I shan't go yet. I've got lots of things to do here."

"Well, take care," the doctor said. "I've got enough patients on my hands without you, Brandon. I've seen sixty cases to-day. Mrs. Armitage is down with it—I've just come from there—and the maid too, but that daughter's a capable girl. She'll be able to manage."

"Oh, yes, she'll tackle it all right," Brandon said. "It would have to be a big job to be beyond her, I fancy."

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't mind telling you my job's beyond me just at present. I fancy I'm in for the thing myself, and I'm going home to telephone for a locum to do the work. I hate an agency, because you never know who they'll send you, but I can't help myself this time. I wish to goodness I knew of a decent man."

"Well, there, as a matter of fact, I think I can help you," Brandon told him. "At least, I believe so. Do you remember that cousin of mine you met at dinner before my little dance the other night?"

"Yes," the doctor nodded. "But he was going to Australia, wasn't he? I remember the fellow."

"Well, I fancy you could get him if you wanted him," Brandon said. "He couldn't get a berth on the boat he wanted and he has to wait another month. He wired to me he was at a loose end and wanted to know if

he could come down here to me. As a matter of fact I'm meeting him now."

"By Jove! I'd like that fellow," he said. "We had quite a long talk, I remember. Shop, of course. He was a Bart.'s man, too, but not in my time. I told him he was too good for the Colonies, and he rounded on me and told me that they deserved the best we could give them. He's the very man if he'd do it."

"Come round to dinner and talk it over," suggested Brandon, but the doctor refused at once. No, he couldn't possibly, but Brandon's answer, "Hang it all, man, you must eat," settled the question.



When Hilda opened the door to find a strange doctor she was obviously a little disappointed. "I'm sorry," he apologised. "Dr. Smith's in bed, ill, so I've come in his place. My name's Thornton." He rattled off the little rigmarole as quickly as possible. He had said it over forty times that day, and by now it was quite automatic. Then he added the personal note. "As a matter of fact we have met before," he told her, "but perhaps you don't remember. It was at my cousin John Brandon's dance in the studio."

"No, I don't remember you," she said. "So you are Mr. Brandon's cousin?" Then a light broke over her face. "Of course I remember now," she said. "You were the doctor, and you were going abroad to—where was it?"

"Australia," he said, smiling.

"I remember," she said, "and I wondered how it was you could bring yourself to go so far away."

"There is no one to keep me," he told her. "I'm a lonely sort of beggar. Brandon's about my nearest relation, I think, and he's only a second cousin."

"So you're going to a new world," she said, "or, rather, the other side of this one?"

He nodded, and then spoke abruptly. "That was a jolly little dance of John's, wasn't it? His garden was so topping. I liked those lanterns and things. They made all the girls look so pretty."

"Some of them were very pretty," she said, smiling wistfully.

"I enjoyed myself that night," he told her. "I'd often heard of art students' dances, and I pictured them very bohemian and queer. Candles stuck in bottles and

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beer to drink. Fellows with long hair dancing with weird women, and all that kind of thing. I tell you, the real thing was a shock."

She took him upstairs to see the patients, and as they passed the landing window the sun shone straight on the waves of her glorious chestnut hair. He had the greatest difficulty in concentrating his attention on the patient. He found himself thinking of the wonderful ruddy lights that had been revealed in its dark, glowing meshes.

They left Mrs. Armitage's room, and he turned to go downstairs. "But there's another patient too," she told him, laughing. "Our little maid has got it as well. She's here."

"But how do you manage?" he asked when he had done his duty by the servant. "I remember you told me all about your golf, and your tennis, and all the other things, at the dance."

"Oh, I love this sort of thing," she said. "I think I was really born to be a Mary Jane. I'm never so happy as when I'm looking after a house and all the people in it." Then she laughed shyly and a little proudly. "I'm running the next door house too," she said; "the old lady and her daughter are both down with it there. If you're going to see them I'd better come with you. They've nobody but me."

"Why, splendid!" he said. "You're like an Australian girl," and with his hat in one hand and his stethoscope in the other he talked of Australia as a man talks of his ideals. The drawing-room clock across the tiny passage struck twelve. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked at her guiltily. "I say," he said, "that clock's wrong, isn't it? I've got to see Smith and report in half an hour and I've not been much more than half round. It must be fast or something. I can't have been here an hour."

"I'm awfully sorry," Hilda said, smiling, "but I'm afraid it's a quarter of an hour slow."

"I expect there'll be the dickens of a row with Smith, then," he told her. "I shall have to tell him everybody stopped me to ask how he was. Well, I'll come in and see Mrs. Armitage to-morrow about this time."

"She's not very ill, is she?" asked Hilda, her brown eyes suddenly anxious.

"No, nothing much—nothing to worry about, but I think I'll look in all the same."

He avoided her eyes as he spoke and hurried off.

She went back to her work with a curiously light step. After that he came every day, and Brandon, whose studio window commanded an excellent view of the road where the Armitages lived, watched with great interest.

One night when they were dining together—for Thornton was putting up with his cousin at the hotel—Brandon said to him: "You know, Jim, I think you're making a great mistake in going out to Australia all by yourself. I wish you'd get married."

"Do you?" said Thornton. "Why?"

"I hate to think of you still being miserable about that old affair with Hannah. She wasn't worthy of you, old chap, and I hate to see a man making a mess of his life for a woman like that."

"I think you're right, Johnnie," he said. "I believe now, though of course I didn't at the time, that the old affair with Hannah was just a flash in the pan." And then he added: "But you know, old man, it's a big thing for a man to ask the right woman to do; to leave her home, her mother, her friends—everything, and go right out to the other side of the world alone with you."

"She'd do it, Jimmie, if she was the right woman," said Brandon.

"For a man like me, starting almost without capital in the wilds; it's a huge task for any woman to take. I don't know that I ought to ask her."

"Leave it to her and see what she says," advised Brandon.

"I shouldn't have told you so much," said Thornton, "only of course you haven't the ghost of an idea who she is."

"No, rather not," Brandon lied, and added to himself, "You ostrich!"

"She's just wonderful," Thornton told him, "one of those splendid, handsome, capable women who might have the world at her feet. Am I justified in asking her to share my life under the circumstances? I'm not worthy of her, I know that, but the question is, am I justified?"

"Ask her," Brandon said. "She'll tell you." And then he added with a flash of real inspiration, "And if she's all that you tell me, capable, and clever, and all that, she can decide far better than you or me."

"She's a wonder," said Thornton, staring at nothing in particular and thinking hard.

That night, her patients asleep and her work done for the day, Hilda was sitting by



"With his hat in one hand and his stethoscope in the other
he talked of Australia as a man talks of his ideals."

Drawn by
H. Collier

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the last hot coals of the fire. She was tired, but she was far too happy to know it. When she went to bed she would have the happy dreamless sleep of a child, but she could not go to bed yet. In her hands she held loosely a little bundle of notes, and at the foot of each of them was the signature "John Brandon." They were nothings—invitations to dances or parties, a request for a subscription, there were two snapshots taken by herself without his knowledge at local festivities, and tied together a little bundle of dance programmes with the initials "J. B." against one dance on each.

She turned them over, her mind full of memories, some sad, some tender. "At least," she said to herself, "he doesn't think I am ugly now," and she smiled a little wistfully.

Then with that thought came proudly the remembrance of Dr. Thornton's frank admiration. She let her mind dwell on him—so like Brandon, and yet so different. He had nearly all that she had grown to love in Brandon, but with this difference, that whereas he was cold Thornton loved her.

She stared at the glowing coals and realised that Brandon was gone from her life. All that he had been to her was just

a memory. Thornton filled her being. She got up, tossed the little pile of papers into the fire, and watched them burning with a smile. Then she went up to bed.

The next day, when John Brandon was just sitting down to lunch, Thornton came bursting in. "It's all right, old man," he said, "she's going to have me."

"And who," said Brandon, remembering his manners, "is the lady?"

"Why, Hilda Armitage, of course," he said. "Who else could it be? I'm to be let off to-morrow to go and get a special licence, and we are going to be married at once, and if we can both get berths on the old *Melbourne Castle* we're sailing at the end of the month."

He sat down to lunch raving, declaring that he couldn't eat a thing, and made an excellent meal. When he had gone out—still talking—Brandon went round to see Hilda.

"But there's just one thing that I *should* like to know," he said to himself as he took his hat and stick, "and that's the one thing I can't ask her. Why on earth did she refuse that Butler fellow, I wonder? But I don't suppose I shall ever find out."

And he never did.

Lost and Found

*By
Agnes M. Miall*

LOST—a cuddling baby hope,
One I cherished dearly.
Round my heart it loved to grope
With warm hands, that little hope;
Misty-dim, but sweet with dreams,
Vaguely shot with dazzling gleams,
Never visioned clearly.

Found—achievement, fully grown,
Rounding life completely.
Now I reap the labour sown,
Grasp fulfilment fully grown;
Fortune at my feet is tossed. . . .
Yet I miss my tiny, lost
Hope that cuddled sweetly.

"Down the Vale" on 10s. a Week

*How Darby and Joan walk the
Streets of Poverty*

By Our Special Commissioner

Should the old folk end their days in the workhouse? I asked our Special Commissioner how in these days of high prices our old-age pensioners were faring. Here is his report:

MANY, many hours have I spent at workhouses and in casual wards, playing the part of one who studies both social conditions and human nature at close range.

From certain points of view the things I have seen have been beyond criticism. Behind the high walls I have met dear old women in shawls, dainty nurses, aged men with tufts of snow-white hair peeping from beneath their billycock hats, well-fed officials, imbecilic children that filled me with sorrow, and what not besides—life's underworld and its bodyguard.

Clean and Sootless

I have taken note of scrupulously clean bakehouses, marvellous steam laundries, pigs that were reminiscent of Smithfield itself, and infirmaries that offered everything in the way of medical skill. At meetings of the boards of guardians and various sub-committees (which I attended clandestinely) I have listened to a great deal of common sense and not a little deep human sympathy.

Certainly most of the work undertaken by our boards of guardians is well done—as it ought to be considering the veritable cascade of public money that flows into their coffers. That the task will be performed the better or more economically when our entire Poor Law system is revised in the near future is a matter for conjecture. Many of the so-called reforms and some of the wordy promises may prove mere eye-wash and hot air.

But out of the mists in which poverty and pensions are at present obscured there is one subject that should be focused in the search-light of public opinion whilst changes are in the air, and that is the way in which we, in a national sense, care for our aged poor.

At the present time there are about 950,000 men and women over seventy years

of age who are going down the vale on a pension of 10s. each per week. The bill met by the State for these old-age pensions is approximately twenty-eight millions sterling a year. Of paupers over seventy years of age in our workhouses there are roughly 50,000.

Dying Off

As a matter of fact the numbers both of old-age pensioners and of aged paupers have actually decreased during the years of the war. *Can it be said that the burden of wartime anxieties has actually killed these old folk, and that some of them have died from want?* It certainly looks remarkably like it, even in this Christian country.

Just take the case of one old couple, a typical Darby and Joan. Their combined ages represent the passing of 143 years. Their two sons were numbered among the 550,000 British soldiers killed in the war, and they are utterly alone in the world. Their actual income is 20s. per week, the double old-age pension in full. Compared with the sovereign in 1913 it represents, according to Board of Trade figures, a spending value of about 8s.

A Street of Mean Poverty

Practically speaking these old people are tottering along a street of mean poverty, waiting listlessly for the end of all things. From their 20s. rent must be deducted at 5s., and a trifle set aside for household and personal necessities; so that, for sustenance, there remains rather less than 14s., certainly not more than 1s. a day for each.

Nor are instances of this sort by any means uncommon. True, they are hard to find, because the victims of such circumstances do not as a rule shout their straits from the housetops. In almost every village in the country, however, there are old people struggling on in precisely the same

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way; and a similar state of things must prevail in our cities and towns.

"And why don't you see the relieving officer?" inquired the district visitor of one aged grannie. "You'd be so much better off in the 'house'—a nice clean bed, people to wait on you, hot-water pipes, regular meals——"

The Yawning Chasm

But one glance from the old lady silenced the visitor on the subject of the Poor Law institution. That expressive look was far more eloquent than words. It told of a mind into which had bitten deeply the truth that there is a yawning chasm betwixt the person who wins through on a few shillings a week in her own home and the inmate of the most palatial workhouse.

In the institution there are the won't-works (for whom in other days houses of correction were built)—able-bodied men and women who elect to live as members of society without contributing of their labours to the common weal. Alongside the people who refuse there are those who cannot work. In some places there are the mentally deficient (for the want of centralised accommodation elsewhere); and there are the sick, the halt, the maimed and the blind jostling with the girl in trouble over an unwanted baby, the orphan, the foundling, and the casual who tramps from union to union.

Some of these people, the bulk of them in fact, are perfectly honest; there are a few, though, who have had the opportunity of studying the insides of prisons, and others who earned the chance but were not found out.

Grannie's Point of View

Is there not room for some sentimental appreciation of grannie's outlook on the workhouse, for is not the world very much inclined to take the lowest social level represented in these institutions and to set that as the criterion by which all the inmates may be classed?

But, to eliminate for a moment the very obvious social distinction between a person in the workhouse and one outside its walls, there is a physical side to the question. An old man or an old woman in the sere and yellow leaf cannot possibly change the habits of half a century in face of sudden poverty.

In a Poor Law institution an old-age pensioner is precisely the same as any other inmate. He must get up when told to, go to bed at the appointed hour, wear a pauper's uniform, move from one room to another only under irksome orders, and be, generally speaking, at the beck and call of his "superiors" as though he were a convict in jail. As a matter of fact in some workhouses the daily routine is palpably arranged for the convenience of the officers more than the comfort of the inmates.

Workhouse Pin-pricks

And in a dozen ways a respectable old man or old woman cannot but feel the jabbing pin-pricks of life in a Union—so called because small parishes formed themselves into a union for the maintenance of a common poorhouse—the stern discipline, the regulation of comings and goings, the restrictions upon visitors, the prospect of a pauper's burial.

The abhorrence of the life owes its inception mainly to the unenviable history of the workhouse. Change its name, camouflage it as one will, float it on money, and it remains the traditional workhouse, however efficiently it may be managed.

Glancing right back to the somewhat foggy times before the Conquest there is very little doubt that the monks gave such relief as was necessary to the under dog. From the days of Elizabeth, at least, such poor people as were capable were made to work for any assistance that was granted to them. Later there came the "rounds-man" system, under which a parish actually let out its paupers at low rates of wages. Then there looms up the period immortalised by Charles Dickens, with all its Bumbleism; and right through the ages workhouses have carried degrading associations.

The Slur of the "Union"

Is it to be wondered at, then, that the old man and woman—who had possibly looked for support from some son who has given his life for King and Country—should fail to realise the benefits of a sojourn in the comfort of a workhouse during the few years that remain to them? Many old people have actually the courage to linger, subsisting at the threshold of sheer starvation, on the old-age pension rather than face the sorrows of the poorhouse, the shame of

"DOWN THE VALE" ON 10s. A WEEK

which has been inculcated into them all their life.

And is it right, after all, that any respectable veterans should be expected to end their days in the workhouse? It is no crime to have the misfortune to be poor; and through lengthened periods of unexpected adversity thrift cannot always be supported.

Now let us look at the matter from a broad national standpoint. On the one hand we have nearly a million men and women (as a matter of fact there are almost twice as many women as men) of seventy years of age and upwards, who have nothing upon which to exist save their old-age pensions of 10s. per week.

Not Getting Value for Money

Of these people about 50,000 are inmates of workhouses. In exchange for their pensions those in the Poor Law institutions probably receive care and attention that costs the ratepayers at least a guinea a week. Physically they are undoubtedly looked after splendidly, for the guardians are thorough if nothing else; mentally, many of the old people remain in a state of semi-stupor waiting for the Great Call to come and end the utter dejection caused by their position.

So far as expense is concerned, these old people are costing the National Exchequer and the ratepayers twenty-eight millions sterling a year; and the one outstanding point lies in the fact that the country is not getting value for its money.

In the case of the pensioners who dwell in homes of their own the cash grant is totally inadequate in these times of high prices. So far as the inmates of the workhouses are concerned they are undoubtedly well looked after, but their hearts are sad and they are not being made happy as they deserve to be towards the termination of their span of life.

It must be admitted, however, that the guardians, through their relieving officers, do actually bestow other help upon the old people, especially since the outdoor relief disqualification was removed, and they arrange for milk and medical comforts to be given when Darby or Joan has the temerity to apply.

Where Poverty is Penalised

To sum up, though, poverty among old people is undoubtedly penalised. It is a

sorry thing to be poor at any time; but to face poverty in old age is akin to crime; on a par with being able bodied and refusing to toil. Aged men and women, because of their need, become outcasts in their class by descending to the Union—even though the place is called "Montmorency House," or by some other high-sounding name, on their death certificates—and the mortification of losing all that they hold most dear, their self-respect itself, sends them hurrying to the grave.

On the other hand the question will possibly be put, Have not these old people any relatives who would care for them in exchange for their pension?

The answer to this is to raise afresh the point, already becoming laboured, of the sons and grandsons slain in the great war. So far as daughters are concerned, either they do not agree with the old folk, or their husbands do not like them, or they have too many young children, or, in these houseless days, they have not the accommodation. In any event, 10s. per week will not find rooms, firing, light, food, laundry and the other needs of an old person. Moreover, among the class of people who mostly qualify for pensions, the daughters themselves go out to work.

And with the ranks of the male descendants so grievously thinned, and the daughters unable or unwilling to look after their fathers and mothers, it is not likely that there are other relatives able to bear the burden even for the sake of the 10s.

The Duty of the State

No, the care of the aged poor is a duty that devolves upon the State and the State alone; and the way of dealing with the problem is to eliminate the workhouse once and for all from the matter. It is not right that old people should become the unwilling inmates of such institutions simply because they are minus means. With the taint of the poorhouse banished it will be necessary to establish a modern counterpart of the almshouse as it was so widely instituted in the early Georgian times, save that it must be staffed and equipped, not under the Poor Law with uniforms and red tape, but on broadly domestic lines, so that the old people are not confronted by the restrictions of the workhouse and yet, within reason, enjoy the freedom of their own homes.

The experiment has already been tried

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most successfully by certain parishes in the South of England, and in other countries special hostels for old people have proved their worth. As a matter of fact the scattered homes idea, as it is applied to young children by the guardians of the poor, is exactly the type of scheme.

With the children, suitable houses are taken and placed in charge of foster-mothers. There are usually from three to seven children in each house and they are reared to a wholesome family life, attending the local council school. Beyond the occasional visits of the guardians there is nothing of the flavour of the workhouse about their upbringing.

In following out this plan and adapting it to the needs of old men and women, the choice of a master or matron would naturally prove a delicate matter. The chief point would be to bring contentment into the lives of the charges, to encourage those who were able to take an interest in their home and to perform such of the duties as lay in their power.

There could be no material reason why an old person should not have his or her own few sticks of furniture to use until the end, and there should be no restrictions on coming or going, on visitors and similar matters—of course within bounds.

Republics of Oldsters

In reality each of these hostels would become a little republic of oldsters, aged men or women, under the presidency of a tactful paid missioner, a kindly, sympathetic soul who could be firm upon occasion and yet who would not attempt to domineer.

It may be suggested that old men or even old women would get out of hand under such conditions; that if occasion offered they would tipple or not respect the few necessary regulations, or in other ways fail to conform to the rules of the community to which they belonged.

Whilst agreeing that there are black sheep in every fold, I am not of opinion that these troubles would prove unsurmountable. If the hostel were made a sufficiently happy one it would always be an effective threat to suggest banishment from it. Moreover, the type of old person that will stand up to literal starvation with a tight lip, not letting the world even see its want, would only too

gladly welcome such a home as this and would value the kiss of humanity and kindness far too much to abuse the system.

And looking forward to those Utopian days when the voluntarily-supported hospital has given place to the State-controlled institution, special wards might be set aside for those who are aged and sick or helpless.

Here again the spirit of the old-age hostels must pervade the place; and the constraint of some workhouse infirmaries, where everyone who can move at all must perform some part of the menial work, be abolished.

We owe it to our old people in their declining years to make them happy. That should be the initial consideration. It is not sufficient merely to care for their bodily needs. To take them from poorhouses and set them up in hostels would cost the community at large no more than the twenty-eight millions now spent on pensions and on Poor Law administration for their class.

Darby and Joan Together to the End

The question of Darby and Joan ending together the lives they have spent side by side would also take on a new aspect. The experiment, begun some years ago by many boards of guardians, of arranging married quarters for inmates in their institutions was never successful.

Possibly it was because the old woman was not permitted to do anything for the old man, and that, her position usurped, she simply fretted herself to distraction. Under a system of homes for the aged this difficulty should with ease be obviated.

There are grannies and grandads to-day who are actually starving on their pension of 10s. per week simply because they will not beg relief in kind lest they might be lured into the "house." The very relieving officer—as a class the most considerate and kindest of men—is to them an enemy.

It is not for the casual observer to judge these old people for finding themselves in the position they do, nor for refusing the aid of the parish. Rather is it a duty on the part of society to see that suitable hostels are provided for them free from the workhouse taint and touch; and that, as they go down the vale, grey-haired and bent, they do not want either for food or a word of cheer in this land of plenty.

Should Married Women be Wage-Earners?

An Emphatic "No"
By
A Mere Husband

THREE seems to be a lot of talk nowadays about women's work and women's wages and the employment of married women and so on, and the women themselves, from what one reads, appear to know their own minds on the subject so well that it is perhaps presumption on the part of a mere man to have an opinion or to dare to voice it.

But all I know is I'm glad *my* wife is a "home bird" and not like poor Brown's better half, who, after promising to love and obey him, now gives him rather less of her attention than she does the furniture. She can't spare time to bother with her home and her husband because she is so busy *earning her own living*. I forget just what she does, but she works hard and dresses well and goes out a lot on her earnings and generally enjoys life. Brown used to be a jolly sort of chap, but since he got married he generally looks depressed and worried and his health seems rotten. And I don't wonder, for Mrs. Brown never troubles about his meals or his comforts, and even when he is really ill she leaves it to one of his sisters to go and nurse him up. And there is a rumour to the effect that he is often to be seen sneaking round to his old home after dark with a bundle of socks and shirts for his mother to mend!

I don't call that being married at all, and their flat is certainly not a home in any sense of the word. It is run by a succession of servants engaged casually by Mrs. Brown, who do just as they like, a system that must cost Brown a small fortune. None of them stay long, and one departed after less than a week, taking with her all the portable valuables she could find! Nor does the household benefit financially by Mrs. Brown's earnings, for, apart from the fact that running a home on these lines is expensive, there are Mrs. Brown's extra personal expenses to consider — clothes, travelling, what she calls "necessary relaxation," and so on. And as far as I can make out she does not contribute anything worth mentioning to the common purse.

This may be an exceptionally bad case,

but I am sure there are quite enough women of this type about, and the number will increase if it becomes the fashion for married women to work for a wage. They are the Mrs. Jellybys of the present day, and when they, like the original Mrs. Jellyby, have a troop of children to share the sufferings of the husband, the case is even worse.

But only too often the married wage-earner has no children, and this seems to me the gravest aspect of the case. They do not *want* any, because they would interfere with their career. The advent of a baby is bound to take a big slice out of a woman's strength as well as her time, and a woman who is keen on her work does not want the interruption. But there remains the great irrefutable fact, one of the few that not even this stupendous war can alter, that children are the most important factor in married life and nothing makes up for the pity of being without them. Brown, for instance, is devoted to kiddies and would, I believe, give his head for some of his own; but Mrs. Brown is—well, Mrs. Brown! And there it is.

The exactly opposite type, the woman who sacrifices her work to her home interests, is the one who proves a thorn in the flesh of her employer, who, however sympathetic he may be, cannot accept inferior work because of the worker's domestic crises, nor carry on his office successfully if his employee stays away from time to time because the cook has taken to drink or Tommy has got the measles. Sooner or later he tells her so, politely but quite, *quite* firmly.

But there is a third kind of woman worker who is usually the most difficult to deal with simply because she is not unreasonable to anyone except—herself! She is the woman, probably clever, capable and conscientious, who tries to fulfil her obligations both to her home and to her employer efficiently, and who does not realise that she is, in effect, expecting of herself the work of two women when there is only one to do it.

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And the catastrophe that very often follows is the breakdown of her own health. A woman who has the responsibilities of a house on her mind all the time as well as outside work to do can have no real leisure at all and is simply courtting disaster. Of course I know that theoretically the modern woman is capable of running a house with only a fraction of her attention and doing it well, but somehow in practice things never seem to pan out quite according to the book. The experience of the Smiths will illustrate my point.

Mrs. Smith had a very good secretarial post before she was married, and as she was an uncommonly clever girl her employer was extremely sorry to part with her. When she had been married a few years she heard that her old job was going begging, and thinking it all out she decided that she would be doing a good day's work all round if she applied for it again.

But she wasn't going to have her home neglected—oh, no! She maintained that if she paid really efficient people to do the work at home and merely supervised herself she would be still in pocket. So a superior working housekeeper was engaged and a lady nurse for the three children, and these two between them were held responsible for everything. For a time all went well and the Smiths congratulated themselves on the new arrangement, and Mrs. Smith wondered why she had never thought of something of the sort before.

The first hitch was a difference of opinion between the housekeeper and the lady nurse, resulting in the departure of the latter. You see, they were both such excellent managers that they could not resist the temptation to try to manage each other! However, a substitute was very quickly found who was even more satisfactory than her predecessor, and who "got on" excellently with the housekeeper; and the next cloud in the sky only appeared very gradually and was of quite a different kind. In fact, I don't think the Smiths realised for some time that there was a cloud at all.

But there was, and it was this. Their house ceased to be *their* home and became the property of the capable and efficient housekeeper, and, worse still, their children slowly began to seem to belong in like manner to the absolutely satisfactory lady nurse! And, of course, it was inevitable,

simply because they *were* satisfactory and excellent. The plain truth was that Miss Jones knew more about the children than their mother did, and it was therefore only natural that gradually she should become the person most competent to decide questions about their health and training—natural, too, that the youngsters themselves should get into the habit of appealing to Miss Jones on all occasions. And Mrs. Smith could not be disagreeable to her or give her notice on the score that she was too capable!

Thus when the plan was working at its very best it had this great flaw, that the heads of the house became practically outsiders in their own home. Later on there appeared another weak point in it, namely the impossibility of depending on other people, who have their own affairs to think of, as absolutely as one does on oneself. You cannot *force* the people you employ to make your concerns the most vital interest in their lives, and it is more than probable that at some time or other their interests will clash with yours—and yours will go to the wall. The Smiths found this out.

The housekeeper left quite suddenly and unexpectedly to get married, and immediately after the youngest child went down with croup just before Miss Jones received a wire saying that her mother was dangerously ill and that she must go home at once! Mrs. Smith heaved a sigh—whether of regret or relief I should not like to say—and resigned her post.

Thus do the "best laid schemes" of married women workers "gang agley." Of course there may be cases in which circumstances make it expedient or even necessary for the wife to earn money, perhaps temporarily, or, if she should have exceptional talent in any direction, even permanently. But the crux of the whole matter is this:

No one on earth can run a house *in every particular* quite as well as the mistress of it, whereas it is a thousand to one that ever so many others could do the work she undertakes outside. The management of a household is a distinct, and a very important, job in life, demanding the best of a woman's strength and attention. Therefore let the woman who proposes to take on this responsibility make up her mind that she is really prepared to *do* the job or else —let her remain unmarried.

CHUMMIES

by
Michael
Kent



"STREWTH," said Mr. Alf Lewis; "look at 'is teef." He smacked his smart gaitered calf with his cane, passed a hand along the neck of the dejected beast before him, and turned to Herbert Sole. "Not more'n five year," he said; "risin' five year, you can tell by 'is teef."

Herbert was perplexed. He stood uncomfortably upon the cobbles of the grimy yard, with a piece of straw in his mouth, by which he hoped to attain a knowing and a horsy air, and he tugged meditatively at his red neckcloth. "Don't seem over well fed, not to me, 'e don't," he reflected.

Mr. Lewis laughed knowingly. "You're kidding," said he. "Don't you try to kid me that a clever chap like you can't see it's just 'is breedin'. They run fine, you know, these reg'lar good 'osses. You can't put flesh on a true bred 'oss. Look at Persimmon, now."

The famous racehorse decorated the open flap of the stable door, and certainly the artist responsible for his portrait had not endowed him with an appearance of great stability.

"Twenty-five pun," said Mr. Lewis "

*Drawn by
A. C. Michael*

"Ah," resumed Mr. Lewis after a reverent contemplation, "that was an 'oss." He looked round, and added in a mysterious whisper, "It's only because you're recommended by my pal, Ike Cohen, that I ask fifteen pun. Now, what'd you say was the market price of that little bit o' blood?"

"Three pun ten?" hazarded Herbert innocently.

"Twenty-five pun," said Mr. Lewis. "Twenty-five pun 'e is to anybody 'cept a friend of Ike Cohen. Nod, an' I loses ten quid. Shake yer 'ead an' I mikes it."

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"Streuth," said Herbert, "you don't mean that."

"That's what I say, Mister Sole," returned the dealer with conviction. "Look at 'is—well, just look at 'im." He ended feeling that it was safer to direct attention to the *tout ensemble* rather than to any salient feature, of which there were more than enough.

"Ye see," said Herbert plaintively, "I ain't reely what y'd call an 'orsy man, not reely I ain't."

"You s'prise me," said Mr. Lewis earnestly. "Now the way you run yer heye over my bunch an' picked 'im out, I sh'd 'ave said you was born in a stible, straight I would. It's born in some blokes, an' no kid," he added enviously. "Others have to learn it."

Mr. Sole did not even remember that the animal before him had been his own selection, but he was hugely flattered. He looked at it with more satisfaction, walking round it and regarding its general languor with a shrewd and intelligent interest.

"What's that—a scar?" he asked. The hair on one of the hind quarters was roughed over a brand mark.

"Ah," said Mr. Lewis, "'e's a army hoss, 'e is. That's the Gov'ment mark."

It settled the matter. Mr. Sole, late corporal of His Majesty's Army, walked round to the animal's head and recalled what little he had seen of cavalry drill.

"Troop!" he cried. "Threes, about!" The horse tossed up its head and twisted round on the halter rope.

"Lumme," said Mr. Sole. "E's a comrade, that's what 'e is, a nold chummy of the war. I'll 'ave 'im, Mr. Lewis."

"Fifteen," concluded Mr. Lewis a few minutes later, bestowing a dirty thumb mark on the last of the Bradburys, "an' I never sold a better 'oss at the price."

"That," he reflected inwardly, "is ten quid more'n a knacker 'ud give for 'im, pore old bag o' bones."

Once the money had changed hands, Bert Sole's opinion of his purchase altered subtly. Before it was bought, Chummy was to be regarded with black suspicion, now that he had become a faithful retainer of the House of Sole, it was to be defended loyally, and extolled at every turn.

Bert led him proudly home—home was in Stepney—and exhibited him to Mrs. Bert

and the kid. Indeed, Herbert junior spent a large part of the warm spring afternoon parading Outram Street on Chummy's bony back. Mrs. Bert, not gifted like her husband with an eye for a horse, had certain misgivings, but they vanished under the instruction of her lord. "Jest 'is quality, ye know, ol' girl; all these 'ere 'igh breed nags are like that, ain't they, Chummy?"

The ol' girl, being corrected, offered by way of apology a lump of sugar, delicately, between her finger and thumb. The overture was not a success.

"I don' fink it'll go black, if you 'old it under the tap, ol' girl," Bert remarked cautiously by way of consolation.

"It's a 'orrid thing to 'ave the nail orf," returned Mrs. Bert, regarding her thumb philosophically. "Any'ow, there's worse things 'appen in France." She brightened visibly. "Didn't 'e just snattle it, eh?"

Reluctantly they led their new friend to his abode, a shed roofed with tarred felting, which sheltered the cart, the stock-in-trade of ferns and greenery, a couple of rabbit hutches and the mysterious and multicoloured machine in which Giovanni, the lodger, peddled a more mysterious and more multicoloured compound under the title of "Okka pokkay, pennealump."

Herbert, turning his mind from the arts of war, had been at pains to select an avocation in which personal risk did not run high. "Sellin' flowers an' such, from a cart," he had confided to a pal in France. "That's abaht my size, 'All a-growin' an' a-blowin', not too much to look after, an' it takes yer aht an' abaht. Yer ain't alwiz keepin' abaht 'ome, like. That's my ticket when the ol' gime's done."

Accordingly he had laid out his bonus with that end in view, and Chummy was the crown of the achievement.

Indeed, Chummy was intelligent by reason of long experience, knowing how to temper evil occasion with philosophy. He understood Bert, because Bert had been a soldier, and he tolerated young Bert with the great-hearted patience which all big beasts reserve for children. Mrs. Bert was afraid of him, which tickled his vanity.

The only difficulty in the situation arose because Bert did not understand him.

"Risin' five year," Mr. Lewis had said; "look at his teef."

Bert, happy in the conviction that he had

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secured a five-year-old, set Chummy to a job that his worn heart and poor old lungs could hardly tackle, though, like the gallant beast that the service had made him, he gave willingly and wonderingly, and revered his master.

Bert was absurdly proud of him, and quite unconscious that he was working him beyond his powers. There was always a carrot for him when he came out of harness at the long day's end, and the ex-soldier would stay back in the stable to make polite conversation, for there was ever in his mind a subconscious notion that Chummy was a social superior.

The flower business flourished. Bert's cheery war-cry served in its way to remind people that the killing was over, and that mankind might go its honest way unfearing, so they bought ferns and geraniums as witness of the fact "all a-blowlin' an' a-growin'."

Soon Leyton and Snairesbrook had had all they wanted of Bert's wares, and he had to go farther afield. One day he tried Hampstead.

Fitzjohn's Avenue, the steep hill which takes you from Swiss Cottage up to the Heath, proved Chummy's Waterloo.

Half-way up, the old horse, with his head down and his weight in the collar, was powerless to move the heavy load. "All a-blowlin' an' a-growing," cried the heedless Bert cheerily. "Who'll buy a fern? Buy a geranium, lydy."

Two elaborately dressed damsels, with black hair and olive skins, signified by silence and an increased pace that they had no desire to purchase, while Chummy, roaring from his effort and too weak to hold up the weight of the cart any longer, gave a step or two backward.

"Whoa, boy!" called Bert. He hastily set down his flower pots upon the kerb, and running forward to Chummy's head, turned him across the road. "Winded?" said he. "Out o' puff? Well, jest you stan' there an' get yer bref, ol' boy."

Chummy stood dripping with the effort, with distended nostrils and working flanks, old and worn out, but dimly recognising, as in the old days in France, the vital necessity of slogging on in willing service to the end.

Bert ran his hand affectionately down the poor beast's neck. "'Ot, dry day, Chummy, ain't it, ol' boy?" he said.

A heavy motor lorry came hooting up the hill and the driver turned and cursed Bert. "Want the 'ole bloomin' road?" he asked. "Think you're the blinkin' Kayser?"

Bert sadly faced Chummy up the slope again. "Don' seem nowheres we can get to. Get on, ol' boy," he said. He ran to the near wheel and threw his weight upon the spokes, with hoarse cries.

A severe old lady with a determined chin stopped to witness the progress through her lorgnette. It is an article of faith with such sheltered old ladies that folk who go abroad in shabby raiment and with dirty hands, speaking hoarsely a dialect which is not recognised in the public schools, must, without fail, be criminally inclined. "Disgusting," said she.

Bert, who had been too busy to hear, saw her pause, and offered her a flower.

"You are a brutal, insolent vagabond," said she, "and I ought to report you."

"Report me, lydy?" asked Bert vaguely. "I ain't done nuffink."

"You are ill-treating that poor animal, and you have insulted me," she returned decisively. "I'll report you to this policeman."

A butcher boy, wheeling a cycle up the road, stood to contemplate the spectacle, and a nurse in charge of two children stopped also. Like impending doom the constable bore down upon them.

"Officer!" cried the indignant dame. "Officer, I desire to report this ruffian."

Bert scratched his head. They didn't teach you how to deal with this type of emergency in the army.

"Ho," said the constable judicially. "What's he bin up to, mum?"

Bert kicked a stone out of the road, and chocking one of the wheels, took the weight of the cart off Chummy's collar.

"Of course he'll do that now," commented the lady. "You know me, officer. I'm the wife of Alderman Smiles. That horse is not fit to work."

"Looks a bit poor, mum," agreed the constable.

A few pedestrians from the other side of the road added themselves to the group. It was Saturday morning, and they were all dressed in their best.

"You don't understand a nose," explained Bert pityingly. "That's becos' e's pure bred." He looked round aghast at

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the publicity in which he was involved. "Time we was aht of this," he said to Chummy. "Get on, ol' boy."

They went a few yards up the hill, and the crowd, which by now had grown considerably, followed in procession.

"It's outrageous," cried the old lady. "Constable, do your duty."

"Hold hard, mate," said the constable. He turned to the lady. "Are you willing to make a charge, mum?" he asked.

Chummy looked round. "See how the poor brute turns its head. It's afraid of being beaten," said an onlooker. "It'll have to be slaughtered," returned another. There was a murmur of pity for the horse, and angry looks were cast on the bewildered Bert. "Serve him jolly well right."

Mrs. Alderman Smiles, however, was unwilling to prefer a charge. "If it's a matter for the police court, constable, a common police court, I couldn't really, you understand—"

This thrust the burden of proceedings upon the policeman. "Did your master send him out like this?" he asked.

"I owns 'im," returned Bert angrily.

"Well," said the policeman, "I warn you he isn't fit to be worked. How long have you had 'im? Twenty year?"

"Shows what you know about 'orses," Bert said scornfully. "Why, 'e isn't five year old. 'E's an ol' chummy o' the war, 'e is."

"Well," said the constable, "he's only fit to be slaughtered."

A staff-major had come down the hill walking stiffly. He turned to the policeman. "What's the trouble, constable?" he asked.

"Horse overworked, sir," said the constable, saluting.

"A cruel, insolent brute of a man," added the lady.

"Lumme," said Bert Sole, whose discharge sheet had described him as "a very efficient soldier."

The Major looked fierce. "By George," he said, "that's bad." His keen eye found the brand upon the flank. "You dare overwork a horse, my man, and an army horse at that? By heavens, sir, you shall pay for it! Constable, if you won't take the villain up on your own responsibility, I'll give him in charge myself. Gad! An army horse." His flushed face worked.

Chummy looked round at the Major and neighed.

The Major jerked his head round and regarded the steed attentively. "Great Scott," he cried, "it's Bingo! Bingo, old pal."

Chummy took a step forward and stretched his soft muzzle to the Major's palm. The Major flushed redder still.

He shook his stick furiously at the discomfited Bert.

"You shall smart for this," he said. "You shall pay for it, my man. Poor old Bingo."

"Blest if I don't," agreed Bert morosely. "This is a bloomin' wash-ah. 'E's my livin', 'e is."

"I don't care about your living," barked the Major. "Go away and die." He turned to the constable. "Carried me all through the first year—Le Cateau, Cambrai, and afterwards, Hulluch, Loos, till I lost my leg." He smacked his left leg sharply with his stick, and went on furiously: "Have him out of that cart. Have him out, and have him looked after. I suppose you'll want him till the case comes off, constable? But afterwards I'll see he does no more of this." He turned to the horse. "Never mind, Bingo, old lad," said he, "you'll have a good time for the rest of your days."

"'Ere," said Bert, "where do I come in?"

"Oh, there's a place up top of the hill where you come in, my man," returned the Major, busy with a buckle, "and you won't get out in a hurry, if I have my way."

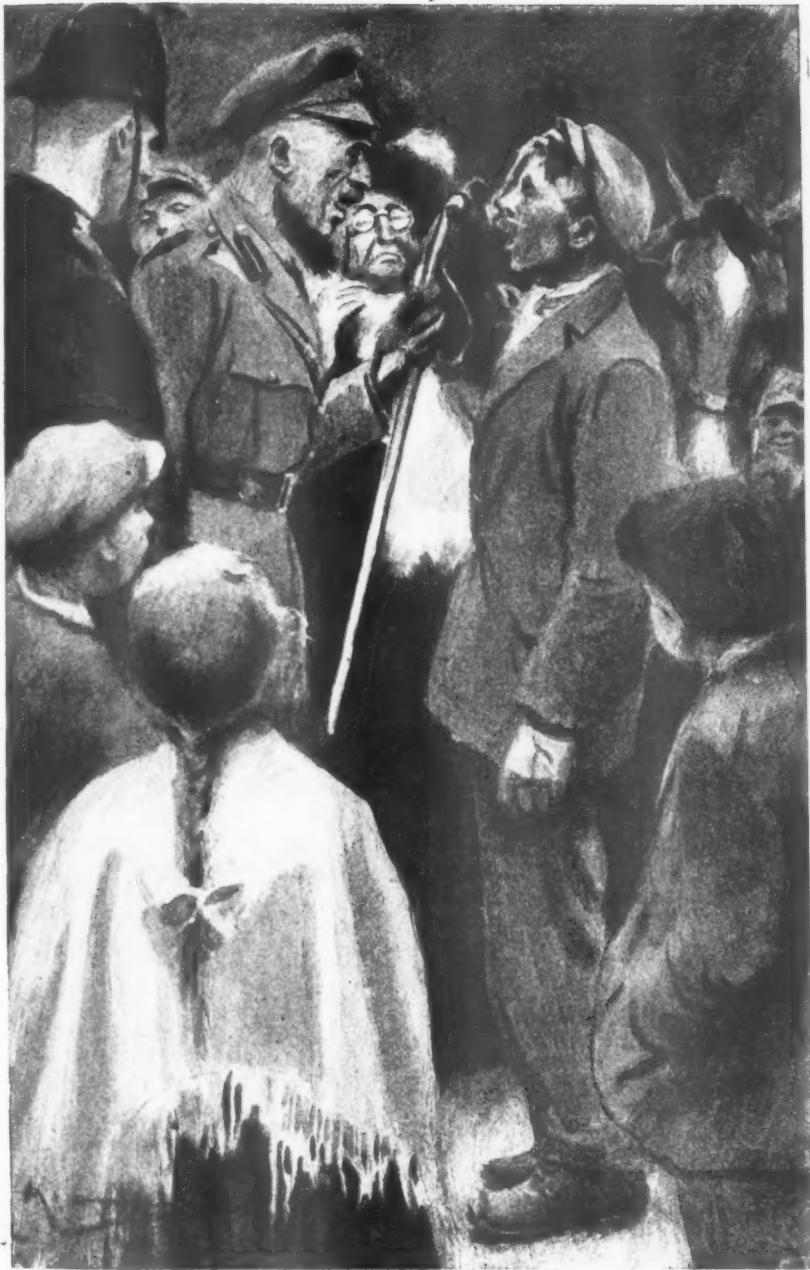
"Go easy, sir," advised the policeman. "It's a matter of a fine generally, and you might be making more trouble."

Between them, the Major and the policeman took Chummy out, while Bert stood forlornly by.

"You can hire a horse from Galey's, down the road, to take the cart home, if you're lucky," said the constable coldly.

"Ho, yes," said Bert. "Or a blinkin' tank too, I s'pose. I was born lucky, I was, not arf."

He turned away gloomily, faced with a libel on his good name, with the loss of his livelihood, and above all, the loss of his pal, his old Chummy of the war. As he stood with his arms folded and all the spring gone out of him, wondering what he could say to Mrs. Bert, Chummy turned his head and looked round.



"He shook his stick furiously at the discomfited
Bert. 'You shall smart for this,' he said."

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

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"Lumme," said Bert, "'e wants 'is carrot now they've took 'im alht." He felt beneath the seat of the cart, and brought forth a bunch. "Ye won't 'ave no more, old son," he said dismally. "It's yer last chanst. Better 'ave the lot."

Chummy advanced a step and took a carrot from his owner's palm.

"What's this?" said the Major, "what's this? Doesn't look like brutal treatment somehow." He ran a practised eye over his old friend. About the brand upon the flank was a thick muddy stain. He rubbed his fingers across it. It was brown, like old dry blood.

"What's all this ungodly mess, my man?" he asked.

Bert was sad and angry. "It's Gore," he answered shortly.

"Gore," cried the Major. "What in heaven's name have you been doing, man?"

"Doctor Gore's celebrated 'air restorer,' returned Bert. "The missus put it on where Chummy was branded, 'cos she fort 'e might catch cold where 'e's bald like. The missus got the best 'air restorer," he added defensively.

"Chummy," repeated the Major thoughtfully. "That doesn't fit into the picture somehow." He glanced over the steed. There was neither weal nor bruise. "How long have you had him?" he asked, in a tone that smacked less of the orderly room.

"Three weeks," said Bert, standing to attention. A different spirit had come over the Major.

"H'm, three weeks," said the Major. "He's not fit for work, you know. Why, what's this?" His eye had caught an inky patch beneath Chummy's collar.

"Well, ye see, sir, it's like this," Bert explained, with growing confidence, "we fancied as the collar rubbed 'is shoulders"—the Major's eyebrows went up at the word—"so the missus an' me, we fort it over, an'

got some court plaster. Nine pen'orth did it a treat."

A whimsical gleam lit the soldier's eye. He turned frankly to the hawker. "It seems all right," he said, "but it may be all eye-wash, you know, this business with the carrots, and so on. I wouldn't swear to it. I've met some mighty cunning rogues in my time, especially where a horse is concerned. Now, see here, my man. I've never known a horse come at call if it's not been treated properly. Stand away there, and I'll stay here. Let go that bridle, constable. We'll both call it, and see which master it prefers."

They took station.

"Chum, Chum, Chummy, ol' boy," called Bert.

"Bingo, Bingo," cried the Major.

But Chummy was off with the old love. Perhaps the carrots had done it.

"See, we're both o' chummies of the war," said Bert apologetically, with the old nag's muzzle in his hand.

"All three," agreed the Major heartily. He stepped up to the horse a little jealously, and linked his arm through the rein. "I'm sorry I made a mistake," he said. "No, darn it all, I'm glad. What did you give for him?"

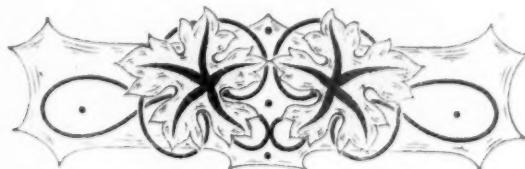
"Fifteen quid, sir," said Bert.

"I'll give you twenty," returned the Major quickly.

Bert regarded him a moment darkly. "I'll never get another like him," he said pensively. "Will 'e 'ave a good home, sir, an' someone as unnerstan's 'im?"

The police constable bestirred himself. "Pass along there, please. Pass along. There's nothing to hang about for. It's only a gentleman selling of a horse."

The constable had a notion that excess of zeal had caused an error in his phrasing. Possibly it was not so much wrong after all.





WHITEWASH

by
Horace Annesley
Vachell

CHAPTER IX Timothy Farleigh

I

LADY SELINA, you may be sure, betrayed at first neither surprise nor anger. She lifted her arched brows, smiled faintly, and murmured:

"Indeed? Am I to take that literally, child? You, not Arthur, have broken off this solemn engagement?"

Cicely, on the verge of tears, pulled herself together, retorting sharply:

"That's it, Mother. I broke off the engagement because really it was not what you mean by 'solemn.'" As Lady Selina, slightly taken aback, paused to reply suitably, Cicely continued with vehemence: "I blame myself for that. Arthur has behaved splendidly. I have been stupidly weak. I suppose it comes to this. I simply can't give him what he wants and what he deserves. If I married him, feeling as I feel, the punishment would fall on him quite as heavily as on me."

The sincerity and conviction of her voice and manner were not wasted upon a woman who, whatever her faults might be, was honest herself and quick to approve honesty in others. Lady Selina sat down, gazing intently at her daughter's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"What do you feel?" she asked quietly.

It was a difficult question for any young girl to answer adequately. Cicely made a gesture indicating protest. To Lady Selina it may have indicated more. Perhaps at

that moment she measured the distance between herself and her child. Perhaps she wondered if it could be bridged by a mother's kiss. Deep down in her heart anger smoldered. To suppress this, to use tact, to invite confidence courteously—these considerations buried the natural impulse.

"Have I not the right to ask you how you feel?"

"Of course. But could you tell me exactly how you feel? No. But I can guess how you feel—all the disappointment and vexation and humiliation. But you, being you, couldn't put all that into words. And it is the same with me. To please you—and I know how it would please you—I would marry Arthur if I could, but I can't. I have at any rate been brave enough to make that plain to him. He wouldn't take me now if I hurled myself at his head."

"You mean there is nothing more to be said?"

"Yes; I mean that."

Lady Selina stood up. Once more impulse assailed her. And, oddly enough, behind impulse, fortifying it, was the certain assurance that love would break down all barriers. Behind that again, a grim portcullis, was the impossibility of playing a part, of pretending to be other than what she had been trained to be. She told herself that she could kiss this unhappy child when anger had been exorcised by prayer and reflection, not before.

"I will leave you, Cicely. Before I do so I will say this: I would not force marriage upon you or anybody else. Apparently

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the knot has been irrevocably cut by you for reasons which you may wish to keep to yourself. However, a girl who changes her mind so swiftly may change it again. Before your decision is made public I entreat you to weigh well the consequences. Even to-day, when the world seems in chaos, no girl can jilt a man with impunity."

"As if I didn't know that!"

At the door Lady Selina fired her most telling shot.

"One thing," she said slowly, "would excuse and account for your impropriety of conduct, to give it no harsher word—a change of heart as well as mind. If you care for another man it would indeed be wicked to give yourself to Arthur."

The door closed gently behind her.

II

LEFT alone, and reasonably certain that her mother had retired majestically to her own room, Cicely reflected that a flood of tears might wash away some of the more importunate thoughts that were attacking her. The conviction that Tiddy would not sit down and howl put to flight this reflection. Tiddy, probably, would attempt to fight reaction with action. Tiddy would work things off.

Le travail est consolateur.

No work lying ready to her hand, Cicely decided to go for a brisk walk.

She escaped from the house, and sped swiftly towards the beloved village. Instantly she became conscious of her freedom. A breeze was cooling the hot afternoon, rustling delightfully amongst the leaves of the beeches and elms. The world seemed incomparably fresher and younger. The sense of having done the real right thing quickened her pulses. As she walked she heard the stable clock strike five. It was tea-time, and actually she felt hungry and thirsty. She had trifled with her luncheon. To scrap tea would be silly. Mrs. Rockram would provide it with pleasure. She stood still, hesitating. She might meet Grimshaw. But it was almost certain that Grimshaw would drink his tea with Dr. Pawley. The risk of meeting Grimshaw might be considered negligible. So she walked on nimbly as before, wondering whether Arthur had any appetite for his tea.

Mrs. Rockram received her effusively, but

Cicely cleverly silenced an old servant's eager questions concerning courtship and matrimony.

"I came here to escape from all that," she affirmed positively.

"What a tale!"

"The truth and nothing but the truth. Let us have a good gossip about the village. I saw Mary Farleigh this morning. She looked very thin and worn."

"Pore dear soul!"

"I told her to send for Mr. Grimshaw."

"She won't never do that, miss. She's the sart that stands up till she tumbles down. I told her, I did: 'You'll carry on,' I says, 'till you're carried out toes first,' I says."

"What a way to put it!"

"That's as may be. She passes the remark to me: 'My time'll come,' she says, 'when I bain't needed so badly herealong.' And 'tis true. The dear Lord only knows what Timothy'd do wi'out her."

"Mr. Grimshaw must see her."

"She won't send for him, miss. But, maybe, he'd go to her if you asked him, as a favour like."

Cicely answered quickly: "I will."

Before she had finished her tea she decided that she would write to Grimshaw about Mary Farleigh. Also, she might hint delicately that reform in the sanitary conditions of Upworthy might come about the more surely if not pressed too vigorously at first. If her mother refused, under present conditions, to accept Arthur's help, somebody else must be found.

She was sipping a second cup of Mrs. Rockram's tea when Grimshaw came into the kitchen. To make matters worse he had not had his tea. Mrs. Rockram hustled out, leaving man and maid together. Grimshaw was the more self-possessed. At once Cicely said hurriedly:

"I was going to write to you."

"Yes?"

"Will you, as a personal favour, see Mary Farleigh? She won't send for you. She looks wretchedly."

Grimshaw consented, adding a few disconcerting words. "What you told me this morning was heartening. Lord Wilverley is a man of tremendous executive ability. With his cordial co-operation everything is possible."

Cicely murmured, almost inaudibly:

"But . . . if . . . if he should be unable to help?"

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"*Unable?*"

He looked so astonished that the unhappy Cicely found herself blushing. To save an intolerable situation she made another blunder.

"I mean, if . . . if my mother was too proud to accept his help?"

Grimshaw replied with a sub-acid inflection. He detested the waste of labour in making mountains out of molehills.

"But, frankly, Miss Chandos, is she too proud to accept the help of her own son-in-law?"

Cicely's eyes, beneath his sharp glance, showed a hunted expression. Why was Mrs. Rockram so long making a fresh brew of tea? Why had Fate ordained that she should meet this man twice in one day? What would Tiddy do in such an emergency? It is certain that Tiddy would not have looked piteous. Grimshaw's voice became tender as he put another question.

"Am I distressing you?"

"N-no."

"But, forgive me, you look distressed. It is possible, of course, that my zeal for the welfare of Upworthy has caused—how shall I put it without offence?—some friction between Lady Selina and you?"

She assured him too eagerly that this was not the case.

"But something must have happened since this morning?"

"Yes; something has happened."

Mrs. Rockram entered with the teapot just half a minute too late. Fortified by her presence, Cicely might have pigeon-holed further explanations. In a moment she would be alone again with Grimshaw, and some insistent quality about him would evoke the truth. And why not? Wasn't evasion the meanest weapon used by women?

"I'll make you a bit of toast, sir," said Mrs. Rockram.

"Please," replied Grimshaw. "Two bits," he added as Mrs. Rockram turned to leave the parlour.

"You are hungry, Mr. Grimshaw."

"Not particularly. It takes time to make two bits of toast."

He smiled encouragingly at her, inviting confidence, dropping his slightly formal manner and address. She said abruptly:

"What has happened is this: I have broken my engagement to Lord Wilverley."

"Good heavens!"

The sharp ejaculation indicated amaze-

ment—and what else? Cicely was too nervous to analyse her own emotions, much less those of another; but the light in Grimshaw's eyes illuminated his depths unmistakably. He was glad—glad. And in a second an amazing change took place in him. He became the friend, eager to help and console. The two met again upon equal terms. Ten years seemed to drop from him as he exclaimed fervently:

"I knew it."

"What did you know?"

She asked the question calmly, although her heart was throbbing.

"I knew that he was not the man for you and that you were not the woman for him. I understand exactly how you drifted into the engagement. And how plucky to have broken it! He is such a good fellow that he made it less hard for you, didn't he?"

She nodded, hardly able to speak. He continued in the same boyish tones:

"And your mother? . . . I'm most awfully sorry for her."

"Mother is miserable, too miserable to scold me. And she is not the scolding sort. At this moment she is lying down—brooding. She will go on brooding. At dinner, to-night, she will be ever so nice to me, but the distance between us will be immense. Tell me how I can lessen it. There must be a way."

"You love her; she loves you. Pin your faith to that."

"And then there is you. I am sure that she will not ask Lord Wilverley to help her, and you . . . you . . ."

"Yes?"

"You see, you have held a sort of pistol to her head."

He weighed her words carefully, slightly frowning, as he wrestled with the issues involved. When he spoke no boyishness informed his tones.

"Do you ask me to lower that pistol?" he asked her.

"I feel such a helpless fool."

"Well, if you want the whole truth, so do I. We are both in the same boat. As an honest man I have to face the fact that conditions here are getting worse every day. Action, to be of real use, should be immediate and sustained."

"I suppose you must do your duty."

"What is my duty? To better conditions if I can. How? That's the rub. That's where my helplessness comes in. If

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I rush things, kick up a horrid rumpus,
shall I achieve my ends? I doubt it."

"Don't rush things, Mr. Grimshaw,
please."

"So be it! And, perhaps, your mother
is not quite so proud as you think. She
may yet be guided by Lord Wilverley."

To this Cicely replied with an emphatic
"Never!" as Mrs. Rockram appeared with
the toast.

III

Two or three days slipped by without
incident. What Cicely had predicted with
such assurance came to pass. Lady Selina
accepted the thwackings of Fate in silence.
She remained consistently "nice" to her
daughter. But she refused peremptorily the
help that Arthur Wilverley offered within
twenty-four hours of his dismissal. Before
the week was out the usual announcement
appeared in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

Upon the Monday following Cicely heard
at breakfast that Mary Farleigh was sick
abed and dying. Stimson told the tale.

"Dying?" repeated Lady Selina. "Did
you say 'dying,' Stimson?"

"The word was used, my lady, by Annie,
at ten o'clock last night. She had been in
the village, her Sunday out, my lady."

"I shall go down at once," said Cicely.

"I will follow," added Lady Selina.
"Probably Annie is exaggerating. Mr.
Grimshaw thought that Isaac Burble was
dying. My people, I am glad to think, do
not die easily."

"What is the matter, Stimson?" asked
Cicely.

Stimson, treading delicately, murmured:
"They say the fever, miss."

"Heavens! What fever?"

"Typhoid, miss."

"I don't believe it," declared Lady
Selina.

Nevertheless, she filled a small basket
with soup and wine, and dispatched Cicely
with it immediately. Obviously the Lady of
the Manor was distressed. Her fingers
trembled as she tied on the lid of the basket,
and she said nervously: "I send you first,
Cicely, because I am aware of Timothy Far-
leigh's hostility. I saw poor Mary a week
ago. There was nothing about her appear-
ance to suggest this."

"I saw her too. I—I thought she looked
ill, so ill that I begged her to see Mr.
Grimshaw."

"Quite right. And has she?"

"I don't know."

On arrival at Timothy's pretty cottage,
Cicely found Martha Giles and Timothy in
the kitchen. Grimshaw, so she learned, was
upstairs with his patient. Timothy received
Cicely civilly but coldly. Martha chattered
away as usual:

"Ramblin' in her talk, pore Mary be.
'Tis the fever seemin'ly."

"Does Mr. Grimshaw say so?"

"He bain't sure yet."

"I be sure," growled Timothy. "I know
by my bees that Mary be dying, yas, I do.
She loved her bees, she did. They'll up
and leave the hives when she goes."

"You be daffy," said Martha cheerfully.
"Mary bain't dead yet. I mind me when
my lil' Willie lay cold an' stiff in his bed,
and old Doctor Pawley he says to me:
'Martha Giles,' he says, 'Willie be gone.'
An' the lil' dear opens both his eyes and
says: 'No, I bain't.' And I speaks quite
sharp to the lad: 'Now, Willie,' I says,
'don't 'ee conterdict Doctor, because he
knows best.' And Lard bless 'ee! Miss
Cicely, Willum be cartin' manure this instant
minute. I've some nice cow-heel
broth for Mary, if so be as her pore stum-
mick can stand it."

"I have some nourishing soup," said
Cicely.

Timothy never thanked her. In the same
apathetic tone as before he informed Cicely
that his niece Agatha was coming to nurse
her aunt, and when Cicely expressed her
approval of this, adding a few pleasant
words about Agatha, Mrs. Giles burst out
again:

"Full o' beans she be, and quite the
lady."

"Ladies be dashed!" grunted Farleigh.

"Timothy Farleigh! . . . And before Miss
Cicely too! You'll excuse his ignorance,
miss, I know."

"I've nothing agen she," continued the
old man, indicating Cicely with a gesture.
"When I says 'Ladies be dashed!' I
speaks of fine ladies, who toil not, neither
do they spin, and Solomon in all his glory
bain't arrayed like unto 'un."

Mrs. Giles was unaffectedly shocked.

"I never heard such blasphemous talk."

"You'll hear more of it, Marthy, afore
you find yourself snug i' churchyard. They
do say as Aggie and Johnnie Exton have
fixed things up to git married soon as
never."

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"I think I hear Mr. Grimshaw's step," said Cicely.

Grimshaw came in, carrying his small doctor's bag. Timothy confronted him, a very eager man; all trace of apathy had vanished.

"What be the trouble, Doctor?"

"I am not quite certain yet, Farleigh. I shall find out to-night." He took Farleigh's arm, pressing it. "We shall fight for her. Go to her. Be as cheerful as possible. For the moment she is rather dazed."

Timothy went out, followed by Martha.

"Is it typhoid?" asked Cicely breathlessly.

"It may be," he answered cautiously.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! And his children, who died here! . . . How could he go on living in this cottage!"

Grimshaw, looking very tired and worn, answered curtly:

"Men like Farleigh can't uproot themselves. He is part of your soil. And—forgive my saying so—Lady Selina doesn't exactly encourage her labourers to labour elsewhere."

"Of course she doesn't. You . . . you look very tired, Mr. Grimshaw."

"I've had a bout of that malaria. It prevented my coming here, as you asked me, earlier. It's not easy for a doctor to bear patiently his own physical infirmities. Please tell Timothy that I'll look in again presently. For the moment nothing can be done."

He bowed and moved towards the door. Cicely was infinitely distressed by his appearance and manner. Did he deliberately wish to impose barriers between herself and him? Sympathy for him welled up and overbrimmed.

"Stay one moment," she faltered.

He turned quickly, standing still, with his eyes upon her troubled face. She continued hurriedly:

"I thought we were friends."

"We are friends."

"Are we? Surely friendship pulls down barriers; it doesn't deliberately build them."

She spoke so ingenuously that Grimshaw was disarmed. More than physical infirmity had been his portion during the week that had passed since he met Cicely at Mrs. Rockram's. Before the malaria seized him, he had lain awake hour after hour, fighting furiously against his love for

a girl whose happiness had become dearer to him than his own. The issues were crystal-clear. Something told him that her friendship for him, so artlessly revealed, might be fanned by him into the more ardent flame. The mere thought was intoxicating. Then in colder blood he began to calculate the consequences to her if he won her love. The mother would withhold her consent. It lay within her power to disinherit a disobedient daughter. And, unless all his knowledge of Lady Selina's character were at fault, she would exercise that power in the firm conviction that she was doing so conscientiously. All these considerations tore to tatters the primal instinct of the male to pursue and capture. Another thought distracted him and kept sleep from his pillow. Sure as he was of himself, of his ability to provide the necessities of life, with some of its superfluities, for his wife, he was not yet sure of Cicely's adaptability to conditions widely differing from those to which she was accustomed. As a practitioner he had seen enough and to spare of the miseries brought about by comparative poverty. It became torment to reflect that Cicely, if she married him, might live to regret it. Add to this that he was proud and perhaps unduly sensitive. Finally, he had reached the sum-total of many computations. For the present at least, till his own position was more assured, he must mark time, an exercise he cordially detested.

He replied awkwardly: "If there are barriers between our friendship, Miss Chandon, they are not of my building."

"What are they—these barriers?"

"Almost as big and as old as the Pyramids."

He spoke harshly, angry with himself, conscious that he was dissembling badly. He went out quickly, leaving Cicely erect and defiant. But, as the door closed behind him, a faint exclamation of dismay escaped her. She sank back into a chair close to the big kitchen table, and covered her face with her hands. At the same moment Grimshaw, passing the open casement, glanced in and beheld her. His quick ears caught a muffled sob. This was more than flesh and blood could stand. Cicely looked up as he came back. In silence each read the heart of the other. No words were needed. She stood up, trembling. He took her in his arms, kissing her hair, her brow, her cheeks. She remained passive, almost

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swooning under this revelation of feeling and passion. She heard his voice, broken and insistent:

"I want you. I want you more than all the world. I have always wanted you, from the day I first saw you. Is it possible that you want me?"

He found on her lips the answer to that question.

When they returned to earth she whispered:

"You didn't wear your heart upon your sleeve!"

"How could I, when you had stolen it?"

"Blind man!"

"Not altogether."

"What! You saw?"

"I saw the Pyramids. I see them still. I believed them to be unsurmountable after Brian's death, but when you told me about Wilverley I knew somehow that it was not love that made you take him. But the Pyramids remain."

She disengaged herself gently, raising rueful eyes to his.

"I had forgotten—Mother."

"So had I, for one blessed minute."

"What are we going to do?"

He answered decisively:

"I'll see her at once and plead my case as best I may."

His grim tone was not exactly encouraging. Cicely, however, nothing daunted, put both her hands upon his shoulders, smiling at him.

"I know," he said, smiling back at her.

"What do you know?"

"You are about to ask me to leave your mother to you."

"What a clever man! Frighteningly so. Yes; I have a little plan. How much do you love me, Harry?"

The name slipped from her so easily that he guessed how often it must have been in her thoughts.

"Ah! How much? I came back here, against my judgment, my pride, everything, because I loved you so desperately."

She exclaimed joyfully:

"That is how a girl wants to be loved. I am ever so proud that you love me like that."

She kissed him, so sweetly, with such self-surrender, that he asked himself, humbly and gratefully, "Am I worthy of her?" And behind the question rankled the fact that he had doubted her strength of character and ability to rise above conventions

rigorously imposed since her childhood. He heard her soft voice, so beguiling:

"I suppose you know that Mother loves me very dearly?"

He laughed, pressing her to him.

"Well, I think I can guess what sort of strangle-hold you have on her."

"Since Brian died she has been so tender to me, and more dependent. And I'm all she has." She sighed a little.

"You would like to spare me," he said.

"Your mother is not very likely to love me."

"If she knew you as I do, she would consent to our marriage."

"Would she? Um! My time this morning is not my own, darling. Let's hear your little plan."

"I want you to make love to Mother. You never half wooed me. But I'll forgive you, if you woo her. You must woo her."

"But she doesn't give me many opportunities. And, you see, I'm no courtier."

She stepped back from him, eyeing him critically, but still smiling.

"You aren't, if you won't try to do the first thing I ask you. But you will, won't you?"

"I antagonised her at the start."

"I can assure you she's getting over that. She admits you are tremendously clever. She says that you have resurrected old Isaac Burble from the dead. And you will save poor Mary Farleigh. Her illness will bring you together. When you meet, will it be so frightfully difficult to be nice to her?"

"And hold my tongue about you?"

"Her ways," she pleaded, "are not your ways, but can't you walk in them for a little while to—please me?"

"What a witch! I prefer more direct methods."

"Oh-h-h!"

Tears filled her eyes. Feeling a brute, he kissed them away, whispering: "I'll do my best, dearest. Now, tell me, when shall I see you again?"

"I may be here when you come back presently. And to-morrow I shall be under the big tree on the green at six thirty."

Grimshaw laughed gaily.

"What a coincidence! I, too, shall be under the big tree at that very time."

With that pleasant assurance he went his way. Cicely took from her basket a pint of port wine, some linen, and a small basin of clear soup in jelly. Whilst she was doing this, Nicky, the softy, came in and



"His quick ears caught
a muffled sob"—p. 451

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John Campbell

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grinned at her knowingly. Cicely greeted him:

"Well, Nicky, how are you?"

"I seen you mumbudgettin' wi' doctor, I did."

Cicely exhibited slight confusion.

"Oh! How did you see us?"

"Through crack i' door, I did."

What he saw, however, was not destined to be revealed, because a sharp tap at the cottage door interrupted the dialogue.

"Come in," said Cicely, much relieved.

Nick slipped out as Agatha Farleigh entered, followed by John Exton, carrying Agatha's neat suit-case. John was wearing khaki and a sergeant's stripes. Upon his chest was the D.C.M. After greeting Cicely, Agatha said briskly:

"You remember John Exton, Miss Cicely?"

"Indeed I do. He hasn't let us forget him. We were so dreadfully sorry to hear you had lost an arm, John."

"I gave it, miss."

"You look very well."

Agatha glanced at the port wine and the basin.

"Is my aunt seriously ill?" she asked. "Uncle wired for me this morning. I got leave at once. I suppose Mr. Grimshaw is attending her?"

"Yes; he has just left. I am afraid it is serious, Agatha. It may be typhoid."

Agatha, without a word, crossed the room and hurried out. Cicely said to John:

"This is a cruel shock for her. You are still in the army?"

"With a month's leave. I was so sorry, miss, to hear about Mr. Brian."

"Thank you, John. It hardly bears speaking about. How is your father?"

"He's well, and doing well, thank God!"

A slight emphasis on the last half of the sentence had significance. An awkward pause was broken by the return of Agatha, somewhat excited.

"Uncle Timothy wouldn't let me in. Why did he send for me, if he doesn't want me?"

"Of course he wants you," replied Cicely. "Naturally, he is very upset. I will call again this afternoon to see if you want anything."

She moved to the door, which John politely opened for her. Agatha began to take off her hat. As soon as she was alone with the young man she exclaimed bitterly:

"Typhoid! . . . I expected it."

"Expected it, Aggie?"

"Regular poison trap, this cottage. Ought to have been pulled down years and years ago. I'll bet Mr. Grimshaw agrees with that."

Agatha's obvious exasperation was excusable. Her uncle's telegram summoning her to nurse Mary Farleigh happened to arrive at a moment when she was expecting to spend a well-earned leave with the Extons. Also, it seemed to her that John accepted her disappointment too coolly. Surely he must know that she was "fed up" with hard work. The equanimity of the trained soldier, his acquiescence in misfortune, his good-temper under it, would have provoked admiration from Aggie at any other time. Let us make due allowance for her. John attempted to soothe her, not very successfully. And then Martha Giles poked in her comical old head, exclaiming:

"Well, I never! . . . Johnny Exton—a gentleman officer!"

John took her hand heartily.

"Only a sergeant, Mrs. Giles."

"With three wound-stripes," added Agatha proudly. Her tone became aggrieved again, as she added: "Uncle Timothy wouldn't let me in, Martha."

"Let 'un bide wi' the pore sick soul. She be tarr'ble low, dazed an' mazed as never was; but Mary be tough, and the dear Lard well knows that she bain't to be spared, no more than I be."

"Is there proper food in the house?" asked Agatha.

"Yes; my cow-heel broth. Hark! Timothy be comin' down."

A heavy step was heard on a creaking stair. Martha whispered hurriedly:

"Now, don't 'ee be miffed, if he acts flusterously, pore dear man!"

Timothy entered, carefully closing the door behind him. For an instant he stared questioningly at John Exton and Agatha, a mute, tragic figure bowed by years of toil. Agatha went up to him and kissed him.

"How is she?"

"She don't know me, Aggie; she don't know me. I ain't no use to her. Who's that?"

"John Exton, whom I'm going to marry."

"Aye, aye. You two do as I bids ye. Bring no childer into this world. Where's doctor?"

"He'll be herealong soon," said Martha.

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"He ran his finger along
an entry in faded ink."

*Drawn by
John Campbell*

"Doctor can't do nothink. I might as well get coffin-stools out."

"Shall I go?" said John to Agatha.

"Not yet." She addressed her uncle: "You'll be wanting your dinner, dear?"

"No; I wants my old Mary. I be fair lost wi'out she."

He sat down in the big worn arm-chair near the hearth. Mrs. Giles said in a piping voice:

"I'll bide wi' Mary till Aggie be ready to take my place."

"I'm ready now, Martha."

Timothy growled out: "You bide wi' me a bit, my girl. I've summat to say to 'ee." As Martha slipped away he addressed John Exton: "Your father was allers my good friend."

"Yes, yes; indeed he was—and is."

Timothy thumped the stout oak arm of his chair.

"Ah-h-h! My lady turned 'un out. And she killed my lil' maids! . . . An' now 'tis Mary's turn."

John said quietly:

"Steady on. I thought I was dead in the trenches, but I wasn't."

Timothy rose up, lifting a heavy, misshapen hand.

"Gi' me the Book," he commanded, pointing dramatically at the big Bible lying upon the window-ledge between two pots of scented geranium. John fetched it, laying it upon the kitchen table.

"Where be my specs?"

Agatha saw them on the chimney-piece, and handed them to him in silence. With trembling fingers he put them on. Then he opened the Bible, turning a page or two, till he found the fly-leaf.

"I be going blind," he muttered feebly.

"No, no; let me wipe your glasses."

Agatha wiped his glasses.

"That be better, my girl. Aye." He ran his finger along an entry in faded ink, "Here we be. . . . 'Mary Jane, born October 2nd, 1807, died June 7th, 1904.' My first-barn, a dinky lil' maid as never was."

THE QUIVER

Agatha, much moved, and relapsing unconsciously into the Doric, said excitedly:

"I mind her curly lil' head, I do."

"Ah-h-h! Here we be agen. 'Ellen Adeliza, born November 9th, 1898, died June 9th, 1904,' just two days arter her sister."

He glared at Agatha. Suddenly his voice became harsh and fierce.

"Gi' me pen and ink, Aggie."

"Whatever for, Uncle?"

"To make proper entry, my girl."

John said softly:

"But the proper entry is there, Mr. Farleigh."

"No, it bain't. I be going to scratch out 'died' an' write—'murdered.'"

John approached him, saying firmly:

"Don't do that, Mr. Farleigh."

Timothy snarled at him:

"Be I master in my own house, or be you, young man?"

At that Agatha took his arm.

"Dear Uncle, John is right. 'Twould make Aunt Mary so unhappy if she knew about it."

"Gi' me pen an' ink," he replied with all the obstinacy of the peasant.

The ink-pot stood on the window-ledge, near the open casement. Timothy was staring at Agatha. John, standing close to the window, deftly emptied the ink-pot without being perceived.

"No," said Agatha.

"I says—yes."

John held up the ink-pot.

"There's no ink in the pot, Mr. Farleigh, not a drop." He held the ink-pot upside down, as proof positive.

"No ink—no ink," he mumbled, dazed again and irresolute. Agatha pushed him gently towards his chair. He sank into it, still mumbling. John's face softened; Agatha's assumed a hard expression. The silence was broken by voices outside. Timothy took no notice.

"Who is it?" asked Agatha impatiently.

John looked through the casement before he answered:

"The Ancient, Nicodemus Burble, and Nick."

"We don't want that old gaffer. Tell him he can't come in."

But Timothy objected.

"Let 'un in; let 'un in. All friends be heartily welcome."

Agatha shrugged her shoulders. John opened the door to Nicodemus, who entered

gallantly, carrying his many years as if they were feathers.

"Marning, all."

Nick followed, and espying a newspaper which John had stuck into the strap of Agatha's suit-case, furtively purloined it, sidling into the ingle-nook, where he remained more or less invisible.

"Glad to see you looking so hearty, Mr. Burble," said John.

"John Exton, I do declare, and Aggie Farleigh! Well, well!"

"How are you, Granfer?" asked Agatha. Nicodemus squared his shoulders.

"I be the most notable man in village. How be Auntie, Aggie?"

"Very sick. I've not seen her yet."

Nicodemus greeted Timothy, and then smacked his lips as he envisaged the small bottle of port wine.

"Ah-h-h! Her ladyship ha' been here-along. Port wine, as I live!"

At once Timothy jumped up, fierce and menacing.

"Her wine? In my house? Gi' me that bottle!"

"We may need it," protested Agatha. Timothy pushed her roughly aside and seized the bottle, exclaiming with biblical fervour:

"Death be in her loving-kindness, and sorrow in her cups o' wine. I be goin' to throw 'un away."

The Ancient tottered at such a threat.

"Throw away good liquor! What an onchristian act! A rare churchgoer, such as you be, Tim Farleigh, ought to behave hisself more genteel. Throw away my lady's port wine! I never heard such hellish talk."

Timothy turned upon him aggressively, but the Ancient stood his ground.

"There be no heaven and hell, save on this earth. The quality gets the heaven, and we pore folks walks in hell. I be done wi' church-goin'—done wi' it for ever-done!"

He went out. A crash of breaking glass was heard. Nicodemus looked up to heaven.

"Lard help 'un!"

To his immense amazement, Agatha snapped out:

"My lady's wine is poison to him, and no wonder."

"Port wine bain't pison, neighbours. Why not drink the wine, and then smash bottle?"

WHITEWASH

"Because his wife may be dying, Mr. Burble."

"Fevers and such comes from Providence, Aggie. I holds tight to Providence, I do. And I don't hold wi' talk agen the quality. That was never my way."

Timothy came back.

"What be saying?" he asked.

Nicodemus wagged his head solemnly.

"I don't hold wi' talk agen the quality, Tim. Her ladyship spends money on we wi' both hands."

"You tell me how much she spends," sneered Timothy.

"I dunno."

"I can tell you," said Agatha. "I was her secretary. I know all about her doles."

"Doles? What be doles, Aggie?"

"Soup, blankets, cloaks, a dozen or two of port from the wood."

Nicodemus looked incredulous.

"Port from the wood? What a queer place to get 'un. There be allers beef at Yuletide, milk for widders and little 'uns, a mort o' comfort for them as keers for cows' gifts. A gert charitable 'oman, my lady be. Rich folk should be treated wi' respect."

"And what does it all come to in cash?" asked Agatha. "I'll tell you. About five hundred pounds—counting everything."

Nicodemus chuckled, rubbing together his gnarled hands, which indicated, more than his face, great age.

"A gert noble sum, neighbours. My lady has done her dooty."

"What hasn't she done?" asked John sharply.

"Dang my old boans, I dunno."

"She hasn't pulled down a score of cottages like this."

"Pulled down cottages?" Nicodemus wiped his shining brow.

"They ought to be burnt—burnt," repeated Agatha excitedly.

"Aye," said Timothy, "and the Hall wi' 'un."

Nick's voice was heard from the inglenook, shrill and ear-piercing:

"Twould be a rare lark!"

Nobody noticed the boy. The Ancient thumped the tiled floor with his oak stick, exclaiming angrily: "What utter rot! 'Tis a fool's cap you be wanting, Aggie Farleigh."

Nick interposed again:

"I'll make 'ee one, Aggie."

The tension was increasing. Timothy's

deep-set eyes glowered; John Exton, thinking of his father, and recalling old calculations, said emphatically:

"I've been into this. Upworthy ought to have fifty new cottages. At the old prices, three hundred apiece, that would make fifteen thousand. Two thousand more would lay down decent drains."

Nicodemus thumped the floor more vigorously:

"I says in my common way: 'Drains be hanged!'"

John continued, warming to his work:

"Eight thousand more would be little enough to spend on the farms. That foots up twenty-five thousand pound."

"Ah-h-h!" The Ancient shook a trembling forefinger at him. "'Tis easy to make free wi' other folk's cash. Johnny'd have my lady so pore as we."

Agatha turned upon him.

"That's nonsense, Granfer. Her income is six thousand a year. She could borrow twenty-five thousand by giving up one thousand a year. Instead of putting this big property in order, she bribes you all with doles. And she saves herself five hundred a year. Have you got it?"

Nicodemus retorted smartly:

"I holds wi' King Solomon, a wiser man even than I be, there bain't no fool so irksome as a female fool."

"Meaning, you rude old man?"

"That you be a lovesick maid, Aggie, and so soft as Nicky there."

John, still at the window, electrified the company by his next remark:

"My lady is here."

As he spoke, Lady Selina's stately figure was seen passing the casement. Timothy hurried from the kitchen; a firm tap was heard upon the door.

"Come in," said Agatha.

IV

LADY SELINA, more imposing even than usual in her deep mourning, entered the kitchen. Nicodemus removed his hat deferentially. John stood stiffly at attention; Agatha remained near the table.

"Good morning to you."

Her eyes rested sympathetically upon John's empty sleeve. She held out her hand very graciously:

"My daughter told me that you and Agatha were engaged. You have my sincere good wishes."

THE QUIVER

John took the outstretched hand, and grasped it so awkwardly that Lady Selina slightly winced.

"Thank you, my lady."

Lady Selina turned to Agatha.

"I only heard this morning that your poor aunt was ill. I should like to see your uncle."

Agatha, taken aback, hesitated. Nicodemus said promptly: "I'll ask 'un to step down, my lady."

As he went out, Nick emerged from the ingle-nook, carrying a fool's cap, cleverly fashioned out of the newspaper he had purloined. Quite ignoring the great lady, intent only upon himself, he said pipingly: "Here be your fool's cap, Aggie."

"What does he mean?" asked Lady Selina. She was conscious of the hostile atmosphere, mildly resentful that Agatha had not asked her to sit down, but willing to make due allowance for this breach of manners, because serious illness had obviously upset a tiny household.

"He means nothing," replied Agatha hastily.

"Granfer Burble told me to make 'un."

"Yes, yes. You can run away, Nick. You aren't afraid of me, are you?"

"I bain't afraid o' nothing, excep', maybe, our old broody hen."

He retired to his ingle-nook, as Nicodemus stumped back, his face redder than usual, his large mouth agape with consternation.

"Well, Nicodemus? . . ."

"Timothy won't come, my lady."

"Won't?" she repeated sharply. "Surely he sent some message?"

Nicodemus gasped out:

"I be too illustrated to git his message."

"Rubbish, my good man! Give me his message at once."

"Not me, my lady. I dasent repeat to your ladyship his sinful words."

"You will please obey me, Nicodemus, and kindly deliver the message exactly, exactly as it was given to you."

The Ancient almost whimpered:

"If so be as I do, you'll stop my—my—" the right word planted securely in his memory by Agatha slipped out unexpectedly—"doles."

"Doles! doles! What an extraordinary word for you to use to me!"

"'Twas Aggie's word, not mine, my lady. I means the milk and good wine you sends me."

"Oh!" Lady Selina glanced at Agatha, who by this time was expressionless. To Nicodemus she said tartly:

"I may stop your doles, if you disobey me."

"Timothy Farleigh be daffy, my lady."

"I insist upon being told what he said." Nicodemus, helplessly cornered, exploded with brutal violence.

"He said you might go to hell, my lady."

"Bless my soul!"

Lady Selina, however, was the first to recover her self-possession. She spoke very kindly to the unhappy old man.

"Thank you, Nicodemus. I beg your pardon. Had I guessed that such a message could be sent to me, I should not have asked you to deliver it. The man, of course, is mad."

"With grief," added Agatha defiantly.

Lady Selina ignored her, looking at Nicodemus.

"When he recovers his senses he will apologise."

"Not if I knows 'un," quavered the old man. "I allers says that rich folk should be treated wi' respect."

At this moment Agatha scrapped self-control. Her nerves, of course, were on edge. Possibly, too, Arthur Wilverley had overworked a too willing typist. And the spirit of revolt, as we know, was beginning at that time to stir the hearts of women. Agatha ought to have remembered what she owed to Lady Selina, who, in a material sense, had helped her to find herself. But, even here, the sense of obligation may have rankled. At any rate, the really irritating cause was the conviction that her holiday had been wrecked by Lady Selina's neglect of great issues entrusted to her. She addressed Nicodemus angrily:

"Yes; treated with respect—if they deserve it."

John attempted a warning cough.

"What do you mean, Agatha?"

Lady Selina spoke very softly, but she assumed quite unconsciously the look and pose of a mistress addressing a servant. To the emancipated Agatha this was unendurable.

"I mean," she retorted bitterly, "that my dear uncle is not mad. Words have burst from him because for all these dreary years he has been dumb-dumb."

Lady Selina eyed her derisively, thinking of past benefits conferred upon the undeserving.

WHITEWASH



"Here, on this page, are the death-dates of Farleigh's two children."

Drawn by
John Campbell

"I am waiting for further enlightenment, you thankless young woman."

But Agatha, having shot her bolt, burst into tears. John came forward. What else could he do? A hunted glance from his future wife had set him afire. He pointed to the Bible.

"Enlightenment is in that," he said.

"The Bible!" She stared at the big book and then at John. Was he deliberately trying to be insolent? "Do you read it?" she asked, with a lift of her eyebrows.

John opened the Bible and found the flyleaf. His voice was trembling as he replied:

"Here, on this page, are the death-dates of Farleigh's two children, who died of diphtheria. Ever since, he has thought of things. You never guessed why he was so silent. How should you know what goes on in people's hearts? If Farleigh is mad, who made him so? Just now I emptied the ink-pot out of that window to prevent him altering 'died' to—"

"Go on! To—what?"

"To—murdered."

"Murdered by whom?"

John closed the Bible and made no answer. He withdrew quietly to the window. Meanwhile, Agatha had controlled her emotions and was dabbing at her eyes with a pocket-handkerchief which Lady Selina perceived to be of cambric as fine as her own. She addressed Agatha:

"Obviously you two think that I murdered these little girls."

Agatha replied without acrimony:

"I know what causes diphtheria and typhoid."

"I wonder if others in this village share your views and judgments."

Nicodemus made bold to say:

"I ain't one o' they, my lady."

"No, no; I am quite sure of that, my old friend." As she spoke she heard the crunching of gravel outside. "Who is this?"

"Mr. Grimshaw," answered John.

THE QUIVER

"You can ask him what he thinks," murmured Agatha, sensible that she and her John had exhausted their munitions.

"I will ask him," said Lady Selina.

CHAPTER X Under the Village Tree

I

G RIMSHAW had quite lost his look of wear and tear when he re-entered Farleigh's cottage. Love, we may presume, is omnipotent even over the ravages of malaria. Vitality expressed itself in his eyes and in every movement of his athletic body. He had just visited Isaac Burble; and he knew—humanly speaking—that he had pulled through the plucky old man. He believed, also, that he could restore Mary to the arms of the pessimistic Timothy. In short, his fighting instincts were agreeably quickened. The man's mind had become triumphant. Perhaps his dominant thought was the conviction that if he could win for his own a girl as sweet as Cicely, he could win also her mother. Cicely had imposed this task upon him. To "make good" in her eyes became the object paramount.

At the first glance round the kitchen he suspected nothing amiss, simply because his vision was slightly blurred by Cupid. He beheld Lady Selina, possibly for the first time, as the mother of his beloved rather than the lady of an ill-administered manor. And in her eyes he seemed to perceive a sort of appeal, which of course was there, although Lady Selina would have repudiated the fact had she been aware of it. Cicely's word "forlorn" obtruded itself. She looked exactly what she felt at the moment—solitary and pathetically aloof, a fine survival of a doomed aristocracy.

She greeted him courteously. Nicodemus stumped out. Agatha and John remained. After speaking to them, Grimshaw was crossing the kitchen when Lady Selina lifted her hand and voice :

"One moment, Mr. Grimshaw."

"Certainly."

"A grave charge has been brought against me."

She spoke very suavely, but he noticed that her tone was pitched higher than usual.

"A charge, Lady Selina?"

"In connection with the sickness in this house to-day, and the diphtheria long ago that took from Timothy Farleigh his two little girls."

The young man instantly realised what had taken place. A swift glance at Agatha confirmed his worst fears. The girl's lips were quivering; her bosom heaved. John, disciplined on the field of battle, stood doggedly at attention.

"These young people," continued Lady Selina, "accuse me of no less a crime than murder."

"Uncle Timothy used the word," said Agatha defiantly.

"And his niece, whom I have befriended in many ways, dares to lay the death of the two Farleigh children at my door."

Between two fires, and enfiladed by his own thoughts, stood the uneasy Grimshaw. Cicely's kisses were still warm on his lips. To do him justice, he was uneasy because all consideration, naturally enough, became centred upon Cicely. Swiftly, he perceived one way out of the wilderness. Taken aback, too honest to temporise deliberately, he said impetuously :

"A charge of murder is preposterous." He turned, almost angrily, upon Agatha, "Why do you talk nonsense? There can be no murder without motive."

Lady Selina smiled faintly.

"Thank you, Mr. Grimshaw. That ought to be obvious to any intelligence."

Agatha's face indicated confounding. Stung more by Grimshaw's manner than his words, she said acrimoniously :

"So you side with Authority, Mr. Grimshaw?"

Once again, Grimshaw's part in the proceedings was forced. A different appeal from weakness to strength might have been met in a very different fashion. Irritated by the consciousness of being in a false position, irritated even more by Agatha's undisguised sneer, he said emphatically :

"I detest violence, Miss Farleigh. Violence, let me tell you, always defeats its ends."

He turned to Lady Selina, who was visibly impressed.

"You are too generous, Lady Selina, not to make allowance for Timothy Farleigh, a man beside himself with misery and anxiety."

More and more pleased with Grimshaw, Lady Selina replied graciously :

"I hope so."

"If you will allow me," Grimshaw went on, "I will go to my patient."

He bowed and left the kitchen.

Lady Selina swept to the door. John

WHITEWASH

opened it for her. Without a word, she passed into the hot sunshine.

John came back to Agatha, dropping this ointment upon her lacerated tissues :

"Grimshaw's a blinkin' timeserver, Aggie, like the rest of 'em."

"I couldn't have believed it," she faltered. "I—I thought he was different."

Suddenly, from the ingle-nook came a burst of vivid flame. Nick had set his fool's cap afire. His shrill, uncanny laugh rang through the kitchen.

"Dash the boy," exclaimed the startled John. Nick confronted him with his imbecile grin.

"I be saft along o' my lady," he piped. "Father says so; yas, I be saft along o' she."

II

TWENTY-FOUR hours elapsed.

During this time Upworthy celebrated the return of a hero, for as such the fathers of the hamlet regarded John Exton. Much ale, some of it pre-war strength, was drunk in his honour. At The Chandos Arms, upon the afternoon following, the gaffers toasted him again and again. He had to tell the tale of his adventures and misadventures in Flanders and France. Everybody knew that he was engaged to Agatha.

It was well after five when John escaped from his entertainers and returned to Timothy's cottage. Crossing the green he noticed that the sky was thunderously overcast. Agatha hurried out of the cottage as he approached it. All trace of anger and disappointment had vanished. She greeted her lover delightfully.

"I heard the cheers, Johnnie. I'm ever so proud of you."

He nodded modestly.

"I asked 'em not to follow me because of your aunt. How is she?"

"A bit better, we fancy. Mr. Grimshaw is with her. He sent me out for a whiff of air. Perhaps he saw you crossing the green."

John pointed to the tree and its comfortable encircling bench. He sat down, fanning his heated brow with his cap.

"Sultry, ain't it? I say, Aggie, guess what bucks me most."

"All the ale you've drunk."

"They didn't propose my health straight. They gave the toast: 'Ephraim Exton's son.' They haven't forgotten the old man." Laying down his cap he fished out his pipe, regarding it rather helplessly. *

"Let me fill your pipe, dear," said Agatha.

John laughed.

"Can you do it, old girl?"

"Can I do it?"

She went to work with a skill that argued some practice, but John was not of a jealous disposition. He watched her deft fingers with admiration, remarking pleasantly :

"Little chunk of all-right, you are."

"Don't use up all your sugar, Sergeant. There!"

She put the pipe between his smiling lips.

"Any matches, Johnnie?"

John took a silver match-box from his pocket.

"Catch!"

Agatha caught it, and examined it with interest. It was a queer old box, much engraved, obviously not of English make or design.

"What a handsome box!"

"Loot, Aggie. It belonged to a Boche. He'd no further use for it."

She struck a match and lit his pipe, which John smoked as if he enjoyed it. Agatha stepped back and regarded him attentively. He was just right, in her opinion: a man who had done "his bit," the man of her deliberate choice, likely to make a sober, hard-working husband, clever enough and not too clever, one to be gently pushed by capable hands on to fortune. Smiling complacently, she seated herself beside him. John slipped his one available arm round her shapely waist. She held the match-box in her hand.

"Put your dear head on my shoulder," he commanded.

"On the village green?"

"On my shoulder, I said."

"I'll risk it."

She had glanced round, not seeing Nick, who had wandered out of his father's garden, and was now behind the tree, grinning broadly. John kissed the lips so near to his.

"Short o' these rations, I am," he declared with fervour. "Snug, I call it."

Agatha, half-closing her eyes, murmured: "I feel as if I was floating in heaven."

"Blighty!" ejaculated the lover.

At this happy moment, Nick, crawling close up to Agatha, gripped her leg above the ankle, growling like a dog. Agatha screamed and jumped up.

THE QUIVER

"You blithering idiot!" said John. "Hop it—hop it!"

"Yas, I be the village idiot, I be."

"Not half the fool you look. Shift, I tell you."

"I'll make Aggie another fool's cap, I will. I can make anything wi' paper."

He laughed shrilly and hopped off, as enjoined. John stared at his retreating figure, observing sapiently:

"He can make anything with paper. Fools make paper laws. Papers rule us in England."

Agatha sat down again, nodding her intelligent head.

"That's right. Papers do rule us. Why don't you write to them, Johnnie?"

John betrayed slight astonishment.

"What about, dear?"

Agatha answered tartly:

"Conditions here."

"Napoo," replied John lazily.

Agatha was revolving this refusal in her mind when Grimshaw came out of the cottage carrying his bag. He was smiling, thinking of Cicely and her tryst with him.

Agatha nudged the somnolent John.

"Mr. Grimshaw is coming."

John rose, and saluted stiffly as Grimshaw approached.

"Good day, Sergeant. Going down the old, old trail, eh?"

John answered perfunctorily: "Yes, sir."

Grimshaw looked at Agatha, who had not risen. This abstention was part of her new creed.

"I've no new instructions for you, Miss Farleigh. Keep your aunt quiet."

Agatha replied as formally as John:

"Yes, sir. Is it typhoid, Mr. Grimshaw?"

"I did a Widal last night." He added quickly, "That is a blood test. I am inclined to think your aunt has paratyphoid."

John, impressed by the long word, said dismally:

"Then she's a goner."

"Oh, no. Paratyphoid is much less dangerous than typhoid. With ordinary care Mrs. Farleigh will recover. And, thank the Lord, I can trust you, Miss Farleigh, to see that she has more than ordinary care. Perhaps you will go to her now."

Poor Agatha, thus torn from her lover, rose obediently, but with much ruffled plumage. Without a word she stalked into the cottage. Grimshaw said pleasantly:

"I'm sorry, but her aunt is alone."

John answered bluntly but respectfully: "Agatha's upset after yesterday, and so am I."

"After yesterday?" Grimshaw frowned, a frown that deepened as John continued emphatically:

"We expected you to stand by us, Mr. Grimshaw, and you didn't. You know what lies behind things here; you must know that her ladyship hasn't done her duty. And when I think of the trenches and the men in 'em it maddens me"—his voice trembled with excitement—"to see great ladies, like Lady Selina Chandos, downing those whom we are fighting, aye, and dying, for. It makes me want to down her. And I will, by heaven!"

Grimshaw said quietly, but not without sympathy:

"You're a good fellow, John Exton, but, believe me, you only see one side of this."

"I see pretty plain that you're not on that side, sir."

"I'm not on the side of ranting. Ranting has wrecked many causes. It antagonises sane men and women. To charge Lady Selina with murder is—as I said yesterday—preposterous and ridiculous. I want to down not an individual but a system."

"Her ladyship is part of the system, and the biggest part in Upworthy. That's enough for me."

He strode off without saluting. Grimshaw glanced at his watch. Cicely was not due yet. He sat down in John's place, thinking hard, dismally conscious that he must appear a sorry figure in the eyes of Sergeant Exton, conscious also that he had won the very thing he wanted, Lady Selina's approval, under false pretences. It was horrible to think that Exton regarded him as a hypocrite with malevolent eyes. And what did the man mean by his threats of "downing" Lady Selina? Then he laughed a little, because it was almost impossible to think of Lady Selina "downed." Such imperturbable personalities were not downed by others. If the whole village rose in arms against her, if she were stoned on the village green, she would stand superbly erect till the end.

A light laugh routed these reflections. Cicely stood in front of him, smiling gaily. The pressure of her little hand was reassuring.

"Did you get Mother's invitation to dine with us to-night?"

WHITEWASH

"The august Stimson delivered it in person."

"Who was wise?"

He laughed with her, although he replied sincerely:

"That question, dearest, can't be answered yet."

Ignoring this, Cicely sat down, saying:

"I am ever so happy. You don't know what an impression you made upon Mother yesterday. Now—keep it up."

"That's all right; but can I?"

"Of course you can, if you try hard enough." Captivated by her manner, sitting close to her, he heard her soft whisper:

"Did you dream of me last night?"

"I didn't sleep much last night."

"Didn't you? Well, I lay awake till after one, thinking of you."

"You blessed little dear!"

She raised her eyes to his as if inviting him to gaze into their clear depths and to behold there his own image innocently enshrined. To dissemble with so artless a creature was quite impossible.

"Something is troubling you, Harry. Tell me!"

"Call it my conscience. To accept so much"—he spoke passionately—"and to be able to give so little; to know, as I do, that my love may bring distress and unhappiness upon you! Ah, that tears me! I must speak plainly now, or never. What is Upworthy to you? Have you ever tried to measure your feeling for this village and all that goes with it? Are you able to set a valuation, so to speak, upon it?"

"My dear old home. . . . I don't quite see what you are driving at. What do you mean by a valuation?"

"I mean this. I lay awake last night realising the inevitable fact that if you marry me against your mother's wishes you risk—disinheritance."

"Disinheritance! Why, Harry, Mother loves me. She would never do that. Never, never, never. You don't know her—"

"I don't. Do you? Does she know herself? Do any of us know ourselves? Are we able to say confidently what we would do, or not do, till some supreme test comes along?"

She considered his words carefully; her eyes clouded with perplexity, her lips quivered.

"You are making me miserable."

"At what a cost to my own feelings! But we must face things together, as they are, not as we would like them to be. First and last, it comes to this: In your own irresistible way you have invited me to join what I call the great conspiracy of silence in Upworthy. Better men than I are amongst the conspirators. Dear old Pawley, for example. It is natural for him, ten thousand times more so for you, to 'spare' your mother, to keep her in cotton wool, to please, in a word, a personality so gracious, so kindly at heart, so sincerely anxious to do the right thing in, alas! the wrong way. But, as an honest man, Cicely, I side with her tenants as against her."

"Heavens! Do you mean that you took Mother's part yesterday against your conscience, and that I tempted you to do so?"

"No, no; the murder charge was absurd. But I conveyed the impression to others that my sympathies lay with your mother in her management of this estate, and they don't."

"If you would listen to me. . . ."

"God knows I want to listen to you, you witch."

Cicely picked her way. To the man who was watching her it became plain that she knew her ground. Her confidence would have been amusing if lesser issues had been at stake.

"You can't change things or people quickly, can you?"

"Earthquakes do."

"Perhaps. Earthquakes don't happen in English villages. If Mother learnt to trust you instead of Gridley all that you wish might be brought about without—with friction. And if not altogether in her lifetime afterwards. I will work hand-in-hand with you, Harry. I shall love it. Between us we will change Upworthy into a model village. I ask for nothing better. I know that Mother wants me to-day as she never wanted me before. To hurt her now, to let others hurt her . . . ah! . . . that isn't in me. Win Mother as you have won me and we shall find our future happiness without imperilling hers."

Her exact choice of words indicated her intelligence and the amount of thought that she must have given to so difficult a subject. Fiercest temptation assailed Grimshaw. And he had yielded, under far less pressure, to importunity in Essex and Poplar. After a tormenting pause he said hoarsely:

THE QUIVER

"It means whitewash, Cicely. I can find no other word."

She touched his arm gently.

"I wish I were strong like you."

"But I'm not strong," he protested vehemently. "No one is. The strong man we read about is a writer's lie. There isn't a so-called strong man in history without a weak spot somewhere. Don't make me weaker than I am. Perhaps—perhaps I ought to go away for a year and leave you free."

The test propounded so tentatively failed utterly. In her turn she became vehement.

"No, no. If you leave me, Harry, it will be because your love is less than mine."

As they gazed searchingly at each other a senile whistling was borne down the breeze. Cicely said desperately:

"Somebody is coming. Harry—suspense will kill me. Women understand women. Be patient, and Mother will accept you as a son. I am sure of it. And I shall love the strength in you more if you show a little weakness now for my sake. Direct methods, which men use, are so brutal. I am pleading for our happiness. Promise me—quick!"

In her agitation she clung to him, pressing her soft body against his. He answered dully:

"All right, Cicely."

The Ancient approached, redder than usual in the face. His gait was not perfectly steady. Cicely said hurriedly:

"It's Nicodemus. He may pass on. Good day, Granfer."

Nicodemus halted, surveying the pair whimsically.

"Good day, miss. Good day, Doctor. A rare storm be comin' up. I feel 'un in my old boans."

"You mustn't get wet, Master Burble," said the artful Cicely.

"Ah-h-h! I bain't in no sart o' hurry to invite meself, as the sayin' is, to my own funeral. I be come from drinkin' Johnny Exton's health—a very notable set-to."

Cicely, still hoping that the garrulous old man would move on, said briskly:

"Yes; we heard some cheering up at the Hall."

"Did 'ee now? Johnny be a valiant soul, but a sad Raddicle. I hope, miss, that her ladyship won't mix me up wi' him and Aggie Farleigh. I don't hold wi' such flustratioun talk."

"My mother knows that."

Nicodemus uplifted his voice, thinking, possibly, that his wise words might penetrate the open windows in the Farleigh cottage:

"Rich folks, I allers say, should be treated wi' respect—because why? They can make we pore 'uns so danged uncomfortable. Beggin' your pardon, miss, but I'll sit me down under old tree. It ha' seen a sight o' things, to be sure."

Grimshaw and Cicely exchanged rueful glances, sensible that the Ancient had diddled them squarely. He cackled on:

"Lumbager has me this instant minute. 'Twas the third tankard as done it."

Grimshaw stood up, looking at his watch and addressing Cicely:

"I must see a patient on the Wilverley road."

Cicely nodded, as he continued formally for the benefit of Nicodemus: "Better get home, Miss Chandos, before the storm breaks. Till—to-night."

"Eight punctually, Mr. Grimshaw."

He picked up his bag and strode off. Nicodemus smacked his lips.

"A very forcible man, doctor."

"Yes, he is—and so are you, Granfer."

"Ah-h-h! Father o' five I was at his age. How be Mary Farleigh, miss?"

"A shade better." She looked up at the darkening skies. "I shall just have time to get home. Good night, Master Burble."

"Good night, miss."

III

AFTER Cicely had left him, the Ancient dozed pleasantly, being full of ale paid for by others. Martha Giles awoke him by shaking his shoulder.

"Be you quite sober, Master Burble?" she asked in a neighbourly spirit, and not unmindful of the change in the weather.

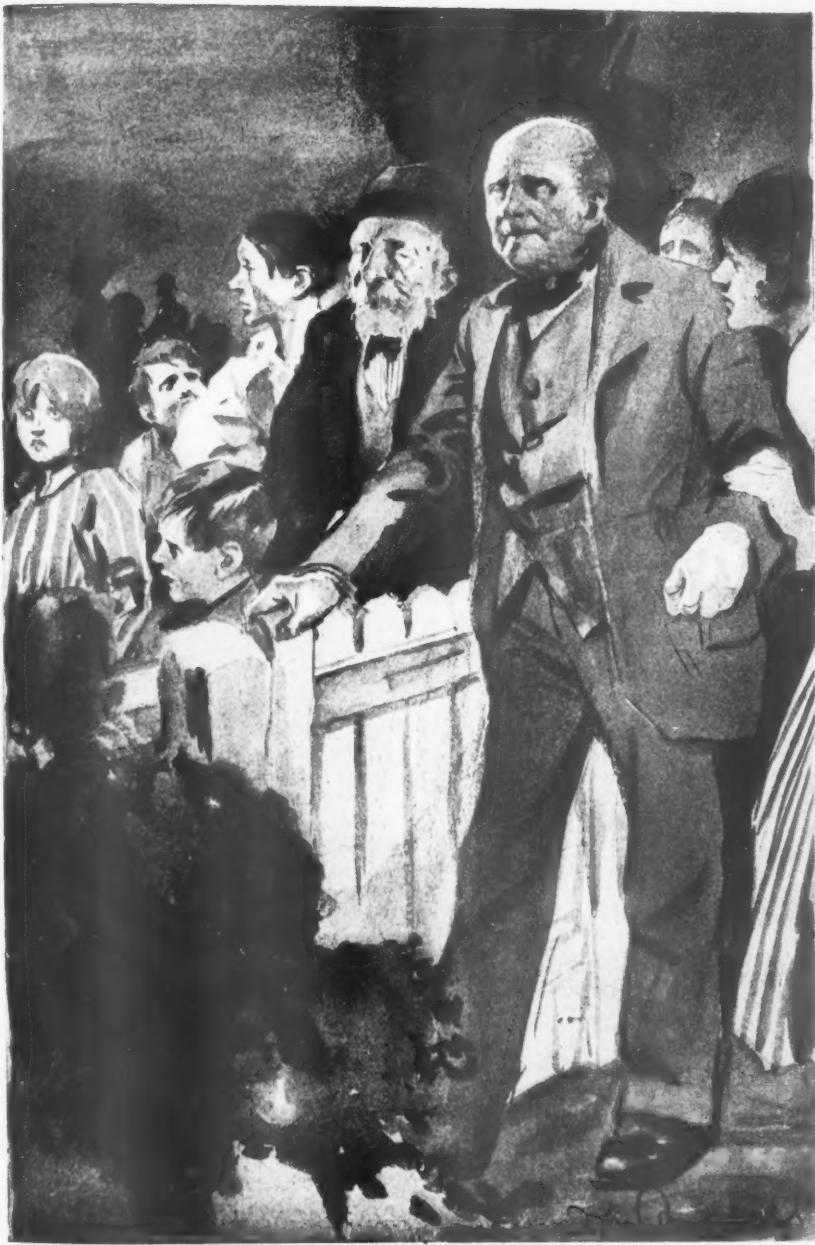
Nicodemus wagged his head, remarking chirrupingly:

"I've had a rare skinful, Martha, and my old legs tell me so, not my head, old girl. Call it a touch o' lumbager, as I did to Miss Cicely. So Mary be better, hey?"

"Yas, Mary be better and Timothy worse, pore dear soul!"

"What? Down wi' the fever, too?"

"Fev'rish in his mind, look you. And that set agen my lady 'tis a mortal sin. Yas, Mary be mendin'. A be-utiful corpse she'd ha' made. 'Twould ha' been a sad



"'No,' said Timothy, 'not till the house of
that woman be utterly destroyed'" — p. 467

Drawn by
John Campbell

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pleasure to lay her out. Aggie got miffed when I passed the remark to her las' night."

Nicodemus heaved a sigh.

"Young folks be upsettin', Marthy. We be livin' in fearful and wondersome times."

Martha did not answer him, her attention being engrossed by a sudden sight of Nick capering wildly across the green.

"Come you here," she shouted.

Nick danced up, grinning.

"Wheer ha' you been, Nick? Up to some mischief, I'll be bound."

"He can bide along wi' me," said Nicodemus comfortably.

"I likes you," said Nick.

"Do 'ee now? For why?"

"Because you be so nice an' hairy, like old baboon I sees at Wilverley Fair."

Nicodemus accepted this as a compliment. A bell began to boom loudly. Both Martha and the Ancient were startled.

"Dang me, if that bain't big bell up at Hall!"

He half-staggered to his feet, and fell back.

"I be fair ashamed o' my legs," he observed solemnly. Then, as the bell boomed out even more violently, he cocked his head at Martha.

"Something be up, Marthy. You climb tree, Nicky, and tell us what you sees."

"The lad might break his neck," suggested Martha.

"You climb tree," commanded Nicodemus, "or I'll warm your starn-sheets for 'ee."

"I likes to climb trees, I do."

"Then up you goes."

Nicky obeyed with alacrity. As he reached the first branch, Agatha appeared at the cottage window which fronted the green.

"What has happened?" she asked. The bell went on ringing. Then a sharp whistle was heard.

"Constable's whistle," remarked the Ancient. "I knows 'un."

Excitement gripped them, as a man tore past them on a bicycle, heading for Wilverley. As he passed the tree, he yelled out: "Fire! Fire!"

"That was Wilson. My lady's shover," faltered Martha. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Where be fire?"

"'Tis a rick, maybe," hazarded Nicodemus.

By this time, Nick was high up the tree. He shouted down:

"I sees a gert smoke, I do."

"Wheet? Wheet?" shouted Nicodemus. Martha Giles expressed a positive opinion that Wilson was riding fast for the Wilverley fire-engine.

"Why didn't 'un take my lady's car?"

Nick shouted again, very shrilly:

"I sees yaller flames, I do."

Agatha rushed out of the cottage.

"It's the Hall," she said, tremblingly. "Maybe 'tis only a chimney."

"Ah-h-h. Best thing for that is a wet turf atop o' chimney pot, and a wet blanket stufed up the flue. I knows."

Martha covered her face with her apron. But Nicodemus tried to hearten her up with his coagulated wisdom.

"Things might be worse, Marthy. Our cottages might be afire—see."

Nevertheless, one and all stared at each other, helpless and almost tongue-tied under the stress of emergency.

"I wish I knew where my John was," said Agatha.

Nick yelled out:

"'Tis the Hall, neighbours. The roof be blazin'!"

Agatha, very pale, hurried back into the cottage. Martha observed, less tearfully:

"Lard, presarve us! That pore soul in bed needs rousin'. This'll do it. Here be Timothy Farleigh."

Timothy stood in his doorway. His deepest eyes snouldered sullenly. Not a word escaped from his tightly-compressed lips. Nicodemus piped shrilly at him:

"Timothy, man, old Hall be afire, all blazin' it be."

"Let 'un burn," replied Timothy, in diapason tones. "Let 'un burn, I says."

The Ancient glared at him.

"Shame on 'ee—shame! Think o' the good liquor down cellar."

"Let 'un burn, I says."

Nicodemus, full of righteous indignation, replied sharply:

"I don't want to listen to what you says. You listen to what I says. I be old in wisdom, and you be old in ignerunce. We pore folks'll suffer for this."

A red glow suffused itself. Almost immediately a peal of distant thunder was heard. Timothy, erect and menacing, exclaimed solemnly:

"This be the Day o' Judgment."

Nicodemus shook his fist at him.

"If that be so, you stand wi' the goats."

But really he was impressed by Timothy's deportment. The man seemed to have ex-

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panded. He had the air of an inspired prophet as he lifted his deep voice:

"May God A'mighty deal this day wi' Lady Selina Chandos as she has dealt wi' me and mine!"

IV

GEORGE BALL, the village constable, joined the group under the tree, dismounting from his bicycle. He was a heavy, good-natured man, ordinarily lethargic. He spoke with authority:

"Is Doctor Grimshaw here?"

"No, he bain't, Garge. What be wantin' doctor for, hey?"

"I dunno. Miss Cicely told me to fetch 'un quick. Old Hall be done for. That's sartain."

A quarter of an hour at least had elapsed before George appeared. During that time, men and boys had been seen hurrying up to the Hall. Nicodemus, unable to budge, had remained under the tree. No rain had fallen as yet, but the storm was coming nearer, and the intermittent lightning became more vivid with each succeeding flash. From the top of the tree Nick's eerie laughter floated earthwards.

"Anybody burned?" asked the Ancient.

George Ball couldn't be sure of this. He furnished a few details, avidly swallowed. The fire had started in the garage, and thence spread to the house; all the servants were safe, and busy rescuing pictures and furniture. He concluded on a high, nerve-shattering note:

"Tis arson, I reckons."

"What be arson?" asked Martha Giles.

"Settin' other folks' houses afire," replied the constable. Noting a derisive smile on Timothy's face, he asked officially:

"Why ain't you up at Hall—helpin'?"

Timothy replied defiantly:

"Because I bain't."

George Ball went on:

"Arson it seems to be, accordin' to Wilson. He told me in servants' hall that he had left the garage not five minutes afore fire started. Positive, he was, that all was snug. In my quiet way I spoke o' cigarettes, but Fred Wilson don't smoke terbacker in no form. And he swears that no match was lighted by him this blessed afternoon. Bag o' mystery this be, because my lady had no enemies in these parts."

"Liar!" remarked Timothy.

The astounded constable glared at him.

"What you say?"

"I said—liar. I be her enemy."

George, utterly dazed, wiped his forehead, ejaculating:

"Queer talk, I must say."

To this Timothy replied savagely:

"You'll be wiser afore you're older."

Nicodemus interrupted sharply:

"Timothy Farleigh'll be dead afore he's wise at all. Now, Garge, I minds me that Doctor Grimshaw walked off Wilverley way. If that bit o' news be worth a tankard, don't 'ee forget it, my good man."

"You might ha' said as much five minutes ago."

He mounted his bicycle and sped off.

Nicodemus, active of mind and unduly elated because ale had impaired underpinning, instead of understanding, was now the centre of a small group of women, children and gaffers. Everybody else, of course, was watching the fire in the Hall gardens, or helping to remove furniture. From the first none dared even to hope that so old a house, so heavily timbered, could escape being burnt to the ground.

Martha Giles said mournfully:

"Her ladyship, pore dear soul, 'll be lacking shelter."

By the luck of things, she addressed this innocent remark to Timothy, who remained at his wicket gate, sullenly rejoicing over this great calamity. He replied harshly:

"Shelter? Aye. Not under my roof."

Nicodemus, trembling with rage, exclaimed:

"Twon't be your roof much longer, you blitherin' fool. You be headin' straight for porehouse, you be. No port wine there, and the vittles so ontasty as never was."

Agatha, noting the angry faces glaring at her uncle, said entreatingly:

"Better go in, Uncle."

"No," said Timothy, "not till the house of that woman be utterly destroyed."

V

DESTROYED it was within an incredibly short space of time.

From the moment when the garage burst into flame Lady Selina behaved with fortitude, directing operations and exhibiting amazing pluck and resource. The most valuable furniture, the pictures, china and plate were carried to the farther end of the topiary garden. Despite the entreaties of Cicely, the Lady of the Manor was almost the last to leave the house. As she did so

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a tongue of flame licked her arm. Unmindful of this, she commanded a general retreat, a withdrawal to a slight eminence in the garden, whence the last act of the tragedy was witnessed. Here, to her satisfaction, she learned that nobody except herself had been injured. Already Cicely had dispatched George Ball in search of Grimshaw. Lady Selina, however, made light of her scorching, concerned only with the housing of her establishment. It was settled that Cicely and she would go to the Vicarage for the night. The worthy Goodrich hovered about her, scant of breath but full of sympathy and warm with indignation because the dreadful word "arson" lay pat on every lip except his own.

Towards the end, after the roof had fallen in, the rain poured down. Lady Selina gazed sadly at the ruins of her home, saying nothing. Cicely clutched her.

"Come, Mother, you will be wet through."

Lady Selina yielded at length to importunity. She passed, erect, through her people, and took the path to the village, pausing to speak to the landlord of The Chandos Arms, to whom the board and lodging of her servants had been entrusted.

"I will see to it myself that all is in order."

"Very good, my lady."

Then, resolutely, she turned her back upon all that was left of the home to which she had come as a bride. In silence, leaning upon her daughter's arm, she walked wearily, spent by her physical exertions. Goodrich followed, and others. Burdens greater than those of fatigue weighed heavily upon her. By the time she had reached the tree upon the green, the first tropical downpour was over.

"I must rest a moment," she said faintly.

"Are you in pain, Mother?"

"Of course I am, but that is of no consequence."

"When will Mr. Grimshaw be here?"

Lady Selina sat down, gasping a little. Nicodemus tried to stand up.

"Sit you down, old friend," commanded Lady Selina.

"A very sad mishap, my lady."

"Very."

Then, for the first time, she heard the word that was distressing the parson. The Ancient, feeling as if he were enthroned beside the queen regnant, and regarded as a trusty councillor, remarked solemnly:

"Garge Ball do say 'twas arson."

Instantly Lady Selina became alert. She sat up in every sense of the phrase, alert, interrogative, almost excited.

"Arson?" she repeated sharply. "Impossible!"

Nicodemus wagged his hoary head. This was his great moment. To rise to it adequately became a sort of obsession.

"I know what I knows," he affirmed positively.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the parson.

Lady Selina spoke gently to the old man. "Tell me what you know, Nicodemus."

Thus encouraged, the Ancient expanded visibly, raising his voice so that all and sundry might hear him.

"'Tis ondeniably true that your ladyship has enemies in this yere parish."

Probably he expected protest. Lady Selina said quietly:

"So I discovered yesterday."

"I bain't one to carry tales, my lady."

It says much for Lady Selina Chandos that this affirmation provoked her humour. In the familiar tone that so endeared her to her dependants, she bantered the old gaffer:

"That won't do, Nicodemus. We have gossiped together a score of times. Any service you can render me will not be forgotten, I can assure you."

"Ah-h-h! I did hear wicked talk about burning down this village."

"Where?"

Goodrich, as a Justice of the Peace, was constrained to interrupt:

"Dear lady," he said warily, "may I suggest that any inquiry ought to take place at another time, and in a more private place."

Slightly irritated, conscious, perhaps, that Nicodemus might not speak at another time and in another place with entire frankness, Lady Selina said tartly:

"Please allow me to be the judge of that." In a more conciliatory tone she addressed Nicodemus: "Where did you hear this talk?"

"In cottage yonder." He pointed at Farleigh's house.

"From whom?"

"From Aggie Farleigh and Johnnie Exton."

"Quite so."

Cicely interrupted eagerly:

"Mother, you don't—you can't think either of them capable of—"

Lady Selina cut her short.

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"My dear, long ago I thought of them as firebrands, and firebrands they are."

Goodrich, much perturbed, but ever the peacemaker, suggested blandly:

"If you are rested sufficiently, Lady Selina, shall we go on to my house? Another heavy shower impends."

"Rested! . . . Do you think that rest is possible till I have got to the bottom of this?" She raised her voice again, glancing round at the circle of familiar faces, some of them not looking too friendly, inasmuch as Agatha and John were favourites in the village. Even to the rustic mind, prone to leap hastily to wrong conclusions, this indictment of two persons on so grave a charge, an indictment unsupported by evidence, seemed unjust and intolerable. A faint murmur of protest was heard.

"Does anybody present," continued Lady Selina, "know anything that would throw light on this dreadful charge of arson? If so, I ask him or her to speak."

Stimson stepped forward. He was hardly recognisable. The staid, respectable butler had covered himself with glory and grime in a beloved mistress's service. Lady Selina, beholding him, murmured pleasantly:

"My poor Stimson! . . . After the battle . . . !"

She smiled graciously upon him.

"Yes, my lady. I saved all the plate, every bit of it, my lady."

"Oh, Stimson! We could have spared that ugly Early Victorian tea-service. Well, well, you faithful soul, do you know anything?"

"There is this clue, my lady. We found it on the grass near the garage."

He held out a silver match-box.

"A match-box?"

"Yes, my lady."

She examined it carefully. The parson, pince-nez on nose, took it gently from her hand. Then, with the air of Sherlock Holmes, he said portentously:

"It bears a German inscription. I draw the obvious inference—it was made in Germany."

The crowd sighed with relief as the parson continued in the tones ordinarily sacrosanct to the lectern and pulpit:

"I infer more. One of our enemies, some alien, possibly, who has escaped internment, must have committed this terrible crime."

The crowd hummed approval. Lady

Selina, more alert than ever, observed derisively:

"Your inference will hold water, Mr. Goodrich, if any alien has been seen about my premises."

Goodrich replied hastily:

"M'yes—a question pat to the point."

"Many persons," continued Lady Selina, "carry objects, like match-boxes, made in Germany."

At this Agatha came forward. Timothy had gone back into his cottage as soon as he saw Lady Selina approaching. Agatha had remained near the cottage gate, looking anxiously for her lover.

"May I look at the match-box?" she asked quietly.

"Certainly."

It was handed to her. The crowd edged in closer. Agatha said positively:

"This match-box belongs to John Exton. I struck a match on it not an hour ago, here, on this very spot. I—I had it in my hand. I must have dropped it or left it on this bench. I can't remember returning it to—to its owner."

A dramatic silence followed, broken by Goodrich, no longer the parson but the magistrate.

"You testify to that, Agatha Farleigh?"

"Testify?" she repeated blankly.

"It is my duty to warn you that anything said by you now may be used against you later."

"What does this all mean?" groaned Cicely.

Her mother answered grimly: "It means something very terrible, child."

As she spoke, Grimshaw, mounted upon the constable's bicycle, was seen approaching.

"Mr. Grimshaw at last!" exclaimed Cicely. As he dismounted she said to him nervously: "Mother has been burnt."

"Scorched, my dear; scorched."

"It's a very nasty burn," said Cicely.

Grimshaw insisted upon instant examination. He unstrapped his bag, opened it, and took out a pair of scissors. Deftly he slit up the sleeve, saying:

"Ball could not tell me what was saved."

"The servants saved themselves," said Lady Selina. "We saved the more valuable miniatures and my Chelsea. There is a pantechicon van-load of furniture on the lawns."

Grimshaw nodded, intent on his work. He pulled a broad bandage from his bag

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and made an impromptu sling, adding professionally:

"This must be dressed properly elsewhere. Where are you going, Lady Selina?"

"To my house," said Goodrich.

"In five minutes," murmured Lady Selina. Obviously she was in pain, but her eyes rested tranquilly upon Grimshaw. She appreciated the delicacy of his touch, and said so. Then she addressed Agatha coldly:

"The match-box, please."

Agatha returned it, bursting out vehemently:

"I know what you think, my lady, but it's simply impossible. I wish Sergeant Exton were here to defend himself. As for me," she drew herself up with dignity, "I have been in attendance upon my aunt, as Martha Giles can *testify*."

She glanced at the parson, using the word scornfully.

"Johnnie Exton be here," exclaimed one of the crowd.

The villagers made way for John, who approached Agatha. The young man was dishevelled and his khaki was scorched and stained by smoke. Out of a grimy face his eyes sparkled brilliantly.

"Where have you been, John?" asked Agatha.

"Helping up at the Hall."

"Helping?" repeated Lady Selina.

"I did what a one-armed man could, my lady."

"Of course you did," said Agatha. "No one who knows you," she added defiantly, "would question that."

Lady Selina, bent upon conducting the inquiry in her own way, said sharply:

"Where were you, Sergeant, when the fire broke out?"

"I was in the park."

"In my park—but why?"

"There is a right of way through the park, my lady."

"True. Now, Nicodemus, speak up, speak the whole truth! Did you or did you not hear Sergeant Exton and Agatha say that my village ought to be burnt?"

The Ancient, never forgetting doles, piped up valiantly:

"I heard 'un, my lady; I heard more, too."

"I did say that a score of cottages ought to be burnt, including Timothy Farleigh's. And what of it? It's true. Let the whole

truth come out. Nicodemus Burble heard more. What? I'll tell you. He heard Timothy Farleigh, a man crazy from misery, say that the Hall ought to be burnt first."

The crowd, inarticulate with astonishment, buzzed like a swarm of bees. Grimshaw, thinking first of his patient, anxious to keep her quiet, suggested an immediate withdrawal to the Vicarage.

"Not yet," replied Lady Selina firmly. Perhaps she was conscious of latent sympathy from her people. In a very few she may have divined hostility. She addressed the parson.

"You know, Mr. Goodrich, what was said by Sergeant Exton when I had to give his father notice to leave his farm?"

"I grieve to say I do," answered Goodrich.

"Agatha Farleigh, here, whom Sergeant Exton is going to marry, lays the death of the two Farleigh children at my door. And now my house is burnt."

She betrayed no excitement, no animosity. Slowly she held up the match-box.

"Is this yours?"

John stared at it.

Lady Selina continued impassively:

"It was picked up near the garage. An hour ago it was in your possession."

"It was," John admitted. "But I haven't been near the garage."

Goodrich said impatiently:

"All this is irregular. At the same time, matters having gone so far, I will take it upon myself to ask you a question, Sergeant: Will you tell us exactly where you happened to be when the fire broke out?"

"I happened to be near the house."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

The villagers were tremendously impressed. Of all now present, and many others had sauntered up, possibly Exton and Lady Selina alone remained self-possessed. Agatha said emotionally:

"Miss Cicely—you—you don't accuse my John? You—can't!"

A sob broke from her. As Cicely, on the edge of tears, did not answer quickly, Agatha turned impetuously to Grimshaw.

"I appeal to you, Mr. Grimshaw."

Lady Selina nodded majestically:

"I shall be glad to hear what you think, Mr. Grimshaw,"

"I think, Lady Selina, that John Exton is innocent of this charge."

"Thank you, sir," said John.

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"Is that thought," said Goodrich, "grounded on some evidence not yet forthcoming?"

Grimshaw replied quietly: "You see, I know the man. Does not character weigh with you, Mr. Goodrich?"

"Of course."

Lady Selina, looking earnestly at Grimshaw, continued:

"But, unhappily, this young man's character as—an agitator, as a stirrer-up of strife, is against him."

"To my knowledge," Grimshaw replied firmly, "he has been a good son and a good soldier. Doesn't that appeal to you, Lady Selina?"

"It does. You say, Mr. Grimshaw, that you know Sergeant Exton. Has he, in talk with you, ever shown any personal animus against me?"

Grimshaw betrayed his uneasiness, conscious once again that his hand was being forced by Fate, that, against his own convictions and principles, he was constrained to take, seemingly, the side of Authority. He hesitated, and then answered quickly:

"Well, yes; he has, but—"

John Exton cut him short.

"I'm not ashamed of what I said. I told Doctor Grimshaw, my lady, that I wanted to see you—downed."

"Ah."

The fact that she made no comment strengthened her case enormously in the eyes and ears of those who might still be counted loyal subjects. On the other hand, John's handsome admission, his frank countenance, his soldierly deportment made a profound impression. Cecily, torn in two, exclaimed vehemently:

"It's incredible! You, a brave man, a soldier of the King, actually wanted to down a woman!"

Lady Selina, with uplifted hand, imposed silence. Goodrich delivered his verdict:

"I am grieved—grieved. Where is the constable, George Ball?"

"Here, sir."

George stepped forward, saluting smartly. He had just arrived, afoot, rather out of breath, but sensible of his own importance, and quite sure that arson had been achieved. Goodrich addressed him magisterially:

"If a constable has reasonable ground for suspecting that a felony has been committed, he can arrest the person so suspected without a warrant."

Agatha interposed hotly:

"The grounds are unreasonable."

"Are they, Mr. Grimshaw?"

Lady Selina's smooth, soft voice silenced the murmuring crowd. Breathlessly Grimshaw's answer was awaited. He replied promptly:

"Not altogether."

"Thank you."

For the second time, using him as a sort of court of final appeal, she had triumphed, and triumph informed her tones. She continued, as quietly as before:

"I put it to you, as an impartial observer, as a comparative stranger to this village and its ways, is it unreasonable to give this man into custody pending a proper inquiry?"

"Perhaps not."

The crowd buzzed with excitement. It was impossible to interpret that buzzing. Grimshaw continued professionally:

"As your medical attendant, Lady Selina, I must insist upon dressing your arm at once. I will go to Dr. Pawley's dispensary to fetch what is necessary, and rejoin you at the Vicarage."

He bowed and went his way. Lady Selina stood up, surveying her people.

"Quite obviously, Mr. Grimshaw gave an honest opinion against a kindly wish to help an old acquaintance."

George Ball, knowing instinctively the temper of the villagers, and divining trouble, said tentatively:

"Be I to take John Exton into custody, my lady?"

"Yes."

"I be only parish constable, my lady, and if I exceeds my dooty I be liable to lose my job."

"I will assume all responsibility," the Lady of the Manor assured him. Thus fortified, Ball turned to John.

"I be bound to ax you to come along wi' me."

Sergeant Exton answered cheerfully:

"That's all right, George. You can't help yourself. Aggie, dear—"

She flung herself into his embrace:

"You didn't do it, Johnnie! You didn't do it!"

"Bless your heart! I didn't."

"It's begun to rain again," said Cicely.

She took her mother's arm. Lady Selina nodded, too tired to speak. In silence, followed by the parson, mother and daughter passed through the gaping villagers.

(End of Chapter Ten)

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

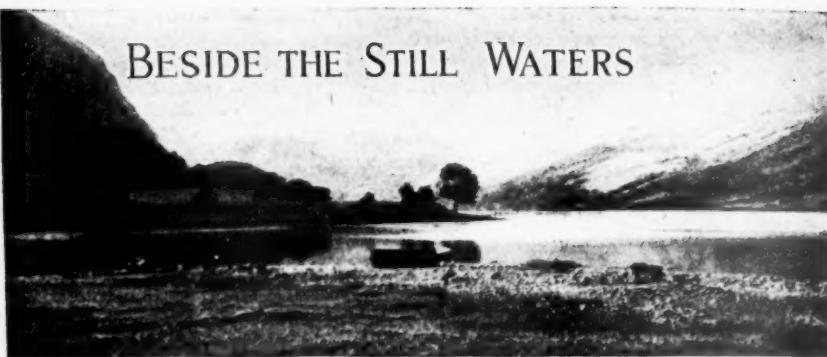


Photo: H. J. Todd, California

Be True !

DOES shadow cloud thy sky with care ?
Press towards that pure, diviner air
Brave spirits breathe who sternly dare
Be true !

*Fight on ! Beyond the stars the light,
Surpassing day, shall cheer thy sight,
If thou but thro' this stormy night
Be true !*

*O Soul, count not thy treasure dear—
Lose gold—aye, life ! But persevere
And bathe in that high atmosphere—
Be true !*

ERNEST NEAL LYON.



A MAN'S worst enemy is his selfishness. It narrows and poisons his existence, and transforms him into a slave of himself. Hateful selfishness is like a narrow, unhealthy cage where all our being languishes. Love is the free, vast horizon where the soul can spread its wings.—CHARLES WAGNER.



THIS fulfilment of duty is so necessary to our good that even sorrows and death, which seem to be our most immediate evils, are accepted with joy by him who generously suffers and dies with the desire of helping others, and of conforming himself to the blessed commandments of God.—PELLICO.



Toughened in Life's Storm

SOMEONE tells of a noted violin maker who always went into the forests himself and chose his violin woods from the north side of the tree. Is not this a precious suggestion to those living in the north rooms of the school of experience, working

out the problems of faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity ?

Therefore, be of good cheer, beloved ! The work of the world is being done by those toughened in the storms of life. God knows where His choice bits of timber grow.



A Daily Resolve

I WILL this day try to live a simple, sincere, and serene life ; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking ; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence ; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity in every trust, and a childlike trust in God.—J. H. VINCENT.



In the Cathedral of Pisa

A BEAUTIFUL incident is told by a traveller of his visit to the cathedral of Pisa. He stood beneath its wonderful dome, spacious and symmetrical, and gazed with awe upon its beauties. Suddenly the air became instinct with melody. The great dome seemed full of harmony. The waves of music vibrated to and fro, loudly beating against the walls, swelling into full chords like the roll of a great organ, and then dying away into soft, long-drawn, far-reaching echoes, melting to silence in the distance. It was only the guide who, lingering behind a moment, had softly murmured a triple chord. But beneath that magic dome every sound resolves into harmony. Every voice in the building, the slamming of seats, the tramping of feet, the murmur and bustle of the crowd, are caught up, softened, harmonised, blended, and echoed back in music.



The American Tangle

THE average Briton has been a little hurt, and a great deal mystified, at the attitude of the United States since the war. No one was surprised at the reluctance of America to come in the war: we, similarly, hesitated before committing ourselves in those far-off days of July, 1914. But at last America was drawn into the struggle, and, once committed, she showed herself very much in earnest. A study of American papers and magazines during the latter part of the war revealed an enthusiasm and intensity surpassing even our 1914 fever. We all know of America's contribution to the ending of the war: but apart from her actual gift of men and material, she imparted to the struggle a moral uplift that came as a freshening breeze on a stifling day. She stood for disinterested world championship, the rights of small nations, and the reign of law and justice. At the urgent insistence of her President, the League of Nations idea was incorporated into the Treaty of Peace itself—and then America refused to ratify the Treaty.



An Onlooker's View

I have been reading with much interest a volume called "America at Home," written by our old friend Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith). Mrs. Smith went out to the States during, and after, the war, at the request of the British Government, to bring home to the people of America the urgent need of food conservation to help starving Europe. During a period of seven months she was afforded unique facilities for getting to know the American people, and in this volume she records her impressions. The book is a particularly

interesting one at the present juncture and throws light on the perplexities of the American situation.



The Reaction

Mrs. Smith tells us of the reaction in sentiment after the war:

"The feeling for Great Britain was very fine and warm on the occasion of my first visit to the States early in 1918, but when I returned after the signing of the armistice there was a distinct fall in the barometer. There was a reaction, of which was born a coolness, a new, subtle hostility which one could sense everywhere.

"In all classes, but more especially among the splendid ranks of the war women who had thrown themselves so wholeheartedly into service, there was a keen disappointment that the war had ended before the country had opportunity to prove her full strength and nobility of purpose.

"There was also in some quarters a great reaction against any further participation in European affairs. I found that feeling strong in many places. A typical example may be cited. One day travelling between Chicago and Cleveland, I had some conversation with a business man in the dining-car over our evening meal. He was a typical Westerner, keen, vivid, rather picturesque in diction, and very charming.

"'We did our bit while we were in it, but we're glad to get through with it now,' he said. 'Yes, ma'm, it's over, and we don't want much more talk about it. What we want is to get back to the normal again. The war held up everything, and we've got to get busy now over our own domestic problems.'

"'But you can still spare a little time, I hope, for world problems?'

"He shook a quite emphatic head.

THE QUIVER

"No, ma'm, what has Europe ever done for us?"

"Cradled you," I murmured. "And however hard we try we never get quite away from the pull of the apron string."

"Oh, that's mere sentiment. America for the Americans, I say! That's the proper sentiment we want to cultivate now. We need all our strength and time for the development of our own resources, and the settling of our own private affairs."

"I leaned across the table and said quietly:

"It sounds all right, my friend, but it just can't be done. You're in it now for all time. You've come out, put your hand to the plough, and you can't turn back. You're a world power, perhaps destined to be the greatest of the future."

"Oh, that's all right, ma'm; we don't doubt it, but we can become a world power without getting messed up with European politics."

"It was a curious, almost insular, view to which he held with singular tenacity.

"But a world power has got to deal with world affairs. It can't exist as a world power otherwise. Then there's another proposition. Why do you suppose you have escaped the intimate horror of war, slept in peace and safety in your beds, without having your houses bombed and your cities laid waste? And you've lost only comparatively few of your splendid boys! You're not exhausted, your resources have hardly been tapped, and you've got to carry on and shoulder your full share now. We're tired over there, how tired I never knew till I came here and felt the pulse of your strength."

"His face was a study, but he took it well.

"You can't keep back the rising tide, friend, nor yet retard the march of destiny. You've got the most glorious and wonderful country in the world. You've got to live up to it, and not be a race of pygmies."

A Land of Contradictions

America is a land of strong contradictions, and Mrs. Smith, in her quiet, sensible fashion, brings us up against the hardness and softness of the Yankee character. She shows how, amidst all the shrewdness and keenness of the American business man, there is a strong vein of sentiment. She

tells us that a spiritual appeal never fails to touch an American audience, and that it is no uncommon sight over there to see a body of hard-headed business men moved to tears by a simple appeal. Indeed she found that the "coldness" of the British temperament repels the Americans. She repeats the remark to an American soldier whom she met on the deck of a troopship making for the States:

"The Englishman may be a very good chap, as you say, but I've no use for him. Why should I, or any other fellow, waste good time digging him out of his hole? Let him come out and show himself a white man, and he'll find us the same. I've no use for a chap who says 'no' when he means 'yes,' and can hop along without even a bit of a smile."



How Others See Us

It is curious how we strike other people, isn't it? It would be all for the good if more people of the stamp of Annie S. Swan could carry on quiet missions of enlightenment—and that we too should shed a little of our proverbial reserve and show some of the heart that is within us.

This is no mere academic question, for, mark you well, the future peace of the world and, incidentally, the security of your little home and mine, rests on the good understanding and co-operation of the United States and the British Commonwealth. If ever they should quarrel we can say "good-bye" to civilisation as we know it at present. *

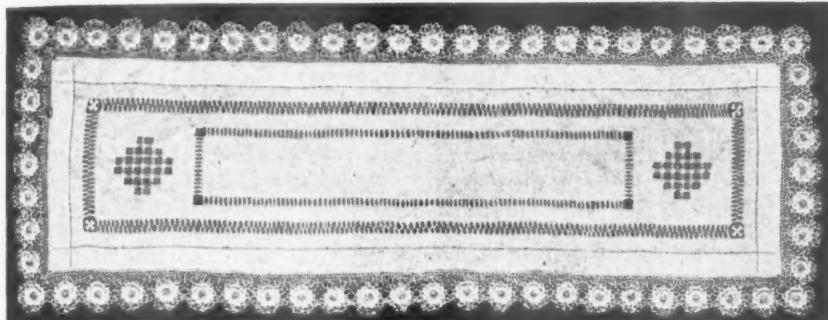


The Coming Power

We have, as a nation, lived longer than the Americans, and history has taught us some well-needed lessons: we have learnt at painful cost that you can't solve difficulties—even international ones—by shirking them: also that "minding your own business" at home will not prevent bombs exploding in your back garden. America is bound to learn sooner or later that the responsibilities of power and place cannot be ignored. We are living in a world of strife and agony, not in a society of philosophers, and the world henceforth is too small for splendid isolations.

The Editor

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION



The Long Slip belonging to the Duchesse Set

The "Rose" Bedroom Set

*Carried Out in Crochet
By
Ellen T. Masters*

EVERYBODY has a soft spot in her heart for roses in decoration, whether they be painted, embroidered, made in silks or ribbons, or worked in crochet. In crochet the blossoms can be carried out in various ways with excellent results. The raised petals are particularly effective and the flowers lend themselves to mounting upon almost any kind of background or network of crochet.

Duchesse Set with Rose Borders

(THE SLIP)

ABBREVIATIONS.—These apply to all the patterns belonging to this bedroom set, so they will not be repeated. Ss., slip-stitch; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dtr., double treble; ttr., triple treble; pt., picot; lp., loop; pr., pair; grp., group.

The long slip and the mats belonging to this set are edged with a rose-pattern lace that is alike in general style, yet differently made in each item.

For a medium effect, neither coarse nor fine, it is as well to use Peri-Lusta Crochet thread, No. 50, and a steel hook to correspond.

For the LACE to trim the slip, make the

roses first as follows: 6 ch., join into a ring.

1st round.—6 ch. (the first three are to serve as one tr.), 1 tr. in the ring, * 3 ch., 1 tr. into the ring; repeat five times from *, then 3 ch., 1 ss. into the third of the first six ch.

2nd round.—Into every loop of ch. work 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c.

3rd round.—1 d.c. at the base of the d.c. of the last round, working at the back of the preceding stitches, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. at the base of the next d.c. as before; repeat from * all round. Always keep the loops of ch. behind the petals of preceding rounds.

4th round.—Into every loop of ch. work 1 d.c., 7 tr., 1 d.c.

5th round.—Like the 3rd round, but with 7 ch. between the petals.

6th round.—Like the 4th round, but with 9 tr. instead of seven for the petals.

7th round.—Work ss. into the first d.c. of the 6th round, then ss. up to the third tr. of the first petal, * 7 ch., 1 ss. into the third of these ch., 10 ch., 1 ss. into the fifth; 2 ch., miss three tr., 1 d.c. into the next tr.

THE QUIVER

of the same petal, 7 ch., 1 ss. into the third of the seven ch., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the third tr. of the next petal; repeat from * all round and finish with 1 ss. into the first ss. of this round. Fasten off and run in the end. The end in the centre can easily be worked over and then cut off.

To **LINK** the roses, catch the third ch. of each of two loops of 10 ch. in their turn to the corresponding place in another rose, then work 7 ch., 1 ss. into the second of these ch., 2 ch., and continue as usual. For a straight lace, the roses should be joined by two loops along two opposite edges, this leaving two large free loops along each margin.

When the corner is reached, join the first rose of the second side of the slip so that no large free loops are left between the two

pts., 3 ch., 1 dtr. into the next pt., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the same loop, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the last pt. of the rose, and 1 dtr. into the first pt. of the next rose, work the last loops of these dtr. off together, then work 3 ch. and repeat from *.

In the **ANGLE**; after the pair of dtr. between two roses, work 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. into the single pt. of the corner rose. Continue as usual, making another pr. of dtr. as usual to connect the corner rose with the next. Work as before along the next side of slip.

2nd round.—Begin * in the lp. of 3 ch. between 2 dtr. that were worked into the first single pt., make 1 dtr. in that lp., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the next loop, 3 ch. and 1 tr. in the next lp. five times, 3 ch., 1 dtr. into the next lp., 3 ch., 1 dtr. into the next lp., 3 ch., 1 pr. of dtr. over the pr. of the last round, 3 ch.; repeat from *.

In the **ANGLE**; after working a pr. of dtr. over the last pr. of dtr. of the preceding round, miss the three ch. lps. and the tr. in the corner and begin the next side of the border with another pr. of dtr.

3rd round.—1 tr., followed by 3 ch., into each lp. of ch.

In the **ANGLE**; 1 tr. into the lp. before the group of 4 dtr. of the preceding round, 1 tr. into the lp. after this group, 3 ch., and continue with 1 tr. and 3 ch. as usual.

4th round.—3 tr. into each loop of three ch. In the **ANGLE**; miss 2 lps. of 3 ch.

This completes the inner edge.

For the **OUTER EDGE**: * Join into the pt. of the first single-pt. lp. of a rose with a d.c., 7 ch., 1 ss., 8 ch., 1 ss. into the fifth ch. from the hook, leaving 3 free ch. between the pts., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop between the two pts., 7 ch., 1 ss., 8 ch., 1 ss., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the pt. of the next single-pt. lp., 7 ch., 1 ss., 8 ch., 1 ss., 2 ch., 1 d.c. between the two pts. of the next lp., 7 ch., 1 ss., 8 ch., 1 ss., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the



The Large Toilet Mat

pairs with which the first row ended. This will leave four large pt. loops free round the corner at the outside edge.

To finish the **INNER EDGE** of the lace, work four rounds as follows after the first and last rose have been linked:

1st round.—Begin * in the first single pt. loop of a rose, 1 dtr. in the pt. itself, 3 ch., 1 dtr. into the same pt., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. between the pts. of the next loop, 3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch. and 1 dtr. into the pt. of the next single-pt. loop, 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. into the next loop between the

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION



The Two Smaller Mats edged with—

single pt. of the next lp., thus making 4 lps. each of 2 pfs., then 7 ch., 1 ss., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the last loop of rose just before it is linked, 7 ch., 1 ss., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the first pt. of the next rose after the join, 7 ch., 1 ss., 2 ch., repeat from *.

Large Toilet Mat

The lace for the toilet mats should be worked with the same sort of thread as that employed for the slip.

As usual, make the roses first, beginning with a ring of 6 ch.

The first three rounds of every rose required for this toilet set are worked in the same way and it is therefore necessary to refer to the instructions given for the edging of the Duchesse slip.

4th round.—Into every ch. loop of the preceding round, work 1 d.c., 2 tr., 3 dtr., 2 tr., 1 d.c., finishing as usual with 1 ss. into the first d.c.

5th round.—Ss. up to the first dtr. of the next petal, * 9 ch., 1 d.c. into the top of the last dtr., 1 pt. (that is, 7 ch., 1 ss. into the second of these ch.), 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the first dtr. of the next petal; repeat from * all round, finishing with 1 ss.

into the first ss. of the round. In this round the roses must be linked when making the loops of 9 ch. Two loops of one flower must be joined to two loops of the next so that there are two free loops of nine chain left between each pair of joins. The diamond-shaped opening between each join will be filled in with a picot loop belonging to each rose.

Now work the OUTER EDGE, or FOOT of the lace, thus: 1 d.c. into the ch. lp. of a rose that is joined to the next rose, * 7 ch., 1 ss. into the second ch. (to make a pt.), 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the next pt. of rose, repeat from * four times, the last d.c. being in the ch. loop of the same rose just before the join. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

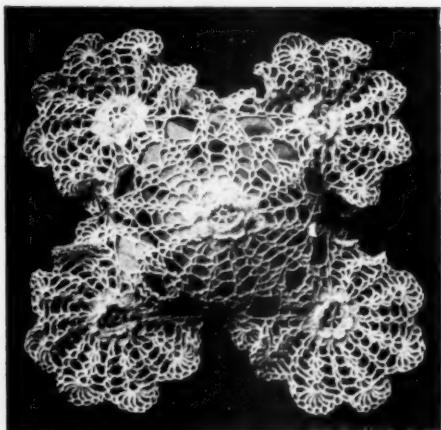
For the INNER EDGE, or HEAD of the lace:

1st round.—Begin in the ch. just after the first free pt. of a rose; 1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into the next lp., 7 ch., 1 d.c. in the ch. lp. after the next pt., 5 ch., 1 dtr. into the ch. before the next pt., 5 ch., 1 tr. into the next ch. lp. before the linking, 1 tr. into the next ch. lp. after the join, work the last two loops of these tr. off



—the Single Rose Crochet Pattern

THE QUIVER



The "Rose" Pincushion

together, 5 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the round.

In the ANGLE; after the 2 ttr. that were worked off together between the last and the corner rose, make 3 ch., 1 ttr. into the ch. lp. before the join and 1 ttr. into the ch. lp. after the join, 5 ch., then continue from the beginning of the round to the next angle.

2nd round.—1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. into every lp. of five ch., then 2 ch. In the lp. of seven ch. in the centre of the edge of the roses, work 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., then 2 ch. and continue as usual.

In the ANGLE; omit the ch. above the three ch. that, in the preceding round, were made between two pairs of connected ttr.

3rd round.—Work 2 ch. and 1 tr. alternately, the tr. being placed between those of the preceding round.

In the ANGLE; miss four tr. and omit the ch. between the tr.

4th round.—2 tr. into every space made by 2 ch. in the preceding round.

In the ANGLE; miss four tr.

This round completes the head of the lace.

For the OUTER EDGE: Begin with 1 d.c. into the ch. lp. of a rose where it is joined to the next rose, * 7 ch., 1 ss. into the second ch. (to make a picot), 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the next pt. of the rose; repeat from * four times, the last d.c. being worked into the ch. lp. of the same rose just before the join. Repeat from the beginning of the round.

Small Toilet Mat

The two small mats do not offer much scope for decoration, being only about six inches across. For this reason single roses have been employed for the very dainty little edging round our sample mat. The thread and hook should be the same as for the slip and the larger d'oyley.

Begin as usual with the roses, working exactly as for the first round of all the flowers.

2nd round.—Into every lp. of ch. work 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c.

3rd round.—Ss. to the second tr. of the first petal, * 9 ch., 1 d.c. into the fourth tr. of the same petal, make a pt. of 7 ch. and 1 ss. into the third ch., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the second tr. of the next petal; repeat from * and finish the round with 1 ss. into the first ss. This completes the foot of the lace.

For the TOP OR INNER EDGE:

1st round.—* 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. into the first free lp. of a rose after the first pt.lp., 4 ch., miss the next pt. lp., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr. into the next free lp. of the same rose, 4 ch., 1 dtr. in the lp. before the join and after the last pt. lp. of rose; and 1 dtr. in the lp. of the next rose after the link and before the first pt. lp.; work the last two lps. of these dtr. off together; 4 ch., and repeat from * at the beginning of the round.

In the ANGLE; miss the last pt. lp. of a rose and work 2 dtr. as usual in the lps. that link the roses, then 2 ch., 1 dtr. in the lp. after the next pt. lp. and 1 dtr. into the first lp. before a pt. lp. of the next rose, working the two last lps. of the dtr. off together as usual, 4 ch.; and repeat from * in the first or straight part of the edge.

2nd round.—1 tr. into each ch. loop, with 2 ch. after each.

In the ANGLE; 1 tr. into the lp. before the 4 dtr., 1 tr. into the lp. after the 4 dtr., omitting the ch. between tr. Continue the straight part of the edge as before till the next angle is reached.

Rose Border for Towel

The border for the towel need only be placed along one edge, as it is required more for ornament than for real comfort. Such a towel is generally employed for

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

throwing over those in actual use and so preventing that untidy look in the room that used towels are apt to produce. The border in the illustration was made with Ardern's cotton, No. 24, but a coarser size may be employed if preferred.

Begin with a ring of 6 ch. and work two rounds of petals exactly as in the roses made for the Duchesse slip.

5th round.—Ss. up to the tr. after the first d.c. of the first petal, * 7 ch., 1 d.c. into the tr. before the last d.c. of the same petal, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into the tr. after the first d.c. of the next petal; repeat from * all round, finishing with 1 ss. into the first ss. of the round.

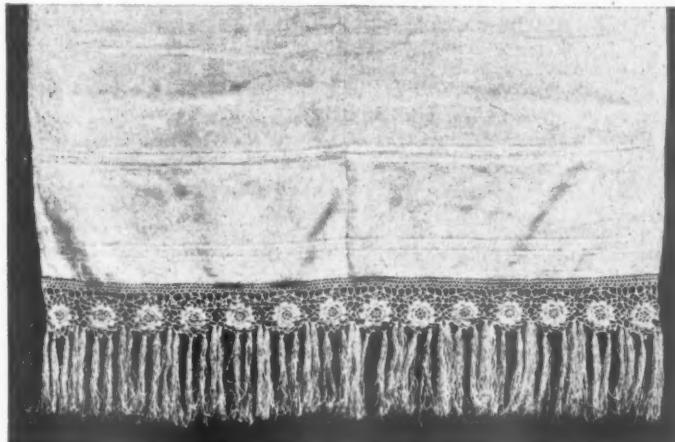
6th round.—Ss. up into the centre of the first loop, * 11 ch., 1 d.c. into the next loop, 8 ch., 1 pt. (that is, 1 ss. into the third of the eight ch.), 2 ch., 1 d.c. into the middle of the next loop; repeat from * all round, finishing as before with ss. into the first ss. of the round. Link two of the loops of 11 ch. into the fifth ch. to corresponding places in two loops of the previously made roses. Continue thus till there are roses enough to set along the margin of the towel, allowing for some slight drawing in while being sewn on.

For the EDGE: Begin in the third pt. before the place at which two roses join, * 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into the next pt., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in the next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch. and 1 d.c. in the next pt., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in the next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in the same loop, 5 ch. and 1 d.c., 5 ch. and 1 d.c. in the next pt., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in the last lp. of rose, 1 d.c. in the first loop of the next rose, 5 ch.; repeat from *, finishing in the third pt. of the last rose.

2nd row.—1 tr. in the first pt., 5 ch., 1 dtr. into the next pt., * 5 ch., 1 tr. in the

next lp., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into the next lp., 5 ch., 1 tr. in the next lp., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the next lp., 5 ch., 1 tr., the last two lps. left unworked in the last ch. lp. of the rose and 1 tr., the last two lps. worked off together in the first ch. lp. of the next rose, 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the next pt., 1 dtr. in the first pt. of the next rose; repeat from * all along. Finish the row with 1 tr., thus making a straight edge to correspond with the beginning.

3rd row.—Turn with 5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and



The "Rose" Border for Towel—another Item of the Set

1 tr. into the first lp. of last row, * 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into the next lp.; repeat from * all along, finishing with 2 tr. as usual into the last lp., then 2 ch., 1 dtr. at the end.

4th row.—6 ch., 1 tr. into the first loop, then * 2 ch., 1 tr. into the next loop; repeat from * all along, finishing with 1 dtr. to straighten the end.

5th row.—Like the 4th row.
This finishes the crochet.

For the FRINGE, cut a number of strands of cotton, about eight to nine inches long. The thread can be wound round a four or four-and-a-half inch wide piece of wood or card. Allow six strands of cotton for each tassel of the fringe. Knot these folded in half into every chain loop along the lower margin of the roses. The picots are not used but set naturally between the strands.

THE QUIVER

There should be four groups to each rose. Cut the ends as even as possible after having pulled every knot up tightly.

Fancy Top for Pincushion

By way of foundation a useful square pincushion should be made, stuffed with bran or sawdust, and covered with bright rose-coloured sateen, satin, or almost any material of this shade.

The crochet should be worked with Peri-Lusta Crochet thread, No. 50, which gives a crisp look to the pattern.

For the centre rose, make a ring of 6 ch.

1st round.—6 ch., 1 tr. into the ring, 3 ch. and 1 tr. six times more into the ring, 3 ch., 1 ss. into the third of the first six chain, thus making 8 spaces in all.

2nd round.—1 d.c., 1 tr., 3 dtr., 1 tr., 1 d.c. into the first lp. of 3 ch., 1 ch. and repeat from the beginning of the round. Finish this and every other round with 1 ss. into the first d.c. or other stitch.

3rd round.—4 ch., 1 d.c. into the 1 ch. between the groups; keep the ch. loops behind the petals as usual.

4th round.—1 d.c., 1 tr., 5 dtr., 1 tr., 1 d.c. into each ch. lp., 1 ch. between the petals.

5th round.—Like the 3rd round, but with 5 ch. in each lp.

6th round.—Like the 4th round, but with 7 dtr. in each petal.

7th round.—* Between two petals work in the d.c., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr.; then, in the centre dtr. of the next petal, work 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr., 3 ch.; repeat from *.

8th round.—* In the three ch. between the dtr., work 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr., then 3 ch. In the loop over the middle of the petal work a group, to consist of 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr., then 3 ch.; repeat from *.

9th and 10th rounds.—Like the 8th round, putting the groups in the middle of the groups of the preceding round.

11th round.—Like the 8th round, but with four ch. before and after each grp.

12th round.—Like the 8th round, but with 5 ch. before and after each grp.

13th round.—1 grp. between 2 tr., 5 ch., 1 d.c. catching in the two ch. lps. just below, 5 ch., 1 grp. in the middle of the next grp., 5 ch., 1 d.c. over two loops as before, 5 ch. and repeat from the beginning of the round. Finish the round as usual with 1 ss. and

leave this part of the work for the present. Take another ball of cotton and make the four smaller roses for the corners.

For each of these flowers work exactly as for the middle rose just described as far as the end of the 4th round. Omit the 5th and 6th rounds, and crochet the 7th round also as described, then the 8th round, but when making the first grp. work 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch. into the ch. lp., catch into the middle ch. lp. of a grp. over a petal of the centre rose, 1 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into lp. on corner rose, thus finishing a grp. there, work 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. between the next two dtr. of the corner rose, 3 ch., 1 grp. in the corner rose, linking it with the next grp. of middle rose as before, finish the 8th round as described for the 6th round of the first rose, finish with 1 ss. and fasten off.

Make the other three roses for the corners and join them on to the middle in the same way. Attach each corner rose by 2 grps. to 2 grps. of the middle rose and leave two grps. of this middle rose free between each of these links. The thread left hanging when making the last of the middle rose should be in the grp. that comes just before a grp. that is joined to a corner rose.

When all five roses have been linked continue from the middle lp. of the grp. on centre rose where the thread is hanging.

1st round of the edge.—* 3 ch., 1 tr. into the nearest free lp. (between 2 tr.) of the corner rose, 3 ch., 1 tr. into the same lp.; round the rose put grps. and single lps. of 3 ch. alternately in the grps. and single lps., using ordinary tr. After the last grp. work 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into the last single lp. of corner rose, 3 ch., 1 grp. into the middle of the next free grp. of the centre rose, 9 ch., 1 grp. in the middle of the second free grp. of the centre rose and repeat from *, finishing with a grp.

2nd round of edge.—3 ch., 1 grp. and 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. all round, putting a single lp. (1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr.) into one lp. of nine ch. of last round.

3rd round.—1 d.c. into the single lp., 2 ch., 1 dtr. followed by 2 ch. seven times in the middle of grp., and an eighth dtr. also in the same grp., 2 ch.; repeat from beginning of the round.

4th round.—1 d.c. into each ch. lp. and 4 ch. after each d.c. Finish the round with 4 ch., and 1 ss. as usual.

Mr. Binney's Bed

A Lodger's Story
By
Agnes Mary Brownell

CHANCE is represented as a fickle jade; but if Miss Henrietta Mellinger remotely dreamed, when she opened the front door on that winter's afternoon, that she opened to Fate in the guise of a chance inquirer after rooms, she must have thought the mask a capital one.

For Mr. Binney, whose ring had summoned her, although of slight, or as some might have said, effeminate, build, was neither jaded nor fickle. He was a shoe salesman, and he had come in response to an advertisement which had appeared in the morning's paper: "Large, comfortable, airy sleeping apartment. Single gentleman preferred."

Mr. Binney wanted such an apartment, and he was single. He had looked at the number of the house and compared it with the number in the advertisement. They tallied. A short ascent, a ring, a step—and Mr. Binney and his future landlady stood face to face.

Mr. Binney perceived, in that inner, unconscious working of the mind-made second nature by his profession, that she was approximately a 5 D, with the strong, well-knit, and sufficiently ample proportions that the size warranted. If he had observed her face he would have found it to be an open and pleasant one. Mr. Binney's first words were businesslike and to the point:

"I've come to see the room you are advertising."

Miss Mellinger's were even more concise: "This way, please."

"This way" was up a staircase and round a bend of the upper hall. Having turned to ascertain that Mr. Binney was following, for the stairs were thickly padded, and Mr. Binney wore light and soundless shoes, his conductress deftly turned a large white glistening china knob like a slightly flattened snowball, and with a certain ceremony pushed the door inward.

Mr. Binney entered and gazed upon the room from its centre, his glance travelling slowly the length of its four walls; they were neatly papered in stripes, and set

against them, in the usual relative positions, were the usual articles of furniture in a room of this description.

Then Mr. Binney made his second observation: "I am most particular about my bed," and went on to particularise. It appeared that Mr. Binney's bed (its head preferably against a north wall) must be dressed with blankets instead of the customary sheets, on account of a rheumatic affection to which he was subject. The location of the bed must be such as to militate against draughts, while at the same time permitting a free circulation of air; and the bed itself must be provided with its full quota of castors, with springs in good working order, and with a mattress and coverings of adequate thickness to ensure comfort. A long succession of lodging-house beds had rendered Mr. Binney an expert in this line.

Remarkable as it may seem, Mr. Binney appeared at last to have encountered the very bed of his dreams. Mr. Binney's conditions and the bed tallied to the last castor. In the ensuing transaction the bed, to all intents and purposes, became Mr. Binney's; and he went away to look for someone to convey his possessions (already packed against the contingency) from his late lodgings.

Meanwhile Mr. Binney's bed was subjected to a most rigorous procedure. It had not been made up, but had rather existed, as a hygienic measure, in a sort of skeleton state, its blameless mattress, in a stout protection of unbleached muslin, covered with a pall of white Marseilles. The makings of the bed, the required blankets and other coverings, lay neatly folded, cover super-imposed upon cover, upon the cupboard shelves.

Miss Mellinger took down these coverings, resembling in design monstrous tapestries, plumped up the pillows, which she inserted into fresh cases, removing the grand day bolster, filled the water-jug, hung towels, and after a decent interval to allow for the proper airing and warming of the bed tapestries, began rear-

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ing upon its blanket foundation the superstructure that was to be Mr. Binney's bed.

Hardly was the last pillow in place when Mr. Binney's trunk, accompanied by its owner and the carrier's man, came bumping up the stairs. It was a mammoth trunk which, at a pinch, could itself have served as a bed for Mr. Binney. The carman gazed in an accession of respect upon his patron, observing thus in epitome, acquisitive abilities of a high order, pocketed his half-crown and withdrew. Mr. Binney and the cupboard confronted each other. "I think I'll proceed now," said Mr. Binney with horrid relish, "to hang some things."

"If there should be anything needed," said Miss Mellinger, "you'll find mother and me downstairs."

"I think that will be all," replied Mr. Binney magnanimously.

Mr. Binney looked very young for his years, and Miss Mellinger was old before her time. She had been for years saleswoman in a department store, till her mother had her stroke. Then she gave up her position and moved downstairs, the better to care for the invalid. It was her old room that Mr. Binney had.

The Mellingers had had no previous experience of renting rooms. But observing from a critical survey of the advertisements of such accommodation, that single gentlemen were commonly preferred, they had accordingly catered to the popular prejudice. The satisfaction in the outcome proved to be mutual. Miss Mellinger thought Mr. Binney a pleasant-spoken, pleasant-mannered and appreciative young man; and Mr. Binney never thought of Miss Mellinger at all, but continued to hold his bed in the highest esteem.

Sometimes he met his landlady in the lower hall, when he would be entering just at dusk and she would be lighting the gas. At other times, in the mornings, when he would be setting off to breakfast, she would be taking in the milk. On such occasions what more natural than for her to ask: "I hope you slept well last night?"

To which he invariably replied: "Very well, thank you. And you?"

Miss Mellinger's reply depended. Sometimes it was: "Mother and I passed a fairly good night, thank you." At others: "Mother and I found our rest slightly disturbed last night, I'm sorry to say."

The senior member of this domestic partnership Mr. Binney found to be a cheery

old body with palsied hands which prevented her accomplishing the old-time tasks. She was tiny, bowed and shrunken; and Mr. Binney mentally classified her as 4 AA.

Every Wednesday (if climatic conditions were favourable) Mr. Binney's bedding took the air. That is to say, the blankets and other coverlets were hung upon a clothesline in the back-yard like a row of peculiarly floral rugs. There was one checkerboard in particular—a rich red and black plaid; others in plaid gingham effects of blue and white and pink and white; and an eiderdown sewn up in rose and gourd and pond-lily and poppy designs of silkaline. Mr. Binney's bed approached perilously near to being a flower-bed.

One Sunday, about six weeks after Mr. Binney had answered the advertisement, the Mellingers failed to hear him come downstairs at his usual Sunday morning hour, which was an hour later than on weekdays.

Henrietta and her mother both referred to it when eight o'clock passed without his step on the landing above; at a quarter past, both were in an acute listening state; at half-past, they had decided he must have over-slept; at a quarter to nine, Henrietta said she knew something must be wrong, and at nine she went up.

She rapped—a discreet, spinsterish rap, and inquired through the panel: "Is anything the matter, Mr. Binney? Mother and I—"

A voice—but very unlike Mr. Binney's—cut her off.

"That you, Miss Mellinger?—you can come in."

That voice held a note of the tragic. Henrietta hesitated. Mr. Binney's voice sounded as if he might be in the trunk, or in the cupboard—or even in the bed! She recalled harrowing stories of lodgers who had made away with themselves. What if it were Mr. Binney's disembodied spirit?

Mr. Binney's voice, a trifle sharper, pierced the panel: "Either come in or go away!"

Henrietta chose the former alternative. She was relieved to find Mr. Binney in neither of the three receptacles she had envisaged. He was hunched up in a rocker over the gas fire; instead of his usual careful Sunday attire, he had on a sort of bulging dressing-gown, and his hair and his features and, in fact, his every line, expressed a sort of grievous disarray.

MR. BINNEY'S BED



"**You're sick, Mr. Binney !**"
exclaimed Henrietta"

*Drawn by
H. M. Brock*

"**You're sick, Mr. Binney !**" exclaimed Henrietta. "You're not fit to be up. Do go back to bed and let me call a doctor."

Mr. Binney's bed, at this hour usually exposed in mannerly fashion over the foot-rail for its morning airing, partook of the general disarray. Its covers were much tumbled, as if Mr. Binney had spent the night rolling them up, as boys roll up a huge snowball.

Henrietta completed the disintegration of the bed and then deftly built it all up again. Mr. Binney was too sick to appear grateful, and stumbling up from his chair, briefly apprised his benefactress of his preference in doctors.

Mr. Binney's malady was diagnosed as "a touch of the 'flu.'" The physician left medicines and directions. Mr. Binney placed his watch on the table and prepared to withstand the siege. That first day he had a confused remembrance of having had some orange juice, and of having informed

somebody that he wanted just one thing, and that was to be let alone.

He felt much better next day and ate something (the doctor had specified "something bland"). Later in the day he had sat up while his bed was being put to rights. The third day he was actually ashamed to stay in bed any longer, and learned from the doctor, albeit with some natural feeling of slighter importance, that there was no reason for his doing so.

That evening he went in to thank the Mellingers. Henrietta advanced to meet him, and Mrs. Mellinger extended a trembling hand of welcome. They assured him how glad they were to see him down. They had a cosy little round table, and even as she spoke, Henrietta placed a third plate. "I was just going to take you up a little something, but won't you take a bite with us, Mr. Binney?—mother and I——"

"Hettie and I——" beamed the senior partner.

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"You've been too good to me," said Mr. Binney, and found his voice, which that afternoon had been perfectly normal, apparently not yet fully recovered.

So Mr. Binney made a third; and a jolly tea they had. Mr. Binney's appetite, as is so commonly the case after sickness, returned miraculously. Afterward they spent a social evening together. Mr. Binney declared it was worth being ill for.

He didn't see how he was ever going to repay them. He even said something of it to the doctor, whom he could pay, and did, promptly. The doctor gave him no encouragement. "We can't repay women," he told Mr. Binney rather brusquely; "not good ones. We've got every last one of us to remain in their debt."

Mr. Binney determined upon a partial liquidation of his and sought a florist. He chose at length a maidenhair fern; the slender hair-line of the stem, the petalled configuration of the leaf, the fineness and daintiness and wholesome greenness of the plant reminded him curiously of the fine and gentle courtesy of their association. He carried the plant in its earthen pot to the Mellingers and left it to speak for him.

This expression of Mr. Binney's gratitude waxed as the green bay tree. It became the senior partner's proud office to pluck off an occasional offending leaf, while Henrietta poured upon it, from an ancient majolica pitcher with a blunt snout, the customary libation. Mr. Binney and Miss Mellinger continued to meet in the narrow entry and upon the landing, and each month, upon the payment of certain moneys, in respect of Mr. Binney's large, comfortable and airy room and his particular bed, in the Mellingers' sitting-room.

One morning when Henrietta, according to her custom, rose cautiously so as not to disturb her mother's morning doze, and set about breakfast, she found upon returning to the bedside, that the senior partner had passed indeed a calm and undisturbed night. Her little checkered shoulder-shawl, which was always to hand, drawn closely round her shoulders, was the only indication that she had felt the faint premonitory chill of passing.

Mr. Binney proved an unexpected stay. He saw to things till Henrietta's married sister could arrive from a distant northern town. They continued to rely upon him throughout those three piteous days of ceremonious waiting.

And, indeed, the little boot-seller was taken outside himself. He never once thought of his bed, and insisted upon sitting up the last night. There were the usual flowers and cards, for the Mellingers were old residents, though more and more retired with the years. One especially beautiful cluster had no name. The married sister agitatedly wondered who could have sent it, and suggested asking the florist. Only then did Mr. Binney admit his culpability in the matter in a few deprecating words: "No need to bother—"

The married sister was plainly pleased; and over Henrietta's middle-aged and working face there passed a gleam of understanding. "Mother and I—" she began, and got no farther. Alas for that old, dissolved partnership!

"Never mind," said Mr. Binney, hurriedly. He felt, oddly enough, a desire to pat her hand. He was quite at home with ladies' feet, the arches and insteps of which he fearlessly smoothed and pinched daily. He read their very soles. But hands were a different proposition. Mr. Binney contented himself with only the most practical demonstrations of sympathy, and occupied a place in the mourners' carriage.

After the funeral they got down at once to business, as the married sister's time was limited. There was little property, and most of it, including the house, was left to Henrietta, as, indeed, they had known all along it would be. The married sister was what is called "well fixed." "What are you planning to do now?" she inquired briskly of Henrietta. "You can't stay here alone."

"I shan't be alone," said Henrietta. "There's Mr. Binney."

"Mr. Binney!" exclaimed the married sister scathingly. "Don't you know, no matter how old and homely a woman may be, if she's single she's got to be circumspect? Why don't you get a young lady school-teacher or clerk in?"

"And turn out Mr. Binney?" questioned Henrietta, unbelievingly.

"I've not a word to say against Mr. Binney," said the married sister. "He treated us like a brother. But don't you see, he isn't one, and that makes all the difference in the world. I'm surprised at you, Hettie! You don't seem to have any proper conceptions of the case."

What the married sister meant was

MR. BINNEY'S BED

"improper" conceptions; and, indeed, Henrietta had not, but only innocent, comradely ones. "Tell you what," suggested the married sister briskly, "you let furnished for a while and come home with me. You need a change."

"It's all so strange and sudden!" pleaded Henrietta. "I don't want to leave my home."

"Then do what I said. Get a lady lodger," was the married sister's decree.

Turn Mr. Binney out of his bed—and in mid-winter, too! For by now a year had gone by since Mr. Binney had answered the advertisement. Miss Mellinger thought of the rheumatic tendency, and of that short, sharp attack of the 'flu. She remembered his blankets, and saw in vivid contrast the damp lodging-house sheets.

"I'll think about it," faltered Henrietta.

It was a bitter thought, but she realised that either she or Mr. Binney must go. She had not now the senior partner to consult with, but when she had come to the decision to let the house furnished, with the proviso that Mr. Binney's room was to be reserved to him, she had a curious ghostly impression of the senior partner's approval.

There had already been inquiries concerning the letting of the house. A young couple of pleasing aspect, who had been boarding, were quite willing to accept the clause relating to Mr. Binney. In the end Henrietta and the married sister went away together, Mr. Binney continued to occupy his comfortable room and bed, and young Mrs. Cooper amused herself with the new game of housekeeping.

At first Mr. Binney was conscious of no change in the routine. But gradually a faint, unrecognised discomfort infused itself into his nights; in time he came to connect this discomfort with his bed. It felt curiously harder; the covers had a fashion of slipping cater-cornered to the footboard; he seemed to lie as in a sort of trough; Miss Mellinger had been used to turn the mattress daily, and the enveloping blankets, instead of lying smooth as in the old days, developed unseemly folds and wrinkles.

After an uncomfortable night Mr. Binney's bed resembled nothing so much as combers on a beach. There came at last one dreadful night when Mr. Binney found his bed *not even made!*

But by now the young couple had tired of housekeeping, and had apprised Miss Mellinger of their intention of returning to

a boarding-house. The intelligence filled the married sister with indignation, and Henrietta with untold relief. She made no plans further than to get her hands again upon her own old fond belongings and to ascertain the exact status in regard to Mr. Binney's bed. She had always had slight, inexplicable misgivings about little Mrs. Cooper's housekeeping accomplishments.

The married sister scolded to the very carriage-door, and then she surprised Miss Mellinger by falling upon her neck and hoping that everything would work out all right in the end. Henrietta thought it an odd expression for her sister to use. She had not taken thought to any end, and only longed for the old familiar unchanging round of days.

On her arrival she did not go at once to the house, but engaged a room at a lodging-house. When she had inspected the room, and in particular the bed, she felt more than ever glad that she had ensured Mr. Binney his.

Early next morning she set out in a warmer glow of expectation than she had known since her mother's death. The senior partner seemed, even in the entering, strangely and yet naturally to commune with her. It was mid-June by now. Henrietta opened doors and windows, viewed the ravages of unskilled housekeeping, and set to her task.

It was not a Wednesday, but ere long Mr. Binney's long-immured covers again took the air—all those checks and plaids and posy-fields wadded mournfully into the cupboard came out to disport with the June breeze. Miss Mellinger turned and overturned Mr. Binney's long-neglected mattress, and plumped up the dejected pillows. An alien and grimy line crept round the inner concavity of Mr. Binney's wash-bowl, whose once milky fairness had displayed only an adornment of little gold flowers. Mr. Binney's large, airy apartment had become an abode of desolation.

Miss Mellinger devoted her whole energy to the excavation of Mr. Binney's room. It was a Herculean task, but she was upborne by a curious heartening sensation of old presences and old needs. She had brought with her from her lodging one of the clean, old, faded ginghams and an all but eclipsing cap. She knew there would be only time for the most cursory treatment of the rooms below stairs, but she meant to make Mr. Binney's room like it used to be.

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It took the whole morning, but she felt amply repaid. Mr. Binney's room shone with a strange, translucent brightness, borrowed in part, perhaps, from the windowpanes, which had undergone a bath of purification. The checkered sunshine made an odd, bright, panelled pattern in the somewhat sombre rug, and all the furnishings had been polished to an exquisite degree of reflection.

But Mr. Binney's bed showed the greatest transformation; reared upon newly oiled castors, it rose in snowy, splendid state, and folded at its foot in an oblong like the little bricked flower-beds one sometimes sees in little green yards, was a rosebesprinkled coverlet, in case Mr. Binney might require it in the chill of early morning.

"I must really stop for to-day," thought Henrietta, toward late afternoon, but she could not withstand a preliminary investigation of the kitchen; she was still conducting a vigorous campaign among the shelves and bins when she heard Mr. Binney's key.

She heard his languid step upon the stair. It had a homeless, hopeless sound. Miss Mellinger retired to the pantry; under the married sister's tutelage her conceptions had become acutely proper. Everything at once was very still.

Miss Mellinger was still in the interest of concealment, and Mr. Binney was still from sheer amazement.

His first thought was that he had had a touch of the sun, and that what he saw was a mirage. He advanced cautiously and touched the bed: it continued as before, the little flower-garden at its foot blinking in the sunlight.

Suddenly in the light of that transformed bed Mr. Binney saw a great many heretofore undreamed of things.

"First I took her room," thought Mr. Binney, "and then I took her home. I ate her bread and salt—and in return I gave her—a weed!"

It was unjust of Mr. Binney to call his fern a weed. Besides, he had given Miss Mellinger numerous other things—the joy of service, the oversight of helpless masculinity, the opportunity to bestow what other, happier women take as a matter of course, daily comfort and nightly repose.

Mr. Binney looked at his bed and looked

at his room, and out of the window, and he saw, curiously enough, another day, now almost two years past, and heard Miss Mellinger say: "If there's anything more needed, Mr. Binney—"

This time, in the humility of divination, he did not say: "I think that will be all."

"There is something more, Miss Mellinger," thought Mr. Binney, and went in search of it.

He cornered Miss Mellinger, damp and flushed and partially eclipsed by the cap, in the pantry, where she was aimlessly stacking dishes in little piles. She looked thinner, but otherwise just the same. Her pleasant, open, honest face was the most grateful sight that had met Mr. Binney's eye for many a long day, although a constant procession of fashionable femininity patrolled the aisles of the boot emporium.

"There is something else needed, Miss Mellinger," reported Mr. Binney.

"I was afraid I would forget something," admitted his landlady, mentally running over the catalogue of necessities.

"You always *did* forget this," said Mr. Binney, with a sort of peev'd impatience.

He took first one hand and then the other, as casually as if they had been feet to fit, passed both of them to one of his and placed the other as surely, as deftly and even more caressingly, upon Miss Mellinger's shoulder.

"Henrietta"—began Mr. Binney—"you—I—" A happy thought struck him, and perhaps it was not strange in that moment that the thought of the senior partner should recur to him. "Now that the old partnership's dissolved, Henrietta, let you and me form a new one."

Then all those staring plates and platters and pitchers witnessed a strange sight: Mr. Binney drawing to a cocksure shoulder their mistress's frilled headdress; and they heard (at least, the pitchers did) something that demonstrated conclusively that Mr. Binney was hereafter to be an even greater factor in affairs, though all that he actually said was the senior partner's name for their Miss Mellinger: "Hettie, my girl—"

Mr. Binney continues to occupy the large, airy and comfortable apartment in what is known as the "old Mellinger place," although he is no longer single. But, for that matter, neither is its mistress.

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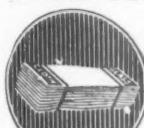
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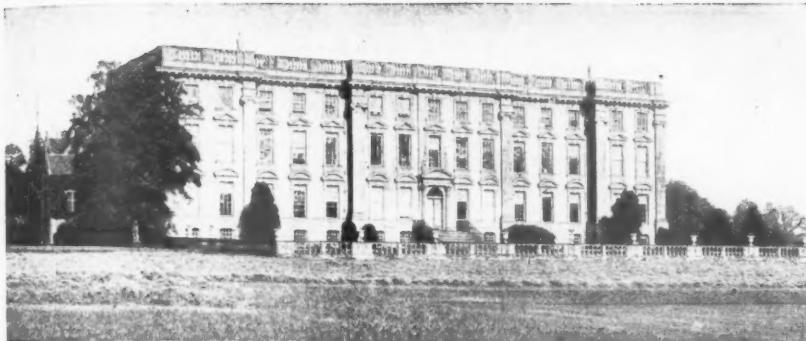
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MY DEAR HELPERS.—Some time ago I received a letter from the Hon. Cordelia Leigh, asking me to interest THE QUIVER readers in the Schools Mutual Aid Society. I wrote a paragraph about it, and as the result various schools and private people became interested in the scheme. But I feel I want to extend our usefulness; consequently, I wish to tell you more about this admirable society. I had a direct example of its twofold beneficent influence the other day.

I was staying in a country house. It was one of those dull, misty mornings of spring which sometimes are transformed into a sunny day, but more often turn to drizzling rain. It was very cosy in the library, with the firelight dancing on the books and brass dog-grate. The two daughters of the house, aged 17 and 16, were reading in the depths of comfortable chairs; another visitor, Miss Smith, a grey-haired, brisk, elderly lady, was knitting vigorously, and I was writing.

The door opened, and our hostess came in.

"Girls," she said, "you ought to go out. You must not sit indoors all the morning."

"Oh, mother," said the younger one, "it's such a bore to go out for a walk without an object. Now they've measles at the Hall, there's nothing special to do and nowhere special to go."

"A walk without an object is like an egg without salt," murmured the elder.

Their mother laughed. "You'd think the whole world was made up of the Hall," she said, turning to Miss Smith. "You see, their bosom friends live there, and they do everything together. Now measles have put a stop to that."

"I'll find you an object," said Miss Smith, folding up her knitting and putting it briskly and neatly into her bag. "I was just going out myself—collecting."

"Collecting?" said the elder girl, sitting up alertly. "What are you collecting, Miss Smith?"

"Nature specimens for the Schools Mutual Aid Society," she answered. "I never have a dull country walk, for I am always looking out for odds and ends to interest the children."

Of course, I had pricked up my ears by that time, and I joined the circle.

"Yes, I know all about that work," I said. "Now, Miss Smith, please explain it."

So Miss Smith told the others how the Schools Mutual Aid Society establishes friendly relations and interest between town and country schools by the exchange

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of letters and Nature study specimens. Of course, London children cannot send any Nature specimens, but they can give interesting accounts of museums and zoological gardens, and can send bulbs, curios, etc.

"As for the country children," said Miss Smith, "why, apart from flowers, they can send twigs of trees, and buds, catkins, mosses, lichens, shells, seaweeds, cones, ferns, feathers picked up, holly, and eggs of birds obtained without robbing nests. It's most interesting to make up a box."

"Let's go at once," said the elder girl, jumping up. "I can show you where you can find all sorts of things."

So we all sallied out, and we spent two delightful hours wandering about and collecting a splendid boxful of specimens, which we despatched in the afternoon to a school in East London. Every specimen had been carefully labelled with its name and other interesting details.

As we took the box to the village post office, through the sweet-scented spring air a gust of violet fragrance came to us from the woods. I thought of Francis Thompson's lines :

Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed,
In every dead :
Washed with new fire to their irradiant birth,
Reintegrated are the heavens and earth !
From sky to sod
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God !

A Visit to Stoneleigh Abbey

I was so struck by the incident that I determined to ask Miss Leigh if I could have a chat with her, and on hearing that she would be glad to tell me more about the society, I journeyed to Kenilworth to see her. I was glad to find myself in Warwickshire on a glorious autumn day. A friend once again drove me through the leafy lanes, now a pomp of gold and copper and crimson, to Stoneleigh Abbey.

In this historic spot Miss Leigh lives, and it was my privilege to see the Abbey under her guidance after we had talked over the Schools Mutual Aid Society. So first of all I will tell you many interesting points communicated over the teacups by Miss Leigh, and then you shall share with me a glimpse of this wonderful treasure-house of the past.

In chatting with Miss Leigh I learnt that the Schools Mutual Aid Society amalg-

mated with the Children's Flower Fund, which originated with Miss Mary Beard and Mrs. Arthur Sidgwick, of Oxford. Miss Beard was on a visit to London about twenty-five years ago, and she made her first acquaintance with London elementary schools. I am able to give her own words: "Coming from Oxford, that city of meadows and gardens, the bareness of the schools and the absence of anything that could suggest the country struck me forcibly. I went back full of the idea of somehow conveying some of our abundant country beauty to these town children."

It was later on that the British Empire Naturalist Association inaugurated the Schools Mutual Aid Scheme, and when it was found that a similar scheme was already in being, the two amalgamated.

In a report, lent to me by Miss Leigh, I found the following paragraph, which gives a vivid picture of the influence of the Schools Mutual Aid parcels.

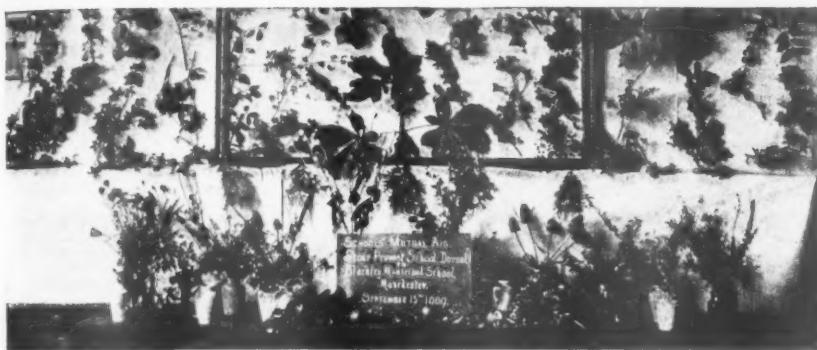
May Festival

One evening last May the writer visited a large infant school in a very poor district of East London. Parents and managers were enjoying a festivity, and listening to songs and watching the dances of the little people, who, prettily dressed for the occasion, were holding their May festival. The room was decorated with wild flowers, arranged everywhere, and even strewing the floor, carrying our thoughts away from the four walls of the schoolroom and its dreary surroundings, to a picturesque little village in the Midlands, nestling among flower-spangled woods and leafy lanes, with a peaceful river flowing by the ancient church, and the tiny school whence those flowers had been sent. Here the fifteen little village scholars are so eager to collect for their town friends that they despatch their parcels once a week in summer, though the regulations only require that they be sent once a fortnight. The head mistress of the London school pauses in superintending her May festival to tell us that she has just had a letter from the village school-mistress, hoping that the country school will not be transferred to a different partner. "They are taking such an interest in us," she remarks, with a happy smile.

There is another side to the work, too, and a very important one. The head master of a school in Dorsetshire wrote that the boys are found to be less addicted to bird-nesting since the correspondence with town partners has taught them something of the meaning of "Nature study" in its true sense.

The society makes a special request that "no birds' eggs or nests be sent (except such as have been deserted), and no harmless creatures killed or rare plants uprooted for the purpose of the correspondence."

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS



An Exhibit from a Dorset School

A schoolmaster writes from a school in East London :

We here in this town school, where all the surroundings are very squalid and sordid, and where everything is so congested that it is difficult to get even a real view of the sky, very greatly appreciate the Schools Mutual Aid. The pupils of a school at Bishop's Stortford send us large parcels two or three times a year—perhaps bluebells, buttercups, daisies, wild roses, and autumn leaves and berries. We value these very much, because the quantity is so large that we are enabled to give small bunches to each of 400 to 500 children, and this is almost the only chance of these tinyies having real live fresh flowers for themselves to keep for their own and take home. Mrs. —— sends a small box of flowers fairly regularly from early spring with its crocuses, daffodils, etc., to berries of autumn. We value her little gifts very much because they breathe of another world outside ours, and also because of the charming little notes which accompany the gifts.

A Soldier and the Flowers

There was one incident—an echo of the war days—that appealed to me very much, and I give it in Miss Leigh's own words :

A young soldier, who had been at a Manchester school which corresponded with a Dorset one, was quartered, in the early days of the war, at a camp in the neighbourhood of the Dorset school. He wrote to ask the head master whether he might go over and see the place from which "the beautiful flowers used to be sent." He was given a cordial invitation to visit the school, and afterwards the master and his wife had him for a week-end visit, just before his regiment left for the Front. He greatly enjoyed the little rest and change.

Who will Help ?

Miss Leigh told me that she is obliged to give up the hon. secretaryship of the Schools Mutual Aid, and Miss O. L. Cobb is continuing the work. I heard from Miss Cobb on the matter, and she will be very glad to receive offers of help from THE QUIVER readers and from teachers in town and

country schools. Please write direct to her for all information. Address, Miss O. L. Cobb, Hon. Sec., Schools Mutual Aid Society, 16, Morgan Road, Reading. Several of my readers are already valuable helpers, notably Mrs. Willday, who sends not only boxes of delightful specimens, but also mounts flowers and grasses on cards, and adds a suitable note or verse. Her work is immensely appreciated. Leaders of Girl Guides are begged to enlist the girls' sympathies and interest. I am hoping that THE QUIVER will furnish a number of friends and helpers, both young and old, for the admirable work of the society.

A Glimpse of Stoneleigh

I have found so much to say about the work of the society that I have scarcely any space left for the glimpse of Stoneleigh Abbey that I promised to give my readers. Under the guidance of Miss Leigh, I wandered through the Abbey and revelled in the treasures it contains. The history of our country unfolded itself from "Domesday Book," where the village of Stoneleigh first appears as "Stanlei," onward to the days of Henry II., when the Abbey of "Stonele" was founded by a body of Cistercian monks. It was in the reign of Henry VIII., when the lesser monasteries were dissolved, that Stoneleigh passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor of London at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and ancestor of the present Lord Leigh.

The new buildings of the Abbey are in the Italian style, with stately gardens stretching down to the River Avon, but the special fascination of the Abbey consists in

THE QUIVER

the portions of the old Abbey, unexpectedly revealed, glorious Norman arches and pillars, the "brewhouse," the old gate-house, and a room thought to be the ancient chapter-house.

There is no space for me to dwell on the superb panelling, the wonderful chests and coffers both of English and Italian workmanship, the pictures, the "four-posters," and the many beautiful and curious things that go to make up the harmonious whole of Stoneleigh. But I think you will be pleased to have even a glimpse of the historic home where Miss Leigh, who has done so much to bring beauty into the lives of London children, spends her busy days. I hope that numbers of helpers will support Miss Cobb in her work, and I beg *The Quiver* readers to communicate direct with Miss Cobb, and *not* to send sporadic boxes of Nature specimens to this office, as they cannot be dealt with here.

Christmas Cards

No Christmas cards can be received at this office, but addresses of those who can use them can be supplied.

Golliwogs : a Suggestion

I was very glad to have the following suggestion from an old *Little Folks* friend :

DEAR MRS. LOCK,—I have known you for years, ever since the early days of *Little Folks*, and so I venture to write and inquire whether your "Rubbish Bureau" has ever had the idea of making golliwogs out of the legs of worn-out stockings. It is a splendid idea for them. Make Mr. Golly out of the good parts, and stuff him with bad ones.

I am sending a hatskin under separate cover, and remain—Yours very truly,

DOROTHEA H. MORRIS.

Perhaps my readers can carry out this idea.

Wool Most Welcome

All gifts of wool of any hue, texture, or length are most welcome. My best thanks to all who have sent contributions. I quote two welcome letters :

DEAR MRS. LOCK,—I am sending by same mail a parcel of wool left over from our War Work Party, and trust it may be of some use. Wishing all the

different branches of your work every success—Yours very sincerely,
JEANNIE H. AITKEN
(President, *Grange U.F. Church Women's Guild, Kilmarnock*).

The second comes from Sheffield :

DEAR MADAM,—Having seen in a recent number of *THE QUIVER* a request for oddments of wool for an invalid knitter, I send herewith a bundle of odds and ends, most of which are left over from a Soldiers' Comforts Working Party held during the war. The members are very pleased that the bits may be of some use, and beg that you will accept and distribute them as you think best.—Yours sincerely,
THE HON. SECRETARY.

Books Needed

I receive requests for books and yet more books. Magazines, too, are always welcome. There are so many invalids to whom a book or a magazine means the one bright spot in a day of suffering. Moreover, the Y.M.C.A. still distributes books to our men on service at home and abroad, and in many a lonely station the gift of books means relief of monotonous and dreary hours. Books of all kinds, therefore, kind helpers, except ponderous dull volumes that are of use or interest to no one.

Gifts of All Kinds

I was delighted with gifts of all kinds, letters, etc., from :

Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. David Kinross, Mrs. Edith Slade, Miss Roff, Miss Norrington, Mrs. Todd, "Some Little War Workers" (Chellaston, Derby), Miss Harriet Thomas, Miss K. Cope, Miss S. Greenfield, Miss H. Meldrum, Mrs. Moberly, Miss A. E. Morris, Miss Salmon, A. A. B., Miss Shirley, Miss E. Scott, Miss Rose Griffin, Miss Trotter, Alex. Todd, Mrs. Beaumont, Mrs. E. E. Lyon, Mrs. Scott (Ipswich), A Reader of *THE QUIVER*, Anonymous (books), A. E. Hausion, Miss Foster (Hope), Mrs. Short, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Miss Irene G. Grice, Miss Muriel Smith, Mrs. Collingwood, Mrs. Brauen, Miss A. J. Anderson, Mrs. Allenby, Miss A. Aitken, Miss E. A. Austin, Miss M. E. Giles, Miss F. E. Buswell.

Many names are held over till next month.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).





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LEICESTER.—18 High St.,

and 13 Silver Street.

DERBY.—Victoria Buildings,

London Road,

BIRMINGHAM.—60 and 61

Broad Street, and 13 High

Street, Bull Ring,

BRISTOL.—48 Castle Street,

and Tower Hill,

SHEFFIELD.—101-103 The

Mo. r.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—35

Dudley Street.



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In bottles, 1/3, 2/3, and 3/-, from all Chemists and Stores.

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An Essay—A Discussion—A School Story—Results of the December Competitions

THAT great changes are bound to follow in the wake of every big war can hardly have been more amply demonstrated than during the past few months, not the least among these changes being in regard to present-day social life. Above all, it must have become obvious to most people what a far larger part the Church is taking in what one might term the "recreative" side of life than it has apparently done heretofore. I thought the latter in particular might provide an interesting subject upon which to ask my readers to write their views this month : "The Church as a Vehicle of Social Life." A prize of Ten Shillings for the seniors (over 18) and a Book Prize for the juniors (18 and under) will be awarded for the best replies.

A Discussion

Another obvious outcome of the war that has passed is the spread of unity among workers. The professional and layman alike are joining forces with their fellow-workers with a view to maintaining, or maybe improving, the status of their calling. Whether this will be for the better or worse of the industrial population as a whole, time alone will tell. Meanwhile I should like my readers to discuss the matter in these pages : "Trade Unions: their Merits and Defects." Replies should embrace the professional as much as the working man. Prizes to the value of One Pound will be awarded for the best answers received.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by March 23, 1920. They should be addressed : "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

A School Story

March is the month in which I have to announce the next of our special story competitions. I should like you to make this a school story, the length of which must not exceed 2,000 words, and should reach the office not later than June 23 next. Overseas readers will thus have an opportunity of taking part in this particular competition. The stories, of course, must be original. The prize in the senior division (over 18) will be one of Two Guineas, and in the junior division (18 and under) One Guinea. With the exception of the date of entry, the rules as printed above must be adhered to.

THE QUIVER

Results of the December Competitions

Literary

"AN IDEAL WAY OF SPENDING CHRISTMAS"

By the time I came to read these essays of yours the festive season was well past, and my only fear was that the matter I was about to feast my eyes upon might have the degrading effect of luring me back to the dissipations of Christmas revel. But my fears were ungrounded—I might say "unfortunately"—for the natural and possibly the truthful inference is that the essays were merely "lukewarm." Not for one moment even did I feel a burning desire to glance into the "great day" that had passed. This was unfortunate, I repeat, because disappointing. I had hoped my readers could lay claim to some amount of originality in their treatment of the subject, but I failed to find it, and even enthusiasm itself did not appear to be so keen as one would have expected. Has our country become so prosaic that the spirit of Christmas is dying out? It is to be hoped this is not so.

It was somewhat difficult in the senior division to decide to whom fairly to award the prize; however, from the point of view of interest merely it goes to **GWENDOLEN LEIJONHUFVUD**, whose essay is printed below.

"AN IDEAL WAY OF SPENDING CHRISTMAS"

I think that the old-fashioned way of spending Christmas in Sweden was simply ideal. The preparations started weeks in advance, when animals were slaughtered, beer was brewed, and a variety of bread and cakes were made. Sausages, jellies, and pastry, besides quantities of other eatables, were amassed for the 24th, which was—and still is—the principal day. Of course, the provisions lasted for a long time afterwards, some delicacies being kept for the New Year's Day and Epiphany, which were celebrated much the same as Christmas Eve. Presents were exchanged, and the Christmas tree redressed and plundered. The parties, dances, entertainments, and dinners commenced early in December, and did not end until late in January.

At four o'clock in the morning on Christmas Eve all the *clockes* were ringing, and, from every direction, people came hurrying to church. Most of them drove in sledges which were provided with two or more torches, while round each horse's neck hung a number of tinkling bells. Wherever one looked, a line of moving lights lit up the snowclad scene. It was bitterly cold, but the air was usually clear and the sky covered with stars. Even in stormy weather nobody stayed at home on such an occasion, except in case of illness.

The service over, all returned to their firesides, and a lovely breakfast of coffee, cakes, and hors-d'œuvre awaited them. As soon as the meal was finished the Christmas tree had to be dressed, and if it was a big one this probably occupied all the

time up to luncheon. Donning their best apparel, the members of each household assembled in the kitchen to partake of the "dopp." This ceremony consisted in dipping their bread into a pot of boiling stew and all eating together. The stew was made of ham, sausages, veal, and peas, while the bread was hot from the oven. Even animals were given a Christmas dinner; and for the birds a sheaf of unthreshed grain was erected on a pole out of doors.

When darkness fell every light was lighted in castle and cottage; barrels of burning tar were placed in the open, and fireworks added to the illuminations. At five o'clock in the afternoon, tea, coffee, punch, and plenty of cakes were served; after which it was customary for a master to call in all his servants and read the Christmas sermon. Then hymns were sung, but music of the gayest kind was played for the greater part of the evening. The concert was generally followed by some surprise entertainment, such as a carnival, tableaux or short play. Before the presents were dealt out in the beautifully decorated dining-room, the party, forming a ring, danced round the now lighted Christmas tree.

Amid such merriment and laughter, the master of ceremonies next handed out the "Julklappar" (Yule presents). On nearly all the parcels poetry or amusing rhymes were written, and all the inscriptions would be read aloud. This took a long time, but at last, when the packages had all been opened, the children went to the kitchen with presents for the servants. Then refreshments, including fruit and confectionery, were brought in; games or tricks were now proposed. It was frequently not until eleven that the company sat down to supper. What a gorgeous supper it used to be! (Swedes were always very fond of eating.) The first course was "lutfisk"—or cod—which had been prepared in lime weeks beforehand. Then came roast sucking-pig, goose, and, lastly, rice pudding.

Everybody went to bed feeling very satisfied.

GWENDOLEN LEIJONHUFVUD.

Commended.—I. F. Grant, Mrs. M. Luckham, Ethel Bickley, C. L. Grigsby, Mrs. D. M. Shewring, A. F. Vallis, Mary Silver.

The prize for the juniors is awarded to E. M. Ross, whose essay breathes the spirit of Christmas more truly than did any other competitor's. I print his entry below.

"AN IDEAL WAY OF SPENDING CHRISTMAS"

* Come, pile on the logs, let the fire burn brightly,
 'Tis the Spirit of Christmas that calls."

Only a week from Christmas! and we ask ourselves if this Christmas, at last, will be the one of our dreams? We who have grown up during the black years of war, with economy and renunciation the watchwords of our youth during "the long embittered years, with pain and sorrow rife," have unrealised longings for an "ideal Christmas"—the Christmas of the "Good Old Times" as depicted in the ancient magazines that delight our hearts with their snowy landscapes, frozen ponds, and skating figures! As I muse beside the fire a perfect hurricane from the treacherous Pentland Firth hurls itself defiantly and fiercely against the chimney tops and window casements, and with a taunting tilt would remind us that the all-important stage management for our ideal Christmas is in erratic and uncertain hands. Yet Mr. Weather Clerk is notoriously variable for a man and—who knows?—his despotic heart may soften and his Christmas

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and Other People Needing Aid**

Cheques crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.



"A good digestion turns all to health."
—WORDSWORTH

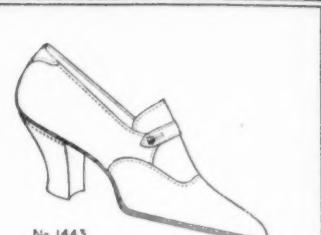
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Can you do eight hours' real hard work and enjoy it? Could you enjoy eight hours' recreation and follow it with eight hours' sound sleep? Thousands of men and women who get twenty-four hours' worth of life out of each day owe it to the simple practice of regularly taking a glass of water with a dash of

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STAVNER
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COMPETITION PAGES

present may be a glorious day—a perfect setting for the Christmas Day of our dreams.

For so much depends on the weather and its very uncertainty till the Day of Days itself makes us welcome the traditional Christmas weather as the greatest factor in the enjoyment of the day.

In my vision then I see—a bright, frosty morn, the ground white with a mantle of snow lying crisp under one's feet; a "nip" in the air which stings one into bodily action, while the morn has been ushered in by a gay peal of bells or by our local band, now sadly depleted, alas! With hearts high with anticipation we descend to find a roaring log fire burning on the hearth and our place at table covered with gifts and cards. Not that we are greedy. No; it is the same delicious feeling of uncertainty we had as, when small, we crawled down in the grey dawn to feel what Santa Claus had brought us in our stocking!

There would be a small lake or pond not too far off, whither a number of us would repair with our skates for a morning's rare pastime on the ice, or, if a snowy day, hills at hand where on improvised sledges we would gaily risk our necks, or tumble in the snow, making the air resound with our glad cries. Famine but happy, we would arrive home with the delightful feeling that "The best is yet to be."

The evening before, we would have decorated all available space with holly and mistletoe and cut huge logs for the evening blaze—no coal in rations for us!—and all is ready for the Christmas party. Friends from far and near would come, and there would be no stint of Yule-time fare—turkey, plum-pudding, nuts, and crackers to pull with much fun—all in abundance! And the Christmas tree with gifts for all handed over with much mystery by Father Christmas himself in red robe and white beard, and I fancy he would bear a resemblance to—myself!

And then a dance!—for this year it is allowed to youth to recapture something of the pre-war spirit—and "frolic and fun, with all of its laughter and glee," until at midnight chime we join hands and, singing "Auld Lang Syne," we feel that at last Christmas Day has been a dream realised, and that Father Time and the Weather Clerk have granted us a perfect day from the grey old cycle of years.

E. M. Ross (aged 17).

Commended.—Joan Gedge, Mary Dickson Burnie, Jean Bolton, Beatrice Elsie Wright, Hilda Tunbridge, Alfreda Lucas, Hilda Green, Annie Dix, Dorothy Hemingway, Marjorie Fox, Dorothy Hudson, Mary Flower, Connie Newton, Marjorie Brothwell, Rebecca Dennis, Ella Turner, Winnie Reading, Florence Smith, Doris Foster, Connie Duke, Violet Brown, Hettie Johnson, Helen Thursfield, Vera Kathleen Mitchell, Margaret Isobel Leach, Gladys Wood.

Art Competition

"Calendar for 1920"

There were some quite pleasing entries sent in for the art competition this month, and here and there was displayed a distinct touch of originality.

In the senior division the prize is awarded to GIRLIE BUDD, who hit upon quite a novel form of calendar, though the work on the whole called for rather more careful execution.

FREDA CLARKE's entry came next in order of merit. From a pictorial point of view her painting was very effective, and the lettering quite good, but for its purpose the introduction of rather stronger colouring would probably have given a better result.

A distinctly artistic effort was shown in the work sent in by DOROTHY LEADER GUY, but I am inclined to think that the final result was somewhat depreciated by an excessive amount of grey background, which gave the whole an unbalanced effect.

Commended.—Freda Clarke, Dorothy Leader Guy, Kathleen Fryer, Vera Watson, Francis Hives, A. MacGregor, Ethel Bickley, Eva Bickley.

The junior prize has been awarded to NORMAN STEAD, who sent in a very carefully executed design. The colouring was well chosen, the lettering good, and the whole was certainly well balanced.

LORNA RUTTER-LEATHAM once again sent in some good work. Her blend of colouring is always very commendable. In the present instance, had the detail of her painting received more careful treatment, the result would have been highly satisfactory.

The calendar received from NELLIE JENKINSON also calls for some amount of notice. As a whole it was particularly dainty, much of the detail of which showed careful workmanship. The main figure, however, appeared to be a trifle wooden, more especially the hands and arms.

MARGARET BRYAN carried out a silhouette very successfully. The contrast wrought by the two black figures on the orange background was naturally most striking.

Highly Commended.—Lorna Rutter - Leatham, Nellie Jenkinson, D. Margaret Bryan, Vera Furneaux Harris, Joan Gedge, Shelagh Morris, Dolly Scouloudi, Eric Mitchell, Dora W. W. Small.

Commended.—Margery E. Widger, Kathleen Field, Jean Stewart, Jeana Turner.



Digestion, the Liver and the Skin

*A Useful Health Talk
By
Dr. Lillian Whitney*

THE intimate relation of the digestive tube—which is really an inner lining—to the outer covering of the body is well known. A notable historic instance is that of Napoleon the First, who, while suffering from a periodic attack of itch following indigestion, kicked one of his generals, and almost laid hands on an ambassador during a savage outburst of temper. The part played by Napoleon's skin troubles in his career forms quite interesting reading in medical literature; the man falls very low in the human scale in the light of his rashness in eating, and his subsequent rashes, to say nothing of his intolerably rash speech and conduct. His skin troubles made him extremely irritable at times, and following a meal of highly seasoned and indigestible food, his temper was more than uncertain. It is an historic fact that Napoleon lost the battle of Leipzig because he ate not wisely, but too well of mutton stuffed with onions. While he held all Europe in the hollow of his hand, he himself was a victim to an insupportable itch directly traceable to indiscretions in diet. Were he living to-day, he would undoubtedly possess sounder views on the subject of dietetics, and everything pertaining thereto.

Better Fashions in Eating

In former years a gentleman was not keeping up his reputation unless he made an unpleasant exhibition of himself in eating and drinking; to-day the tables are literally and figuratively turned, and the gentleman at the table becomes as the peasant in the field in his extreme simplicity and abstemiousness. The late King Edward set a notable example in this respect and broke away from the old health-destroying, gormandising traditions by limiting the courses of his dinners to five, and the time spent in consuming the same to one hour.

The processes of digestion are highly complicated, and although a tremendous amount of work has been done in clearing up a field practically unexplored until recent years,

much is still very obscure. One thing is certain, however—we have all been in the habit of eating too much and too rapidly. Were it not for the marvellous tolerance of Nature and her extraordinary willingness to help us over tight places, we would succumb in greater numbers than we do to digestive ills and skin troubles. The blood is, of course, the most important element in the body, and the blood is made and renovated by the food we eat, and the air we breathe. The blood in turn nourishes the body. In order that foods may be converted into this life-sustaining fluid, the organs that perform the work of digestion and assimilation must be in good condition.

The Value of Mastication

During the past few years the attention of the entire civilised world has been directed to dietetics because of the theories advanced by Horace Fletcher in support of masticating and salivating the food so thoroughly in the mouth that no necessity will remain for a digestive tract except to imbibe the liquefied food. Then Professor Metchnikoff startled the world by asserting that we had no need of the lower intestine, that it did more harm than good, and should be extirpated in every possible case! Of course both theorists had swarms of enthusiastic followers during the early promulgation of their ideas; now that those ideas have gone through the refining influence of experimentation at the hands of trained dieticians, it is found that they are both extreme, naturally, but that both hold truths of great importance.

The first act of digestion takes place in the mouth; and unless the teeth are sound and the food is thoroughly masticated, the stomach is tremendously hampered in its churning process. The stomach is really a churn, and it prepares the food for the more valuable work performed by the two great glands of digestion, the liver and the pancreas. Now Fletcher's ideas have done a vast amount of good, because, first, by thorough mastication—chewing—the food is not only ground and minced finely for the

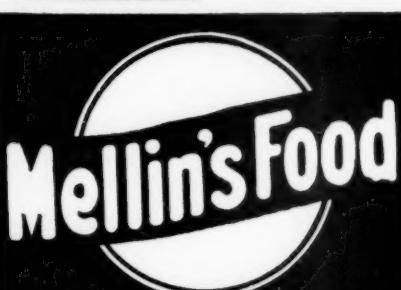


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DIGESTION, THE LIVER AND THE SKIN

stomach to handle, but it is, secondly, completely insalivated—mixed with saliva—which converts certain starches into certain sugars. Thirdly, the process consumes so much time that all desire to bolt food and to gormandise vanishes under the restraint imposed by this method of literally eating by the clock; and, fourthly, there is no question but that holding liquids in the mouth and practising Fletcher's teachings to the utmost tremendously stimulates the gustatory nerves, and results in a keener appreciation of flavours and aromas. Then, too, a certain amount of absorption possibly takes place through the surrounding tissues. It must be said for Fletcher that his ideas have accomplished a vast amount of good with those suffering from chronic indigestion and intestinal troubles, and a horde of other functional derangements caused by clogging up the system with an excess of stuff that it can neither digest nor get rid of.

Between the Extremes

Now in this respect Metchnikoff has also done a great deal of good, although he has undoubtedly become obsessed with his theories and ideas, and is no longer given the respectful attention that his exalted attainments should rightfully confer upon him. Some day, perhaps, in the course of evolution, we may come to his way of thinking, but just now we feel rather better off with our large intestinal tracts *in situ*, and living on the many and varied savours and gustatory delights Nature has so abundantly provided. A diet composed largely of sour milk may do very well for the savant who has practically given up the hurry and rush of the outside world, and who lives in his laboratory with his mind absorbed in high thoughts, while we who are grubbing along with mundane affairs require pretty thorough feeding in order to keep up our endless activities.

Between the teachings of Fletcher and the scientific theories of Metchnikoff there is a happy medium, and that is to eat when hungry of such foods as appeal to one's palate, which is always a pretty good guide, to chew one's food sufficiently—Gladstone made it a rule to give all meat thirty-two chews before swallowing—and not to gluttonise. When a man rises from the table and feels that he must unfasten the lower button of his waistcoat, he—well, he has eaten not wisely, but too well.

An Important Organ

By the lay mind the importance of the liver as an organ of digestion and assimilation is very little understood or appreciated; and as for the pancreas, few know of its existence, much less that the pancreatic fluid is essential to life. However, that is not to be wondered at, since the pancreas has been, and still is, an organ of mystery. The function of the liver is exceedingly complex. It is a storage house for a good deal of nourishment not immediately taken up by the system; it alters much of the pigment matter that enters the body, and changes it into material that is required by the system; it takes up noxious and poisonous substances, and acts upon them with antitoxic effect, rendering them inert when possible. In short, it acts as a chemical furnace, or as an alembic, transforming and transmuting metals and poisons into substances that can be handled or eliminated. Since it has been proven that we can live without a stomach, but cannot exist without a liver, the enormous importance of this wonderful gland becomes apparent. Of course, if it is overworked, and unable to dispose of all the toxic substances passed into it, much of this material is thrown in its unaltered state into the blood; furthermore, another and equally important function of the liver, that of manufacturing bile, is also interfered with, with decidedly deleterious effects upon digestion and the body economy.

How Beauty is Destroyed

The hygiene of the liver should occupy more of our attention than it does, not only from the point of view of health, but from that of beauty also. For when this important gland is out of order, it is very sure to show its condition in the colour and texture of the skin, in the various blemishes commonly called liver spots, in blotches, discolorations, sallowness, even jaundiced—yellowish—eyes, and in countless other graver disorders. Indeed, when this organ is not performing its manifold functions, there is more or less trouble going on throughout the whole system; not only the digestion, but the whole intestinal tract suffers too.

The very best treatment for an inactive liver is a purging, and it is mainly on account of their action in this respect that certain alkaline mineral waters have attained

THE QUIVER

so great a fame ; in addition to increased activity of the intestines, the circulation of the bile is enhanced by their use. Owing to the efficacy of the treatment at Carlsbad, the salt obtained from the waters there has been in favour for countless years ; this salt can be artificially prepared as follows :

Potassium sulphate	1 part
Sodium chloride	9 parts
Sodium bicarbonate	18 parts
Dried sodium sulphate	22 parts

Mix and keep in closed glass bottles.

A heaping teaspoonful of this should be taken in a glass of hot water on an empty stomach, usually half an hour before the morning and the evening meals, and more frequently if possible ; or the amount of salt may be lessened.

Any well-known mineral water, such as Vichy or Kissingen, taken copiously during the day to the exclusion of any other drink, will act with splendid benefit upon the liver and the intestinal tract. The idea is to flush the entire alimentary system with a daily alkaline bath ; this must not be kept up indefinitely, but repeated every few days, or pursued in moderation. Certain drugs or combinations of vegetable matter that have a direct action upon the liver are also extremely beneficial when such an action is called for.

More Fruit Needed

In cases of torpor of the liver, the diet should be regulated, and a large quantity of fruit and greens eaten, with less heavy food. Physicians are constantly preaching to parents the necessity of giving more fruit and a greater variety of it to children. Of fruits, apples head the list. In place of sweets, a bright, sweet-smelling apple will not only please the eye, but the nerves of smell and taste as well, while the juices are invaluable. Apples should be eaten raw after a thorough washing. They contain potash, soda, magnesia, and phosphorus. The natural acid is invaluable for the gums, teeth, stomach, and intestines, being of a germicidal character ; in rheumatism, and

so-called growing pains, it has been very helpful. Grapes also rank high in their antiseptic and disinfecting action upon the intestines.

The properties of fruit juices are too well known to need repeating here, yet these simple measures are not appreciated because they are so easy to obtain. Take the juice of the lemon, for instance. Its action on the stomach and the liver is remarkable ; while externally, as a bleach for liver discolorations, it is unrivalled. The juice and fleshy parts of cherries—avoid the skins—contain manganese, the salts of potash, lime, iron, and more phosphoric acid than any other fruit. In warm climates where pineapples can be procured in their deliciously ripe, juicy state, they form a valuable adjunct to the treatment of many diseases of the entire alimentary tract because of their peptogenic and digestive properties ; the juice of the pineapple, as well as of the lemon and the orange, is also germicidal and antiseptic.

The Value of Exercise

Lack of exercise, especially in the fresh air, is frequently the cause of indigestion and liver torpidity with consequent sallowness and more serious skin troubles. The lungs, in pumping fresh air into the system and stale air out, act like bellows in burning up the fuel upon which the body is fed. Walking, with the avowed purpose of inhaling deep draughts of fresh air, should form part of each day's regime. Purposeful breathing also gives all the abdominal organs the best kind of massage. Horseback riding is especially beneficial on account of the motion or jolting it causes.

One must not forget that soured milk and buttermilk constitute admirable foods for functional disturbances of the liver, and more especially for that variety of indigestion known as fermentative, which occurs usually in the intestines. These altered milks are also wonderfully effective bleaches for the skin, and when used externally, as well as internally, soon bring about a most gratifying improvement.



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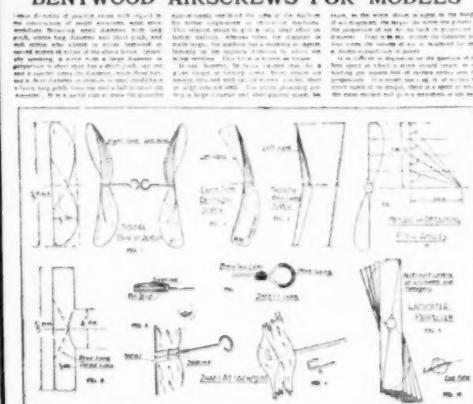
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"STARTING A TOYMAKING BUSINESS" (p. 46)



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